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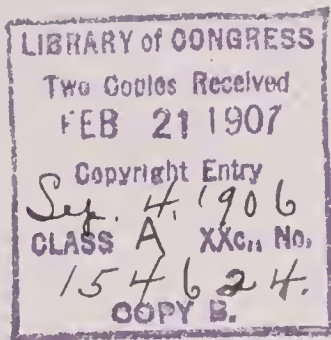
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THE ETHICS OF BUSINESS  
AND INSPIRATION OF  
DAILY LIFE



## FINDING A WAY OR MAKING ONE

EVERYTHING in this world depends upon will.—DISRAELI.

OUR circumstances alter; our opinions change; our passions die; our hopes sicken and perish utterly:—our spirits are broken; our health is broken, and even our hearts are broken; but will survives,—the unconquerable strength of will, which is in later life what passion is when young. —MRS. JAMESON.

ALL

Life needs for life is possible to will.

—TENNYSON.

I WILL either find a way or make one.

—MOTTO ON AN ANCIENT CREST.

AFTER his world-renowned passage of the Alps, Napoleon pressed forward with his army along the banks of the Aosta. The valley was rich in verdure, bright in the bloom of an Italian spring. The road wound past cottages, vineyards, and orchards, while to the right and the left rose the fir-clad Alps, their summits white with snow. All was elation as the soldiers swept enthusiastically onward, when suddenly word was passed from rank to rank that the valley, just ahead, converged to a precipitous, craggy gorge, almost filled by the river, with barely room for a narrow road, and with an impregnable Austrian fort, built on an almost inaccessible rock and very strongly garrisoned, commanding the pass and rendering further advance apparently impossible. Even those war-worn veterans looked at one another in consternation, and a hush as of death instantly succeeded the cheerful hum of enthusiastic voices.

But calmly, coolly, and without a moment's hesitation, the young leader prepared to cope with what seemed an insuperable difficulty. Creeping by a narrow goat path to an elevated point opposite the fort, he lay behind some stunted bushes, and through his telescope studied, with minutest care, the frowning batteries and the rocks around. He noted one crag, towering above the fort, to which a cannon might be drawn, making the bastions untenable. Far up the opposite cliff, out of range of cannon, he saw a narrow shelf by which a man might possibly pass.

Returning, he at once ordered an advance by this path, in single file, leading the horses. The Austrians, in chagrin, saw 35,000 men, in airy



line, crawl safely past them, like a huge serpent, seeming to cling to the very face of the rock.

"Upon the summit, quite exhausted with days and nights of sleeplessness," says Abbott, "Napoleon laid himself down in the shadow of the rock and fell asleep. The long line filed carefully and silently by, each soldier hushing his comrade, that the repose of their beloved chief-tain might not be disturbed. . . . Every foot trod softly, and each eye, in passing, was riveted upon the slender form and pale and wasted cheek of the sleeping Napoleon."

The Austrian commander wrote to General Melas that he had seen 35,000 men and 4,000 horses creep along the face of Mount Albaredo, but that not one single cannon had passed or could pass beneath the guns of his fort. But, even while he was writing, half of the French artillery, which had passed by another plan of Napoleon, was advancing down the valley. In the deep darkness of midnight in that narrow gorge, the invaders spread hay and straw along the road, bound coats and straw on the tires of their gun-carriages, and drew the well-oiled wheels in muffled silence by, within half pistol-shot of the guns. On the second night, the last cannon was drawn past by the brawny arms of the Frenchmen, and soon the fort was forced to capitulate.

Any other leader might have done the same thing, but no one else has done it, before or since. It was merely one of the many "miracles" of tireless, unshrinking endeavor, whose sum made up the overwhelming victory of Marengo, June 14, 1800.

"It is curious," says John Foster, "when a firm, and decisive spirit is recognized, to see how the space clears around a man and leaves room and freedom." An indomitable will, an inflexible purpose, finds a way or makes one.

Yet, even at the risk of seeming inconsistency, certain admissions must be made.

It is absolutely true that there is not always a way where there is a will; that labor does not always conquer all things; that there are things impossible even to him that wills, however strongly; that one cannot always make anything of himself that he chooses; that there are limitations in our very natures which no amount of will-power or industry can overcome.

No one should indorse the preposterous theory that there is nothing in circumstances or environments; or that any man, simply because he has an indomitable will, may become a Bonaparte, a Pitt, a Webster, a Beecher, or a Lincoln. No amount of sun-staring can ever make an eagle out of a crow.

We must not expect to overcome a stubborn fact by a stubborn will. Will-power is necessary to success, and, other things being equal, the



greater the will-power, the grander and more complete the success; but determination must be tempered with discretion, and supported with knowledge and common sense, or it will only lead us to run our heads against posts. We merely have the right to assume that we can do anything within the limit of our utmost faculty, strength, and endurance. Obstacles permanently insurmountable bar our progress in some directions, but, in any direction we may reasonably hope and attempt to go, we shall find that the obstacles, as a rule, are either not insurmountable or else not permanent. The simple truth is that a will strong enough to keep one continually striving for things not wholly beyond his powers will carry him in time very far toward his chosen goal. The strong-willed, intelligent, persistent man will find or make a way where, in the nature of things, a way can be found or made.

Let him call it hyperbole who will, these lines of Ella Wheeler Wilcox have the right ring:—

“There is no chance, no destiny, no fate,  
 Can circumvent, or hinder, or control  
 The firm resolve of a determined soul.  
 Gifts count for nothing; will alone is great;  
 All things give way before it, soon or late.  
 What obstacle can stay the mighty force  
 Of the sea-seeking river in its course,  
 Or cause the ascending orb of day to wait?  
 Each well-born soul must win what it deserves.  
 Let the fool prate of luck. The fortunate  
 Is he whose earnest purpose never swerves,  
 Whose slightest action or inaction serves  
 The one great aim.  
 Why, even death stands still,  
 And waits an hour, sometimes, for such a will.”

Some one told the elder Pitt that a certain project was impossible. “Impossible?” said he; “I trample upon impossibilities.” His power in parliament seemed more than mortal; his royal will overwhelmed that of the proudest peers.

What were impossibilities to such a resolute will as that of Patrick Henry, when he voiced that decision which characterized the great men of the Revolution: “Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but, as for me, give me liberty or give me death!”

If impossibilities ever exist, popularly speaking, they ought to have been found somewhere between the birth and the death of John Kitto. But he did not find them there; in the presence of his decision and

imperial energy they melted away. The boy who, as a deaf pauper, begged his father to take him out of the poorhouse, even if he had to subsist like the Hottentots, signifying his willingness to live upon blackberries, nuts, and field turnips, and to sleep on a hayrick, became a master of Oriental learning. On the threshold of manhood, he wrote in his journal: "I am not myself a believer in impossibilities. I think that all the fine stories about natural ability, etc., are mere rigmarole, and that every man may, according to his opportunities and industry, render himself almost anything he wishes to become."

"What has been done can be done again," said the boy with no chance who became Lord Beaconsfield, England's great prime minister. "I am not a slave, I am not a captive, and by energy I can overcome greater obstacles." He had Hebrew blood in his veins; was well versed in the annals of his race, and was endowed with the spirit to look back across the centuries of Jewish persecution to the ages when his people were the beloved of Jehovah, when Joseph and Daniel rose to honor in the country of the stranger. Gay, handsome, audacious, the youth was asked by Lord Melbourne, the great prime minister, what he wished to be. "Prime minister of England," he replied. Rebuffed, scorned, ridiculed, hissed down in the House of Commons, he asserted calmly that the time should come when they would hear him. Three defeats in parliamentary elections daunted him not in the least. He pushed his way up through the lower classes, up through the middle classes, up through the upper classes, until he stood self-poised upon the topmost round of political and social power, forcing his leadership upon that very party whose prejudices were deepest against his race, and which had an utter contempt for self-made men and interlopers.

Disraeli is but one of the myriad heroic spirits who might have said with a character in one of Ben Jonson's plays: "When I once take the humor of a thing, I am like your tailor's needle, I go through with it."

Balzac's father tried to discourage his son from the pursuit of literature. "Do you know," said he, "that in literature a man must be either a king or a beggar?" "Very well," replied the boy, "*I will be a king.*" His parents left him to his fate in a garret. For ten years he fought terrible battles with hardship and poverty, but he won a great victory at last.

Benjamin Franklin had this tenacity of purpose in a wonderful degree. When he started in the printing business in Philadelphia, he carried his material through the streets on a wheelbarrow. He hired one room for his office, workroom, and sleeping-room. He found a formidable rival in the city and invited him to his room. Pointing to a piece of bread from which he had just eaten his dinner, he said, "Unless you can live cheaper than I can, you cannot starve me out."



The astronomer Kepler, whose name can never die, was kept in constant anxieties, and told fortunes by astrology for a livelihood, saying that that science, as the daughter of astronomy, ought to keep her mother. He had to accept all sorts of service; he made almanacs and worked for any one who would pay him. But he had the kind of will that makes a way. Humphrey Davy had but a slender chance to acquire great scientific knowledge, yet he had true mettle in him, and he made even old pans, kettles, and bottles contribute to his success, as he experimented and studied in the attic of the apothecary store where he worked.

A sun-browned country youth called on Bishop Simpson, then president of Asbury University. His plain clothes led the bishop to ask what he had to depend upon. "My two hands, sir," replied the boy; who afterward became a United States senator.

When Louisa M. Alcott was first dreaming of her power, her father handed her a manuscript, one day, that had been rejected by James T. Fields, editor of the "Atlantic Monthly," with the message:—

"Tell Louisa to stick to her teaching; she can never succeed as a writer."

"Tell him I *will* succeed as a writer, and some day I shall write for the 'Atlantic.' " The day came when work of hers was accepted by that magazine. She earned two hundred thousand dollars by her pen. "Twenty years ago," she wrote in her diary, "I resolved to make the family independent if I could. At forty, that is done. My debts are all paid, even the outlawed ones, and we have enough to be comfortable. It has cost me my health, perhaps."

The conclusion to "An Old-fashioned Girl" was written when Miss Alcott's left hand was in a sling, one foot bandaged, her head aching, and her voice gone. Her splendid will knew no defeat from bodily pain.

"The History of the English People" was written while J. R. Green was struggling against a mortal illness. He had collected a vast store of materials, and had begun to write, when his disease made a sudden and startling progress, and his physicians said they could do nothing to arrest it. In the extremity of ruin and defeat he applied himself with greater fidelity to his work. The time that might still be left to him for work must henceforth be wrested, day by day, from the grasp of death. The writing occupied five months; while from hour to hour and day to day his life was prolonged, his doctors said, by the sheer force of his own will and his inflexible determination to finish the "Making of England." He lay, too weak to lift a book, or to hold a pen, dictating every word, sometimes through hours of intense suffering. Yet so conscientious was he that, driven by death as he was, the greater part of the book was re-written five times. When it was done he began the "Conquest of Eng-

land," wrote it, reviewed it, and then, dissatisfied with it, rejected it all and began again. As death laid its cold fingers on his heart, he said: "I still have some work to do that I know is good. I will try to win but one week more to write it down." It was not until he was actually dying that he said, "I can work no more."

"What does he know who has not suffered?" asks a sage. Did not Schiller produce his greatest tragedies in the midst of physical suffering amounting almost to torture? Händel was never greater than when, warned by palsy of the approach of death, and struggling with distress and suffering, he sat down to compose the great works which have made his name immortal in music. Beethoven was almost totally deaf, and was burdened with sorrow when he produced his greatest works. Milton, writing "Who best can suffer, best can do," wrote at his best when in feeble health, and when poor and blind.

"Yet I argue not  
Against heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot  
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer  
Right onward."

After a sickness in which he lay a long time at death's door, Seneca said: "The thought of my father, who could not have sustained such a blow as my death, restrained me, and I commanded myself to live."

When told by his physicians that he must die, Douglas Jerrold said: "And leave a family of helpless children? I won't die." He kept his word, and lived for years.

Once, when Marshal Ney was going into battle, looking down at his knees which were smiting together, he said: "You may well shake; you would shake worse yet if you knew where I am going to take you."

"After the defeat at Essling, the success of Napoleon's attempt to withdraw his beaten army depended on the character of Masséna, to whom the emperor dispatched a messenger, telling him to keep his position for two hours longer at Aspern. This order, couched in the form of a request, required almost an impossibility; but Napoleon knew the indomitable tenacity of the man to whom he gave it. The messenger found Masséna seated on a heap of rubbish, his eyes bloodshot, his frame weakened by his unparalleled exertions during a contest of forty hours, and his whole appearance indicating a physical state better befitting the hospital than the field. But that steadfast soul seemed altogether unaffected by bodily prostration; half dead as he was with fatigue, he rose painfully and said: 'Tell the emperor that I will hold out for two hours.' He kept his word."

If there was ever a believer in the almost omnipotent power of the mind and of the will, it was Napoleon. When the plague was decimating his ranks at the siege of St. Jean d'Acre, in order to inspire his men,



he went about among the plague-stricken soldiers, touching their wounds with his bare hands. . He said that the man who had no fear would never be stricken with the plague.

"We go forth," said Emerson, "austere, dedicated, believing in the iron links of Destiny, and will not turn on our heels to save our lives. A book, a bust, or only the sound of a name, shoots a spark through the nerves, and we suddenly believe in will. We cannot hear of personal vigor of any kind, great power of performance, without fresh resolution."

"Webster," said Sydney Smith, "is a living lie; because no man on earth can be as great as he looks." Carlyle said of him, "One would incline at sight to back him against the world." His very physique was eloquent. Men yielded their wills to his at sight.

"Darest thou kill Caius Marius?" said the unarmed Roman to the assassin sent to his dungeon. The Cimbrian quailed before the captive's eye, dropped his weapon, and fled.

"See a great lawyer like Rufus Choate," says Dr. Storrs, "in a case where his convictions are strong and his feelings are enlisted. He saw long ago, as he glanced over the box, that five of those in it were sympathetic with him; as he went on he became equally

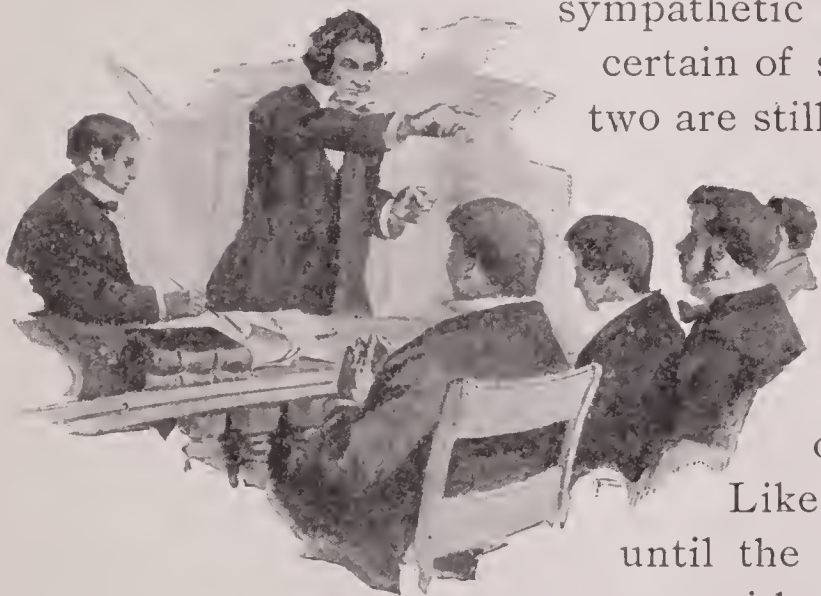
certain of seven; the number now has risen to ten; but two are still left whom he feels that he has not persuaded or mastered. Upon them he now concentrates his power, summing up the facts, setting forth anew and more forcibly the principles, urging upon them his view of the case with a more and more intense action of his mind upon theirs, until one only is left.

Like a blow of a hammer, continually repeated until the iron bar crumbles beneath it, his whole force comes with ceaseless percussion on that one mind till it has yielded, and accepts the conviction on which the pleader's purpose is fixed. Men say afterward, "He surpassed himself." It was only because the singleness of his aim gave unity, intensity, and overpowering energy to the mind."

Of Julius Cæsar it was said by a contemporary that it was his activity and giant determination, rather than his military skill, that won his victories.

Energy of will—self-originating force,—is the soul of every great character. Where it is, there is life; where it is not, there is faintness, helplessness, and despondency.

"The undivided will,  
'Tis that compels the elements and wrings  
A human music from the indifferent air."





A youth who starts out in life determined to make the most of his eyes and let nothing escape him which he can possibly use for his own advancement; who keeps his ears open for every sound that can help him on his way; who keeps his hands open that he may clutch every opportunity; who is ever on the alert for everything which can help him to get on in the world; who seizes every experience in life and grinds it up into paint for his great life-picture; who keeps his heart open that he may catch every noble impulse, and everything which may inspire him; who possesses a will determined to beat and hammer its way through all obstacles, never to tire, never to acknowledge failure, but to drive on and ever on, conquering environment, rising superior to circumstances, will reach his desires and win his goal. He will be sure to make his life successful; there are no "ifs" or "ands" about it. It is, no doubt, a great deal to expect from any one. Yes, but as Goethe says:—

"Yes, to this thought I hold with firm persistence;  
The last result of wisdom stamps it true:  
He only earns his freedom and existence  
Who daily conquers them anew."

If you will, like Emerson, "hitch your wagon to a star," let it be "the star of the unconquered will"; so shall you realize the grandeur of saying, with the sincerity born of noble effort:—

"Doubt, fear, discouragement, are for the selfish, the passive, but not for *me*. God bids me go forth and I *do*; and within I hear a voice which says I *must*,—therefore I *can*."

## GREAT THINGS DULL BOYS CAN DO

FROM the lowest depth there is a path to the loftiest height.—CARLYLE.

THE art of being able to make a good use of moderate abilities wins esteem and often confers more reputation than genuine, real merit.

—ROCHEFOUCAULD.

THE talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do, without a thought of fame. —LONGFELLOW.

“MAN” is that name of power which rises above them all, and gives to every one the right to be that which God meant he should be.

—H. W. BEECHER.

IT is not a question how much a man knows, but what use he can make of what he knows; not a question of what he has acquired, and how much he has been trained, but of what he is, and what he can do. —J. G. HOLLAND.

FOR blocks are better cleft with wedges  
Than tools of sharp or subtle edges.

—BUTLER.

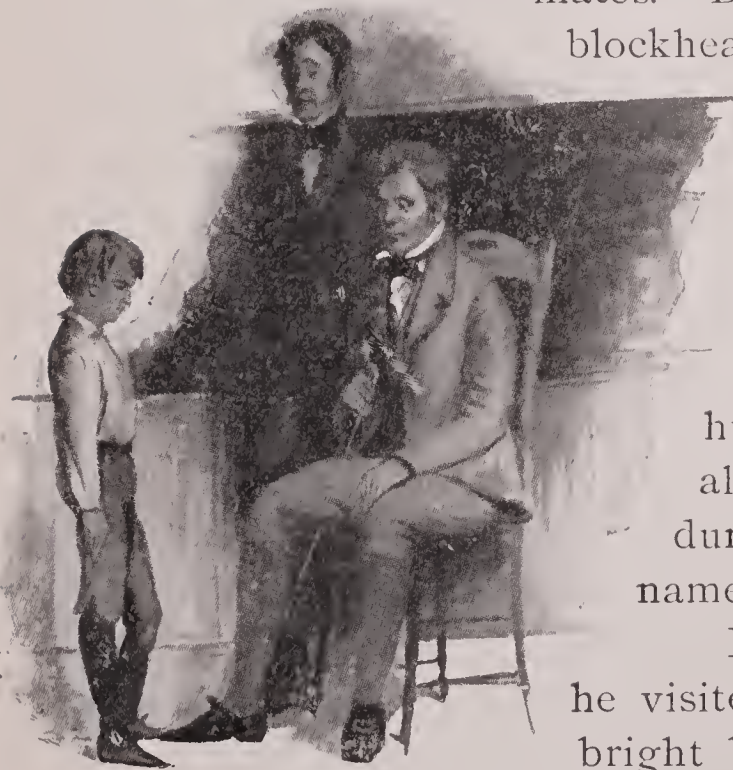
“GIRDLES of the middle mountain, happy realms of fruit and flower,  
Distant from ignoble weakness, distant from the height of power.”

“NOT in the stately oak the fragrance dwelleth,  
Which charms the general wood;  
But in the violet low, whose sweetness telleth,  
Its unseen neighborhood.”

“DUNCE you are and dunce you will ever remain,” thundered an angry Scotch teacher at the dullest boy in his class. The prediction seemed perfectly justified when the boy went to Edinburgh University. The stupid fellow could not learn anything like his clever school-mates. By common consent he was nicknamed “the great blockhead.” A few years passed. The English-speaking

world was agog with curiosity over the authorship of a certain remarkable romance. In time it was discovered that the writer was one who had already made something of a hit with a few poems and had practised law with indifferent success. “Waverley” was the first of the series of historic novels which made Sir Walter Scott loved all over the world. Its author was the incorrigible dunce, “the great blockhead.” In later life this nickname was changed to the “Wizard of the North.”

It is told of Scott that, in the days of his fame, he visited his old school. The master called up all the bright boys and had them glibly recite. Scott appeared only slightly interested.





"Excellent," he said at length, "but where is the dunce? You have one, surely. Show him to me."

The master promptly called out an awkward lad, who looked decidedly uncomfortable at being exhibited as the lack-wit of the school.

"Are you the dunce?" asked Scott.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, my good fellow," said the great author, then really interested, "here is a crown for you for keeping my place warm."

Byron was another whose school career was far from brilliant. In his younger days it is said that, when he chanced to get at the head of the class, the master would say, "Now, Gordie, let me see how soon you will be at the foot again." At Harrow and at Cambridge his scholarship was below the average, and gave no promise of his reputation as the greatest poet in England, which was gained in half a dozen years after leaving the university.

Sheridan's mother tried in vain to interest her boy in his first studies, but his determination to learn and be something was aroused by her death, and he rose to a high place in English letters.

Linnæus, as a youth, was considered by his teachers almost a dunce, and later on he failed utterly to show the proper characteristics for the ministry and turned from medicine with distaste after a partial course. But in studying and classifying plants, he was a pioneer and is called the founder of modern botany.

John Hunter, the first great comparative anatomist of England, learned to read and write, with great difficulty, at the age of twenty, after a neglected, poverty-stricken childhood. After working some years as a carpenter, he began to assist his brother in a dissecting room, and far surpassed him through indefatigable industry and concentration. He became so intensely busy, in his later life, that he allowed himself only four hours each night for sleep. The collection of twenty thousand anatomical specimens, which he left, took Professor Owens ten years to arrange. It is regarded as the most remarkable collection amassed by a single man.

The school days of Oliver Goldsmith must have been one long torment to the sensitive lad. His early schoolmistress said of him, "He seemed impenetrably stupid," but in later years it was her boast that she "taught the great Dr. Goldsmith to read." The boy was sent to school after school, only to be looked upon everywhere as incapable of acquiring much knowledge. One verdict was that he was "a stupid, heavy blockhead, little better than a fool, whom everybody made fun of." When he went to college, it was said of him: "He is a dull, hesitating student, who seldom has anything to offer in the class-room, and appears to great disadvantage, being exceedingly awkward and ungainly."



He was graduated with the title, "Wooden Spoon," which is just the opposite of our valedictorian. He tried to study surgery, but was rejected as incompetent. Even when he had written the "Vicar of Wakefield," he did not suspect its value, and Dr. Johnson took the manuscript from him and sold it to pay a debtor who threatened the poor poet with arrest.

Dr. Chalmers, the great Scottish divine, was once expelled from St. Andrew's School for stupidity, though he became, later, extraordinarily proficient in mathematics.

Another great preacher, Henry Ward Beecher, was in his youth classed with the dunces. "Henry Ward," says Mrs. Stowe, his famous sister, "was not marked out by the prophecies of partial friends for any brilliant future. He had precisely the organization which often passes for dullness in early boyhood. He had great deficiency in verbal memory, a deficiency which marked him through life; he was excessively sensitive to praise and blame, extremely diffident, and with a power of yearning, undeveloped emotion, which he neither understood nor could express. This bashful, dazed-looking boy pattered barefoot to and from the little, unpainted schoolhouse, with a brown towel or a blue-checked apron to hem during the intervals between his spelling and reading lessons. Nobody thought much of his future, further than to see that he was safe and healthy, or even troubled themselves to inquire what might be going on in his life.

"The boy was sent to the Latin school. It was to him a grim, Sinaitic desert. The era of fermentation and development was upon him, and the melancholy that had brooded over his childhood waxed formidable. He grew gloomy and moody, restless and irritable. His father, noticing the change, planned for him a course of biographical reading, hoping to divert his thoughts. He began to read naval histories, and longed to be the captain of a man-of-war, like Nelson and other heroes. His father sent him to college, and he became a minister, instead of a sailor."

"Why do you tell the same thing to that stupid boy, twenty times over?" asked the father of John Wesley, impatient at the time his wife spent trying to impress something on the mind of their dullest child. "Because," replied Mrs. Wesley, "if I had told John but nineteen times, all my labor would have been wasted, but now he understands and will never forget the lesson." Encouraged by his clear-sighted mother, dull John became a world-leader in religious thought.

Chatterton, who achieved fame and died at an age when most men begin life, tried for a year and a half to learn to read, with very little success, and was sent home as "an incorrigible dunce." His mother aroused his curiosity with an illuminated manuscript, and set him to puzzling over the flourished characters, and in a few years the dunce was composing verses that astonished those who saw them.

Even the mother of the Duke of Wellington considered him a dunce in his early boyhood. At Eton he was found dull and stupid, the last of his class likely to do anything great. He was industrious and persevering, however, and thus redeemed himself in the eyes of his teachers. He had not even a desire to enter the army, yet at forty-six he conquered the man who had conquered Europe.

As a boy in Warren County, Ohio, Ulysses S. Grant was dull and awkward. Even at West Point, while studying in the line in which he afterward won greatness, he showed no special ability and was graduated twenty-first in a class of fifty-nine.

One of the greatest generals on the Confederate side of the late Civil War, "Stonewall" Jackson, was noted for his slowness. With this he possessed great application and dogged determination. If he undertook a task, he never let go till he had it done. So, when he went to West Point, his habitual class response was that he was too busy getting the lesson of a few days back to look at the one of the day. He kept up this steady gait, and, from the least promising "plebe," came out seventeenth in a class of seventy, distancing fifty-three who started with better attainments and better minds. His classmates used to say that, if the course was ten years instead of four, he would come out first.

Newton, one of the profoundest minds in all scientific thought, was accounted a dull boy. He had done little with mathematics before he was nineteen years old. His biographer, Brewster, says: "When Newton entered Trinity College, he brought with him a more slender portion of science than at his age falls to the lot of ordinary scholars." The antiquarian, Otway, and the eminent geologist, Hugh Miller, did not escape the condemnation of being called "dull boys." Shakespeare himself made a bad record at the Stratford Grammar School, and Luther won fifteen floggings in one afternoon. Parents and teachers united in voting Edmund Burke a dunce; and, in later years, when his burning words aroused all England to enthusiasm, his brothers wonderingly remarked, "How strange that Ned should have monopolized the talent of the whole family!" The secret was that Ned plodded along, despite the jeers of others, working while his brothers played, persisting even when his early efforts were pronounced failures.

George Stephenson could not read or write, at twenty, but the old locomotive that stands on the bridge at Newcastle is a monument to genius which many a more learned man might envy.

John Harvard was another youth of no promise, but the university he founded has helped thousands to higher learning.

"If it is God's will to take any of my children by death," sighed the father of Isaac Barrow, "I hope it may be Isaac." When the stupid



boy had found his bent and run his useful career, Robert Hall said of him: "I admire, as much as it is possible for my readers to admire, the rich invention, the masculine sense, the exuberantly copious yet precise and energetic diction, which distinguish Barrow, who, by a rare felicity of genius, united in himself the most distinguishing qualities of the mathematician and the orator." Hallam's judgment was: "The sermons of Barrow display a strength of mind, a comprehensiveness and fertility, which have rarely been equaled."

Patrick Henry when a boy at school, in the colony of Virginia, was not a good scholar. He avoided his lessons, and loved to wander along the streams and through the forests. Coarse in appearance and uncommonly rude in manners, he seemed to have an unconquerable aversion to study. And yet, he was a deep thinker. Even in boyhood, he displayed a remarkable knowledge of human character. He did not mix in the wild mirth of his equals in age; but sat, quiet and demure, taking no part in the conversation, giving no responsive smile to the circulating jest, but lost, to all appearance, in silence and introspection. This abstraction, however, was only apparent; for, on the dispersion of a company, when interrogated by his parents as to what had been passing, he was able not only to detail the conversation, but also to sketch with strict fidelity the character of every speaker.

Having married early, he entered business and failed, for several reasons. He was so kind hearted that he gave credit to any one, and at length he had found subjects that interested him and grew fonder of reading than of attending to his daily duties in the store. Thus he laid the foundation of the legal knowledge that astonished John Randolph, who at first refused to examine him, he was so uncouth and so repulsive to the courtly jurist. What his sturdy manhood and fiery eloquence did for American liberty is known by every schoolboy.

Guard duty was a punishment for various offenses at Norwich University, in Northfield, Vermont, and the people of the town became quite familiar with the face of Cadet George Dewey, he was so often pacing along the guard line in front of the university. The truth is that the three years' record of Dewey at this school showed him a very poor scholar, barely getting through his examinations. Going when seventeen years old to Annapolis, young Dewey did little better. For two years he was reported deficient in studies and lax in discipline. A severe lecture from his father, Dr. Dewey, changed his course, and the next two years he made a good record and was graduated third in his class. As Admiral Dewey; this once poor student received the greatest public reception ever given in America.

"Let us people who are so uncommonly clever and learned have a great tenderness and pity for the folks that are not endowed with the



prodigious talents that we have," says Thackeray, "I have always had a great regard for dunces, for those of my own school days were among the pleasantest of fellows, and have turned out by no means the dullest in life; whereas, many a youth who could turn off Latin in hexameters by the yard, and construe Greek quite glibly, is no better than a feeble prig now, with not a pennyworth more brains than were in his head before his beard grew."

The "smart boy" of the Ohio school where Ulysses Grant failed to distinguish himself, was running a forty-acre farm close by the old, tumble-down schoolhouse, when Grant was the tenant of the White House.

All through history, so-called dunces have proved that they had manhood's best stuff in them. But not every boy who fails to get his lessons is a genius in disguise. Nor is playing the dunce the safe way to start toward success. The dunces who have outlived their ugly name and reputation, have had qualities which made up for their slowness of intellect. They have conquered in spite of their defects. Almost without exception they have had determination and persistence. If it has taken all night or all summer, they have kept at it till their task was accomplished. The slow tortoise distanced the spry hare because he kept going with his nose in one direction. There was no turning aside or nice little naps for him. He knew his failing. So must the dunce know his. The tortoise resolved to win. So must the dunce. All these great deeds by once-called dunces only show what can be done by ordinary people with firm resolve, or by people of one talent when they find that talent.

Many a seemingly dull boy has suddenly found a subject which drew his whole being, and absorbed his whole thought and purpose. Then is when all that is good in his character is called into action. Then is when the first step upward is taken. Every boy who is discouraged by the constant scoffing of those around him should make up his mind to find out what he is good for. He must study his own faculties, try all the pursuits that he can reach, seek to find the thing he can do best, and then start with a determination to do it better than any one else. Do not let the hasty judgments of your teachers, or even of your parents, keep you down, or discourage your effort. Set your teeth after every scoff, and say: "I'll show them. I may not be smart, but I can work and be somebody yet." Remember the great Gothic spire on Prince's Street, Edinburgh, that Scotland has raised to one of her dunces, who made Scottish border life familiar to all the world. Remember the "Lion Mound" that watches over the field of Waterloo, commemorating the victory of a boy whose mother gave him up. If you are in New York City, walk out to Riverside Park and gaze on the majestic monument to the Ohio schoolboy who did not excel in his books.

There is still more encouragement for a dull boy. The world does not demand all geniuses. It would not know what to do with them. It would be like a regiment composed entirely of officers with dress-parade swords. What the world needs is useful citizens, who nobly strive to make the performance of their part of the world's work the very best. Any boy, though he possess not a spark of genius, can live a noble life. But thousands who could, do not do so. It requires qualities that are more rare than superficial brilliancy of intellect. Character, firmness of purpose, aspiration, perseverance,—all of these are needed, and most dull boys have something of them if only they are encouraged to make the most of themselves. Herein lies one of the greatest and most beneficial works of a teacher of youth. In failing to develop the dull boys, in losing patience with them, many a teacher mars lives that might have been the jewels of his life-crown.

"Why do you change so often, going frequently from place to place?" asked an elderly professor of a young but successful teacher. "You do excellent work and win the respect and affection of your pupils. But, without apparent reason, you seem to be uneasy to leave one situation for another in no respect more desirable."

"I am searching for a school in which there are no dull pupils," replied the younger man.

"But your search, like that for the far-famed 'philosopher's stone,' will be fruitless," said the professor. "During my early struggles as a teacher, I must admit, I did hope to find such a school, some day. But, after a long and varied experience, I can assure you that such a thing cannot be found.

"Years ago, my dull pupils worried and displeased me. But now, since some of my dull boys have risen up and called me blessed, they have become my glory!"

Is it indeed possible to transform these dull boys into anything that will compensate for the patience and faithful painstaking of a conscientious teacher? In many instances, they who, most of all, have needed the greatest care and attention, have been neglected and often set aside altogether, while in their stead their more fortunate schoolmates, of quicker perceptions, better memories, and greater talents, have, because of the dull boys' disadvantages, had greater advantages. Yet there is much to be said in favor of the dull boy, not for the stupid boy, not for the lazy boy; but there is great hope for the boy slow of development, slow to discern, slow to remember, yet having, with that dullness, a dogged persistence, a dormant ambition, and a determination to succeed; he has within him those elements of success which the boy quick to perceive and to remember, and equally careless to retain, can never acquire. "Oh, he is such a dull boy!" has done so much to discourage some lad



of a slow mental growth but of a smoldering ambition which would have inspired him to attempt some task which it seemed to him he might accomplish, if only somebody had faith in him and would say, "At least you can try."

The undeveloped dull boys are the hope of a nation. They make the earnest, untiring workers; the conservative, reliable business men; the faithful, patient students of science; the thoughtful, intelligent men of letters; and usually the moral, substantial citizens who help to strengthen and to sustain the government. It is not always the quickest intellects that achieve the greatest results. A very limited research shows that from among backward boys have been developed men who have influenced the world, and whose names, to-day, are household words. While the bright boys of the class-room have received their honors, and, going out into the world, have pursued the "noiseless tenor of their way," lived obscure lives, and died lamented by a small circle of friends, beyond whose limits they were unknown, the boys from the foot of the classes have often astonished not only the world, but also themselves, by winning world-wide name and fame. When we are inclined to doubt this,—when it seems too much to believe,—Biography opens wide her pages to our view and bids the dull boys to take courage. She tells every boy who is conscious of his slow intellect, and who is tortured by "nameless longings and vague unrest" for higher and better things, that nothing is really impossible to him who perseveres. She repeats to listening ears what seem like fairy-tales, and displays to curious eyes sketches from wonderland, or pictures drawn by the finger of magic.

IF GOD ever put anything majestic and noble into a man, and gave him a fitting fame for it, He never intended that it should be hidden in a meal-bag, or permanently quenched under a smock-frock. —J. G. HOLLAND.

THE manly part is to do with might and main what you can do. —EMERSON.

MANHOOD begins when we have, in a way, made truce with necessity; begins, at all events, when we have surrendered to necessity, as the most part only do; but begins joyfully and hopefully only when we have reconciled ourselves to necessity, and thus, in reality, triumphed over it, and felt that in necessity we are free. —CARLYLE



## ENTHUSIASM THE SOUL OF LIFE

EVERY great production must be the production of enthusiasm.

—J. DISRAELI.

THE mind cannot get superior work out of inferior moods.

—N. D. HILLIS.

THE labor we delight in physics pain. — SHAKESPEARE.

THE only conclusive evidence of a man's sincerity is that he gives himself for a principle. Words, money, all things else are comparatively easy to give away; but when a man makes a gift of his daily life and practice, it is plain that the truth, whatever it may be, has taken possession of him.

—LOWELL.

IN THINGS pertaining to enthusiasm, no man is sane who does not know how to be insane on proper occasions.

—H. W. BEECHER.

LET us beware of losing our enthusiasm. Let us ever glory in something, and strive to retain our admiration for all that would ennoble, and our interest in all that would enrich and beautify our life.

—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

BY NO political alchemy can we get golden conduct out of leaden instincts.

—SPENCER.

"HOW ages thine heart?—toward youth? If not, doubt thy fitness for thy work."

THERE is no substitute for thorough-going, ardent, and sincere earnestness.

—DICKENS.

I THINK I love and reverence all arts equally, only putting my own just above the others.

—CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

"ALL things obey a human soul elevated into ecstasy."

AN ARTIST, with a few strokes of pencil or brush; an epigrammatist, in a pungent sentence; a poet, in an inspirational line or two, will lay bare the soul of a thing, as a flash of lightning illuminates the surrounding darkness, while less gifted people are preparing to show its meaning by roundabout methods of explanation. Cowper says:—

"No wild enthusiast ever yet could rest,  
Till half mankind were, like himself, possess'd.

"Nothing else is so contagious as enthusiasm," says Lytton: "it is the real allegory of the lute of Orpheus,—it moves stones, it charms brutes. Enthusiasm is the genius of sincerity, and Truth accomplishes no victories without it."

Truth, ability, sincerity, faithfulness to duty, spotless character,—all these are indispensable to the young man or young woman who would carve out a career that will keep one in touch with the Spirit that quickeneth; but if enthusiasm, the joy and glory of labor, the divine spark that lifts it out of the commonplace, that makes man in a special sense one with the Divine Will, whose fiat—"I will"—called the Uni-

verse into existence,—if this power be lacking, life will be lacking in one of its greatest charms. Its very soul, the lever that moves the world, will be missing, and no other force under heaven can take its place.

If you would accomplish anything of merit, if you would make yourself a motor for the achievement of your purpose, you must be tuned to concert pitch, must thrill with enthusiasm, must respond to the demands of your work as a lover responds to the smiles of his dear one. No half-hearted worker has ever helped humanity upward.

“Every great and commanding movement in the annals of the world,” says Emerson, “is the triumph of some enthusiasm.”

“The Renaissance,” says Rev. N. D. Hillis, “does not mean a single Dante, or Boccaccio, but a national enthusiasm and a ‘God within all minds.’ The Reformation is not a single Savonarola, or Luther, but a universal enthusiasm and a ‘God within all hearts and consciences.’”

The martyrs, the inventors, the artists, the musicians, the poets, the great writers, the heroes, the pioneers of civilization, the movers of every great enterprise,—those of every race and clime, in every age of the world, who have led men upward from the dawn of history to the twentieth century, have been enthusiasts, none of whom could rest,—

“Till half mankind were, like himself, possess’d.”

Fired with indignation at the outrages heaped upon the pilgrims of Palestine, an old man, Peter the Hermit, determined to rescue the tomb of our Lord from the hands of the Infidels. Barefooted, he traveled through France and other countries, preaching the crusade with a zeal and enthusiasm that rolled the chivalry of Europe on the ranks of Islam.

What cared Savonarola for threats, persecution, or excommunication? He lived only for the triumph of Truth, and the regeneration of his beloved Italy. His passionate denunciation of their terrible excesses, his fervid appeals to their higher natures, aroused the Florentines to a height of religious enthusiasm which that city never before had witnessed. What though he was burned at the stake for adherence to his cause? He knew that his ashes would plead for him as his tongue had never done. To-day his memory is revered as that of a saint and martyr.

“The Directory at Paris must be crazy to send such a stripling to command us!” thought the scarred and war-worn generals of the army of Italy, in 1796, when Napoleon arrived as their commander-in-chief. Rampon, with a fatherly interest in the young soldier, proffered some advice.

“Gentlemen!” exclaimed Napoleon, impatiently brushing him aside, “the art of war is in its infancy. The time has passed in which enemies



are mutually to appoint the place of combat, advance, hat in hand, and say, '*Gentlemen, will you have the goodness to fire?*' We must cut the enemy in pieces, precipitate ourselves like a torrent upon their battalions, and grind them to powder. Experienced generals conduct the troops opposed to us? So much the better! — so much the better! It is not their experience which will avail them against me. Mark my words: they will soon burn their books on tactics, and know not what to do. Yes, gentlemen, the first onset of the Italian army will give birth to a new epoch in military affairs. As for us, we must hurl ourselves on the foe like a thunderbolt, and smite like it. Disconcerted by our tactics, and not daring to put them into execution, they will flee before us as the shades of night before the uprising sun."

Does this seem mere braggadocio? It might well seem so, if uttered by a cold-blooded, phlegmatic, shallow man; but the same enthusiasm which animated the youth who spoke had urged him onward, through long years of careful preparation, and had sustained him through other long years of world-astonishing action, making the fulfilment of his prophecy almost a mathematical certainty.

It was enthusiasm that gave strength to the body of the matchless architect, Christopher Wren, who was so delicate in childhood as to be a constant source of anxiety to his parents. Turn where you will in London, you will find noble monuments of the genius and enthusiasm of this man who never received instruction from an architect. His work was his life. Into everything he touched he threw himself with an ardor that knew no weariness. When in Paris to get ideas for the restoration of his great masterpiece, St. Paul's Cathedral, he exclaimed: "I would give my skin for the architect's design of the Louvre." The palaces of Hampton Court and Kensington, Drury Lane Theater, Temple Bar, the Royal Exchange and the great monument, are but a few of the triumphs of his skill and devotion to his purpose.

What a power there is in an enthusiastic adherence to an ideal! What are hardships, contumely, slander, ridicule, persecution, toil, sickness, the feebleness of age, to a soul throbbing with an overmastering purpose?

In the Galerie des Beaux Arts in Paris is a beautiful statue conceived by a sculptor who was so poor that he lived and worked in a small garret. When his clay model was nearly done, a heavy frost fell upon the city. He knew that, if the water in the interstices of the clay should freeze, the beautiful lines would be distorted. So he wrapped his bed-clothes around the clay image. In the morning he was found dead, but his idea was saved, and other hands gave it enduring form in marble.

"There are important cases," says A. H. K. Boyd, "in which the difference between half a heart and a whole heart makes just the difference between signal defeat and a splendid victory."



If you cannot throw yourself with your whole soul into your work, whatever it may be, it will lack that vitalizing quality which alone can lift it beyond mediocrity. It will not bear the stamp of individuality; it will be perfunctory, commonplace. There will be nothing to distinguish it from the production of thousands of other half-hearted workers.

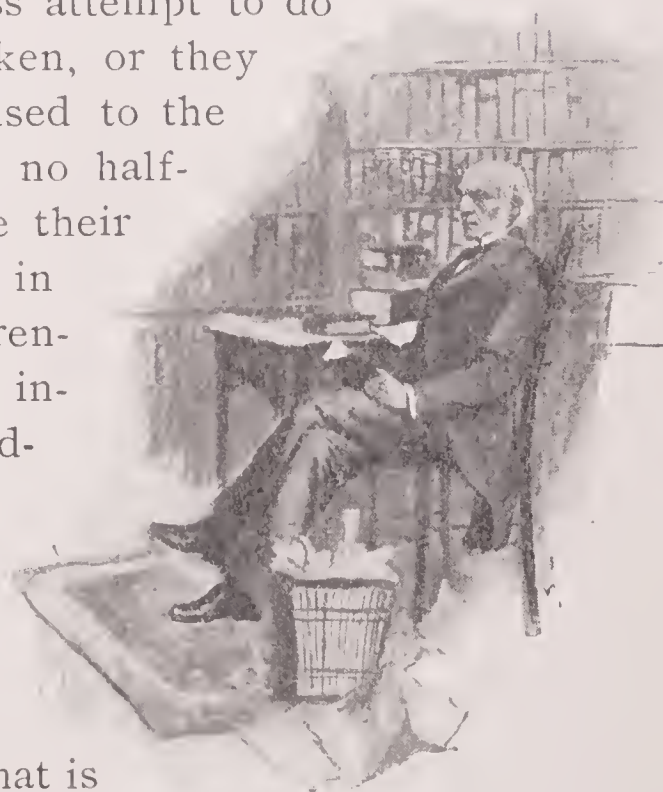
"Capital composition," said Joshua Reynolds, examining a picture he wished to praise; "correct drawing, color, tone, lights, and shadows excellent; but it wants — that!" he added, snapping his fingers.

All great works of art have been produced when the artist was intoxicated with the passion for beauty and form which would not let him rest until his thought was expressed in marble or on canvas.

"For the student, enthusiasm is indeed 'a god within.' Ignorance is want of mental animation. The scientist tells us that the Patagonians sleep eighteen hours each day, with a tendency to doze through the other six. Their minds are unable to make any kind of movement, and the chief once told Sir John Lubbock that he would love to talk were it not that large ideas made him very sleepy."

Enthusiasm is the soul of work, of life itself, and the young man or young woman who feels no thrill of joy in his or her daily labor, who is driven to it by the spur of necessity, who goes through it conscientiously, it may be, but merely as the performance of a disagreeable duty, is almost sure to fail in life. When young people work in such a spirit, there is something fatally wrong. Either they have mistaken their calling, and are wearing their lives away in a fruitless attempt to do that well which they should never have undertaken, or they need inward illumination. They want to be roused to the fact that the world needs their best work; that no half-hearted, indifferent efforts will justify them before their Creator, who has given us talents not to be folded in a napkin and returned to Him intact in the final rendering of accounts, but to be used, to be put out at interest, to be increased tenfold, twentyfold, a hundredfold, according to the ability of every one.

"Is it possible to arouse enthusiasm?" you ask. Emphatically, yes. Gladstone, the Grand Old Man of England, whose intense earnestness and enthusiasm, even to the last moment of his life, were a perfect inspiration to those about him, said that what is really wanted is to light up the spirit that is within a boy. In some sense and in some degree, in some effectual degree, there is in every one the capacity for good work in the world; not only in those who are brilliant, not only in those who are quick, but in those who are stolid, and even in those who are dull, or who seem to be dull. If they have



only the good will, the dullness will day by day clear away, under the influence of the good will.

No barrier, however formidable, no obstacle, however insurmountable it may seem to the timid or faint-hearted, can bar the way to any youth possessed with enthusiasm for a high ideal.

Lincoln was consumed with the desire for an education. He walked six miles to borrow a grammar, and, after returning home with the precious prize, burned one pine knot after another, while he studied its intricacies. He worked out problems in arithmetic on a wooden shovel, by the light of a log fire. He did not dream of the White House in those toilsome days and nights when his enthusiasm in pursuit of knowledge urged him to keep a book in the cracks of the logs in his loft, so that he might have it at hand at peep of day. Who shall say that it was not this early enthusiasm that made him the liberator of millions of his fellow-men?

Never before had the youth fired by enthusiasm such an opportunity as he has to-day. It is the age of young men and young women. Their ardor is their crown, before which the languid and the passive bow. The world looks to them to be interpreters of new forms of truth and beauty. Secrets, jealously guarded by nature, are waiting to reveal themselves to the enthusiast who is ready to give his life to the work. Inventions foreshadowed to-day are waiting for the "passionate patience" of enthusiasm to develop them. Every occupation, every profession, every field of human endeavor, is clamorous for enthusiastic workers. Where shall we look for a supply to meet the demand, if not in the ranks of youth, whose most irresistible charm is its bubbling enthusiasm? Thrice happy youth! It sees no darkness ahead,—no defile that has no outlet,—it forgets that there is such a thing as failure in the world, and believes that mankind has been waiting all these centuries for it to come and to be the liberator of truth and energy and beauty.

"The world's interests are, under God, in the hands of the young," says Dr. Trumbull. What youth or maiden can fail to respond with enthusiasm to the demand of such a tremendous responsibility. However humble your work may be, never forget that your manner of doing it is advancing or retarding the interests of humanity. What a touch of sublimity this conception of work gives to all human endeavor. How it should animate the spirit and nerve the hand of the youngest as well as of the oldest.

"The most beautiful works of all art were done in youth," says Ruskin. "Almost everything that is great has been done by youth," wrote Disraeli.

It was the youth Hercules that performed the Twelve Labors. Alexander was a mere youth when he rolled back the Asiatic hordes that



threatened to overwhelm European civilization almost at its birth. Henry Kirke White died at twenty-one, but what a record for a youth he left. Romulus founded Rome at twenty. Pitt and Bolingbroke were ministers almost before they were men. Gladstone was in Parliament in early manhood. Newton made some of his greatest discoveries before he was twenty-five. Keats died at twenty-five; Shelley at twenty-nine. Luther was a triumphant reformer at twenty-five. Ignatius Loyola made his pilgrimage at thirty. It is said that no English poet ever equaled Chatterton at twenty-one. Melancthon gained the Greek chair at Wittenburg at twenty-one. Whitefield and Wesley began their great revival as students at Oxford, and the former had made his influence felt throughout England before he was twenty-four. Victor Hugo wrote a tragedy at fifteen, and had taken three prizes at the Academy and gained the title of Master before he was twenty.

If we do not cultivate the spirit of enthusiasm in youth, how can we expect to have it in age, when the springtime of achievement has passed, when the glowing colors of early summer have given place to the somber tints of the wintry landscape?

Youth without enthusiasm is shorn of half its advantages. Enthusiasm is the compelling power that overcomes all obstacles. It is the being awake, the tingling of every fiber of one's being to do the work that his heart desires. It brooks no interference with the accomplishment of its object.

Of what use was it to forbid the boy Händel to touch a musical instrument, or to forbid him going to school, lest he learn the gamut? He stole midnight interviews with a dumb spinet in a secret attic. The boy Mozart toiled all day at disagreeable tasks, but stole at night to the church organ and poured out his very soul in music. The boy Bach copied whole books of studies by moonlight, for want of a candle, churlishly denied. Nor was he disheartened when these copies were taken from him. The boy painter West began work in a garret, and plundered the family cat for bristles to make his brushes. Whipping and scolding only made Ole Bull's passionate devotion to his violin more absorbing.

Indifference never leads armies that conquer, never models statues that live, nor breathes sublime music, nor harnesses the forces of nature, nor rears impressive architecture, nor moves the soul with poetry, nor the world with heroic philanthropies. Enthusiasm, as Charles Bell says of the hand, wrought the statue of Memnon and hung the brazen gates of Thebes. It fixed the mariner's trembling needle upon its axis, and first heaved the tremendous bar of the printing-press. It opened the tubes for Galileo, until world after world swept before his vision, and it reefed the high topsail that rustled over Columbus in the morning breezes of the Bahamas. It has held the sword with which freedom has



fought her battles, and poised the axe of the dauntless woodman as he opened the paths of civilization, and turned the mystic leaves upon which Milton and Shakespeare inscribed their burning thoughts.

Horace Greeley said that the best product of labor is the high-minded workman with an enthusiasm for his work.

Enthusiasm made Victor Hugo lock up his clothes while writing "Notre Dame," that he might not leave the work until it was finished. The great actor Garrick well illustrated it thus, when asked by an unsuccessful preacher the secret of his power over audiences: "You speak of eternal verities and what you know to be true, as if you hardly believed what you were saying yourself, whereas I utter what I know to be unreal and untrue, as if I did believe it in my very soul."

Gerster, an unknown Hungarian, made fame and fortune sure the first night she appeared in opera. Her enthusiasm almost hypnotized her auditors. In less than a week she had become popular and independent. Her soul was smitten with a passion for growth, and all the powers of heart and mind were devoted to self-improvement.

The artist who played Meg Merrilies in "Guy Mannering," in the usual formal way was ill, and the "utility" woman, Charlotte Cushman, whose art was to her as the air she breathed, was asked to take the part. The chance for a hit flashed through her mind; she rushed upon the stage, and, to the astonishment of audience and actors alike, assumed the rôle since so famous.

"How signal a place does the imagination hold in the realm of science and invention!" exclaims Rev. N. D. Hillis. "Reason itself is only an under-servant. It has no creative skill. Memory makes no discoveries. But the imagination is a wonder-worker. One day, chancing upon a large bone of the mammoth in the Black Forest, Oken, the German naturalist, exclaimed, 'This is a part of a spinal column.' The eyes of the scientist saw only one of the vertebræ, but to that one bone his imagination added frame, limb, and head, then clothed the skeleton with flesh, and saw the giant of animals moving through the forest. In that hour the imagination wrought a revolution in the science of anatomy."

Like the new and added power of the young lover to paint in hues of paradise the ugliest object, enthusiasm gives the otherwise dry and uninteresting subject or occupation a new meaning. As he has finer sense and more acute vision, and sees in the object of his affections a hundred virtues and charms invisible to all other eyes, so a man permeated with enthusiasm has his power of perception heightened, and his vision magnified, until he sees beauty and charms others cannot discern, which compensate for drudgery, privations, hardships, and even persecution. Dickens says he was haunted, possessed, spirit-driven,

by the plots and characters in his stories, which would not let him sleep or rest until he had committed them to paper. On one sketch, he shut himself up for a month, and when he came out, he looked as haggard as a murderer.

"Well, I've worked hard enough 'for it," said Malibran when a critic expressed his admiration of her D in alt, reached by running up three octaves from low D; "I've been chasing it for a month. I pursued it everywhere,—when I was dressing, when I was doing my hair; and at length I found it on the toe of a shoe that I was putting on."

"Great designs," says Boyle, "are not accomplished without enthusiasm of some sort. It is the inspiration of everything great. Without it no man is to be feared, and with it no man is to be despised." It is, verily, the most potent factor in the accomplishment of all that is of value. It enters into every invention, every masterpiece of painting or sculpture, every great poem, essay, or novel that holds the world breathless with admiration. It is a spiritual power. It has its birth among the higher potencies. You never find true enthusiasm in people who are always groveling at the feet of the senses. In its very nature it is uplifting.

"The sense of this word among the Greeks," says Madame de Staël, "affords the noblest definition of it; enthusiasm signifies 'God in us.'"

It is this God-spirit, animating men and women, that makes them forgetful of self, regardless of personal suffering, and proof against ridicule and opposition, when in pursuit of their ideals.

Palissy, toiling in the face of poverty and failure to discover the secret of the white enamel, burning his furniture to fire his furnace, was so intoxicated with enthusiasm that men thought him a fool. God's fool he was, with a great hope in his heart for which he gladly suffered the loss of all things.

Watt's whole heart was buried in his engine. "I can think of nothing else," he says, "but I cannot let my family starve."

Again and again poor Bunyan might have had his liberty; but not the separation from his poor blind daughter Mary, which he said was like pulling the flesh from his bones; not the need of a poor family dependent upon him; not the love of liberty nor the spur of ambition could induce him to forego his plain preaching in public places. It was the enthusiasm of conviction which enabled this poor, ignorant, despised Bedford tinker to write his immortal allegory.

"I have been so busy for twenty years trying to save the souls of other people," said Livingstone, "that I had forgotten that I have one of my own until a savage auditor asked me if I felt the influence of the religion I was advocating."



"After I have completed an invention," says Edison, "I seem to lose interest in it. One might think that the money value of an invention constitutes its reward to the man who loves his work. But, speaking for myself, I can honestly say that this is not so. Life was never more full of joy to me than when, a poor boy, I began to think out improvements in telegraphy, and to experiment with the cheapest and crudest appliances. But, now that I have all the appliances I need, and am my own master, I continue to find my greatest pleasure, and so my reward, in the work that precedes what the world calls success." "Here is Edison," says Rev. N. D. Hillis, "with an enthusiasm for invention, who found his electric lamps that burned well for a month had suddenly gone out, and read in the morning paper the judgment of the scientist that his electric bulb was a good toy but a poor tool."

"In his enthusiasm for his work, the man exclaimed, 'I will make a statue of that professor, and illumine him with electric lamps, and make his ignorance memorable.' Then Edison went away to begin a series of experiments that drove sleep from his eyes and slumber from his eyelids through five successive days and nights, until love and enthusiasm helped reason to wrest victory from defeat."

Wendell Phillips has well said, "Enthusiasm is the life of the soul." Just as soon as this dies away, no matter what success has been attained in the past, a season of dry rot sets in, and the end is death to further accomplishment. From the baking of a loaf of bread for the family to the law-making of a statesman for a nation, there must enter this vivifying element that electrifies and makes potent every effort.

What may not even a boy do when his whole heart is in his work?

The clerks in a large mercantile house ridiculed a young companion who began as an office boy, for doing so many things which did not belong to him to do. They laughed at his enthusiasm and interest in the business, saying that there was no sense in it, and that he would never get a cent for it. Not long afterward, he was selected from all the employees and taken into the firm as a partner, and became in time manager of one of the largest concerns in the country.

Success is often due less to ability than to enthusiasm. The world makes way for a man who believes in his mission, who is "dead in earnest." No matter what objections may be raised, no matter how dark the outlook, he believes in his power to transform into a reality, the vision which he alone sees.

It was enthusiasm which enabled Cyrus W. Field, after thirteen years of defeat, to lay the Atlantic cable. It was enthusiasm, in spite of carping critics, that sped Stephenson's locomotive to its triumphant goal. It was enthusiasm that sent "Fulton's Folly" on its successful way up the Hudson, to the dismay and consternation of his croaking detractors. It

was enthusiasm that led Patrick Henry to utter those burning words of patriotic eloquence, which every schoolboy and girl delights to declaim. It was enthusiasm or patriotic zeal that sent Sherman dashing through Georgia, on his victorious march from Atlanta to the sea.

It has been well said that all the liberties, reforms, and political achievements of society have been gained by nations thrilling and throbbing to one great enthusiasm.

Enthusiasm will steady the heart and strengthen the will; it will give force to the thought, and nerve to the hand, until what was only a possibility becomes a reality. Do not be afraid of it. Let people call you an enthusiast, with an inflection of pity or half-contempt in the voice, if they wish. If a thing seems to you worth working for at all, if it appears to you of moment enough to challenge any effort, then put into what you do all the enthusiasm of which you are capable, regardless of criticism. He laughs best who laughs last. It is never the half-hearted, the coldly critical, the doubting and fearing, that accomplish the most.

Professor Roentgen was enthusiastic in his research for knowledge which has made his name a household word throughout every civilized land. Arouse yourself, wake up, don't dream; this is a bad habit during the night, but a ruinous one after sunrise. Don't be a leaner; but an enthusiastic lifter.

He who respects his work so highly (and does it so reverently), that he cares little what the world thinks of it, is the man about whom the world comes at last to think a great deal.

Have an abiding faith in the value and importance of your work; of its indispensableness to the world.

It is this *solid faith in one's mission*,—the rooted belief that it is the one thing to which he has been called,—this enthusiasm, attracting an Agassiz to the Alps or the Amazon, impelling a Pliny to explore the volcano in which he is to lose his life, and nerving a Vernet, when tossing in a fierce tempest, to sketch the waste of waters, and even the wave that is leaping up to devour him,—that marks the heroic spirit.

With enthusiasm we may retain the youth of the spirit long after time has silvered the hair and robbed us of youthful vigor. It is the glory of old age, as it is the charm of youth. It makes the old man even a more positive force than the young one. Gladstone at eighty had ten times the weight and power that any man of twenty-five could have with the same ideals. What a power was Bismarck at eighty! Lord Palmerston became prime minister of England a second time at seventy-five, and died prime minister at eighty-one. Galileo, at seventy-seven, blind and feeble, was working every day adapting the principle of the pendulum to clocks. The crown of age is its enthusiasm, and the respect paid to white hairs is reverence to a heart fervent, in spite



of the torpid influence of an enfeebled body. The "Odyssey" was the creation of a blind old man, but that old man was Homer. "I argue not against Heaven's hand or will," said Milton, when old, blind, and poor; "nor bate a jot of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer right onward." He was chilled with the frosts of time when he depicted the love of the first pair in Eden.

Dr. Johnson's best work, "The Lives of the Poets," was written when he was seventy-eight. Newton wrote new briefs to his "Principia" at eighty-three. Plato died writing, at eighty-one. Tom Scott began the study of Hebrew at eighty-six. Galileo was nearly seventy when he wrote on the laws of motion. James Watt learned German at eighty-five. Mrs. Somerville finished her "Molecular and Microscopic Science" at eighty-nine. Humboldt completed his "Cosmos" at ninety, a month before his death.

"There was nothing remarkable about Goldsmith when he was young," said Johnson; "he was a plant that flowered late in life."

John Colby, brother-in-law of Daniel Webster, learned to read after he was eighty-four, that he might read the Bible. Robert Hall learned Italian when past sixty, that he might read Dante in the original. Noah Webster studied seventeen languages after he was fifty. Ludovico, at one hundred and fifteen, wrote the memoirs of his times. Cicero said well that men are like wine; age sours the bad, and improves the good.

As the bouquet marks the quality of the wine, so enthusiasm marks the quality of the man. It is the elixir or the wine of life, without which all things seem stale, flat, and unprofitable.

Like beauty, that bubbling enthusiasm which makes perpetual youth and sunshine in the heart is a divine gift, and yet it can be cultivated. To the admonition of the wise man, then,—“With all thy getting, get understanding,”—I would add this other, “With all thy getting, get enthusiasm.” It is the salt of life, the transmuting power that renews and enriches everything it touches. It gives new heart and courage to the timid, new hope to the disheartened, and to the already strong and courageous increased power for good.

## WHAT IT IS TO BE A MAN

THE purest treasure mortal times afford  
Is spotless reputation ; that away,  
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.

—SHAKESPEARE.

BEFORE man made us citizens, great Nature made us men.

—J. R. LOWELL.

WHAT though on homely fare we dine,  
Wear hodden gray, and a' that ?  
Gie fools their silk and knaves their wine,  
A man's a man for a' that !

—BURNS.

MAN is one world, and hath  
Another to attend him.

—GEORGE HERBERT, "Strong Souls."

LIVE like five-hearted suns, to spend their strength  
In furthest striving action.

—GEORGE ELIOT.

HE HAS done the work of a true man,—  
Crown him, honor him, love him ;  
Weep over him, tears of woman,  
Stoop manliest brows above him !

—WHITTIER.

A TRUER, nobler, trustier heart,  
More loving, or more loyal, never beat  
Within a human breast.

—BYRON.

WORTH, courage, honor, these indeed  
Your sustenance and birthright are.

—E. C. STEDMAN.

THE world has this standing advertisement over the door of every profession, every occupation, every calling, "Wanted — a man."

Yet with all the demand for young men of force, energy, and purpose, young men trained to do some one thing; with managers and superintendents of great institutions everywhere hunting for good people to fill all sorts of positions, and on all sides people asking where to find a good servant, a polite and efficient clerk, an honest cashier, a stenographer who can spell and punctuate, and is generally well informed; with thousands out of employment; with hundreds of applicants for every vacant place; why is it we are told that never before was it so hard to get a good employee for almost any position as to-day, and that it is almost impossible to find efficient help for any department ?

They who make up the great army tramping about from store to store, from office to factory, wondering why others succeed when they fail,



why others get the positions when they are denied, either show signs of dissipation, are rude or gruff in manner, are slouchy or slipshod in dress, are afraid of hard work, are deficient in education or training, or have some other defect which bars them out.



The fatal defect in most cases is that these supposed men, expected to fill men's places in the world, are in reality, not men enough to fill the places. They are not men in the sense of possessing in a high degree the distinctive qualities of true manhood.

Herodotus wrote, "*Homines permulti viri pauci*,—human creatures are very plentiful, but men very scarce." A cynic, too, history informs us, being ordered to summon the good men of the city before the

Roman censor, went straight to the churchyard, and there, standing on a grave, called to the dead below, saying he knew not where to find a good man alive. And that gloomy sage of our own day, Thomas Carlyle, described the population of his country as consisting of so many millions, "mostly fools."

Potential manhood, though in some cases saddening, is a source of inspiration to him who reads aright the signs of his times.

Garfield said that he never met a boy in the street without feeling that he ought to take his hat off to him, because he might have in him the making of a great man. When a boy he was asked what he intended to do in life, and replied, "I am going to try to make myself a man; for, if I do not do that first, I shall not be able to make anything of myself."

"Wanted—A *Man!*" is a cry, fresh as this morning's paper, yet old as history. "Wanted—a man!" cried the Egyptian monarch,—and Joseph answered the call. "Wanted—a man!" wailed the children of Israel, slaves in the land of the stranger—and Moses heeded their crying. "Wanted—a man!" has rung down the centuries, and there sprang up in response a Leonidas, a Saul of Tarsus, a Charles Martel, a Luther, a Cromwell, a Washington, a Lincoln.

"A man, Cæsar, is born," says Emerson, "and for ages after, we have a Roman empire. Napoleon changes the front of the world. Bacon turns in a new direction the thought of the human race. Newton interprets the thoughts of God. Franklin unlocks the temple of nature."

A man is born and grows to man's estate: what is the sign by which we know him?

"We measure great men by their character, not by their success," said the wise Roman, Cornelius Nepos.

It is not what one's acquaintance says about him, not what he himself thinks he is, but what he is—his character—that tells.

"Character," as Josiah G. Holland says, "lives in a man, reputation outside of him." The French have a saying that a man's reputation is like his shadow, which sometimes follows, and sometimes precedes him, and is occasionally longer, occasionally shorter than he is.

A striking illustration of the discrepancy that may exist between character and reputation is given in "The Law Student's Helper."

"I remember," says the writer, "when ninety-nine Americans in a hundred felt ashamed of President-elect Lincoln. This feeling was not abated much until 1863. A reputation far from good was manufactured for Lincoln. I do not mean merely that political enemies traduced him; political friends felt that a man lacking in the essentials of good character had gotten into power. 'Obscure charlatan,' 'buffoon,' 'clown,' 'coarse,' 'uncouth,' 'modern Nero,' 'ignoramus,' 'shyster,' 'crossroads lawyer,' were some of the epithets hourly applied, until the civilized world began to ask what manner of people are the Americans that they should have chosen such a man as this as President. Oh, how even the Republicans wished they had taken the dashing Fremont or the polished Seward instead of the unknown Lincoln, against whom so much was said. Gradually, however, it began to dawn on the public that the moral estimate of Lincoln, held by the few who knew him closely and well, was correct.

"You know no man," it has been well said, "till you have looked with the eye of a brother upon the best that is in him."

Everywhere in the material universe we behold steadfast order and beauty as the result of equilibrium between opposing forces. The balance of forces which in equilibrium give us the noblest type of manhood is sometimes seriously disturbed by lack of practical wisdom, which, as Arthur Helps says, "acts in the mind as gravitation does in the material world, combining, keeping things in their places, and maintaining a mutual dependence amongst the various parts of the system."

A thousand biographies of men who have had their share of fame carry the lesson embodied in Emerson's declaration that common sense is the basis of genius, and in Young's forcible remark, that, with the talents of an angel a man may be a fool. A million unwritten biographies drive home the truth thus expressed by John Stuart Mill:—

"The aim of all intellectual training for the mass of the people should be to cultivate common sense."

"Common sense in an uncommon degree," said Coleridge, "is what the world calls wisdom."

"Common sense, never to be confounded with materialism, implies due regard for material considerations. It dictates that every human being shall be trained in early life (when irrevocable habits are formed)



in the fundamental laws of thrift; daily labor; earning a fair means of living; saving enough for pecuniary independence in days of sickness and old age; avoidance of debt; readiness to help others; and all those wholesome divine rules of frugal self-preservation that are to be as rigidly learned and obeyed as the ten commandments. But it does not stop here. It goes far enough to teach that one of the first great lessons of life is to learn the true estimate of values; that the success of every youth starting out in his career will depend very largely upon his ability to estimate properly, not the apparent but the real value of everything presented to him.

Recognition of these real values calls first of all for appreciation of the fact to which the first Napoleon gave broad expression when he said, "Even in war, moral power is to physical as three parts out of four." Emerson gives voice to the same idea thus — "Great men are they who see that spiritual is stronger than any material force, that thoughts rule the world."

We have it from Richard Steele, the hot-headed but warm-hearted, happy-go-lucky, and truth-loving friend and associate of Addison, that men of courage, men of sense, and men of letters, are frequent; but a true gentleman is what one seldom sees.

"The gentleman," says J. G. Holland, "is solid mahogany; the fashionable man is only veneer."

"To be a gentleman," says Bishop Doane, "does not depend upon the tailor or the toilet. Good clothes are not good habits. A gentleman is just a gentleman,—no more, no less: a diamond polished that was first a diamond in the rough."

Shakespeare calls a gentleman:—

"A combination, and a form, indeed,  
Where every god did seem to set his seal,  
To give the world assurance of a man."

"In a word," says Steele, "to be a fine gentleman is to be a generous and brave man." Some beautiful lines in Sir Edward Arnold's "Light of Asia," give this good description of the ideal man:—

"In speech right gentle, yet so wise; princely of mien,  
Yet softly mannered; modest, deferent,  
And tender-hearted, though of fearless blood."

"You insist on respect for learned men," wrote Perthes to a friend; "I say, Amen. But, at the same time, don't forget that largeness of mind, depth of thought, appreciation of the lofty, experience of the world, delicacy of manner, tact and energy in action, love of truth, honesty, and amiability—that all these may be wanting in a man who may yet be very learned."

Learning is to be prized and cultivated with infinite toil; but "as a matter of well-known experience, life may be nobly and well spent without any attainment of learning, however much its sphere may be narrowed by ignorance, whereas it will be a terrible failure without what William of Wykham knew as manners." So a gentleman's claim to his title must rest, "not upon fashion or manners, but upon moral worth; not on personal possessions, but on personal qualities." He must have the refinement of spirit, the breadth of sympathy, the depth of insight, to realize that good manners — gentleness of act and demeanor — are a part of good morals, and that it is as much his duty as his interest to practise both; to understand that "it is bad enough to have an empty head, but that an empty heart is worse still," that the door between us and heaven cannot be opened if that between us and our fellow-men is shut.

"The Psalmist briefly describes him," says Samuel Smiles, "as one 'that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.'"

"We live in a real and a solid and truthful world," said Professor Blaikie, in one of his talks to young men. "In such a world only truth, in the long run, can hope to prosper. Therefore avoid lies, mere show and sham and hollow superficiality of all kinds, which is at best a painted lie. Let whatever you are, and whatever you do, grow out of a firm root of truth and a strong soil of reality."

In heathen philosophy and Christian alike, truth has been the foundation upon which every structure of ethics has been meant to rise. The Persians presented one of the most elevated types of ancient pagan civilization; yet they taught their children only to ride on horseback, to shoot with the bow, and to speak the truth.

"Only they who carry sincerity to the highest point, in whom there remains not a single hairbreadth of hypocrisy," said Confucius, "can see the hidden springs of things."

"Away with your masks," cries Carlyle; "let us see your true features. Enough of comedy, masking, lying philosophies, false philanthropic sentiments, and empty hypocrisies! Show us what you are, let your thoughts be your own; dare to be yourself, have the courage to dare to be something, anything, so that you are not false."

St. Paul urged, whoso would fight the good fight to be girt with truth, — with sincerity, whole-heartedness, the spirit that accepts no shift, no make-believe.

"How sure it is," wrote Elizabeth B. Browning, "that, if we say a true word, instantly we feel it is God's, not ours, and pass it on." How sure it is that, if we say knowingly, an untrue word, it is passed on to our eternal moral hurt!



"Character is always known," says Emerson. "Thefts never enrich; alms never impoverish; murder will speak out of stone walls. The least mixture of a lie — for example, the taint of vanity. any attempt to make a good impression, a favorable appearance — will instantly vitiate the effect. But speak the truth and all nature and all spirits help you with unexpected furtherance."

"Of all the evil spirits abroad at this hour in the world," said Froude, "insincerity is the most dangerous." It is the most dangerous, because it so readily assumes guises of innocence. It works for ill in the form of a white lie.

A lady once asked Mr. Moody how she might be delivered from the habit of exaggeration, to which she was very prone. "Call it lying, madam," was the uncompromising answer, "and deal with it as you would with any other temptation of the devil."

Men can lie by life and conduct as well as by lip and word.

Sincerity is to speak as you think; never to pretend to be doing what you are not doing; to do, to perform, and make good what you promise; never to pretend you have done what you have not done; so to carry yourself with habitual truthfulness of spirit and letter that you are never, as Farrar says, to "be surprised into a concealment or startled into a falsehood."

"Perish policy and cunning!  
Perish all that fears the light!"

Admiral Dewey's son showed on which side, "in the strife of truth with falsehood," he stood, when, having recently engaged in business in New York at a salary of twenty dollars a month, beginning at the bottom, at his father's request, he was offered a position upon the editorial staff of a paper whose unscrupulous editor saw an opportunity to use the son of the great hero for advertising purposes. "You need write no articles, nor do any reporting," said the editor; "just sign your name to an article every day and I will pay you two hundred dollars a month." But the son of the Manila hero positively refused to lend his name to any such dishonesty. He preferred hard work at twenty dollars a month.

"I desire you will use all your skill to paint my picture truly like me, and not to flatter me at all," said Cromwell to Peter Lely, the artist, "but remark all those roughnesses, pimples, warts, and everthing as you see me: otherwise I will never pay one farthing for it."



A little boy, standing on some scales, and being very anxious to outweigh his playmate, puffed out his cheeks, and swelled up like a little frog. But the playmate was the wiser boy. "Oho!" he cried, in scorn, "that doesn't do any good; you can only weigh what you are!"

"You can only weigh what you are," in all the weighing of life. You may sometimes impose upon your neighbor's judgment, but never can you belie the estimate of the All-seeing.

The man who would be a man must be true through and through. There must be truth in the inward part, and all the outer expression of his inner life must be true. He must be true to the traditions of the past, to the responsibilities involved in the relationship he bears to home and loved ones. He must be true to himself. Polonius said to his son Laertes:—

"This above all, to thine own self be true,  
And it must follow as the light the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man."



## THE SUNKEN PIERS

IN ALL matters, before beginning, diligent preparation should be made.

—CICERO.

THE hand that follows intellect can achieve.

—MICHELANGELO.

A WISE man, in time of peace, prepares for war.

—HORACE.

TO WIN a race, the swiftness of a dart  
Availeth not, without a timely start.

—LA FONTAINE.

EFFECTS will always correspond to causes.

—HUME.

THE safe path to excellence and success, in every calling, is that of appropriate preliminary education, diligent application to learn the art, and assiduity in practicing it.

—EDWARD EVERETT.

WHAT we do upon some great occasion will probably depend upon what we already are; and what we are will be the result of previous years of self-discipline.

—H. P. LIDDON.

L ONGFELLOW declared that the secret studies of the poet are the sunken piers on which his poetic work rests; they are out of sight, but essential. Fifty feet of Bunker Hill Monument is under ground, unseen and unappreciated by those who tread about that historic shaft; yet it is this foundation, apparently thrown away, which enables it to stand upright, true to the plumb-line through all the tempests that lash its granite sides. Everything which endures, which will stand the test of time, must have a deep, solid foundation. In Rome, the foundation is often the most expensive part of an edifice, so deep must they dig to build on the living rock. A large part of every successful life must be spent in laying foundation stones under ground.

Don't risk a life's superstructure upon a day's foundation.

Don't trust to what the lazy call the spur of the occasion. If you wish to wear spurs in the tournament of life, you must buckle them to your own heels before you enter the lists.

Webster once made a remarkable speech before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Harvard University, when a book was presented to him; but, after he had gone, his "impromptu" speech, carefully written out, was found in the book, which he had forgotten to take away. On another occasion, when asked to speak on a subject of great importance, he refused, saying he was very busy and had no time to master the subject. "But," replied his friend, "a very few words from you would do much to awaken public attention to it." "If there be so much weight in my

words," replied Webster, "it is because I do not allow myself to speak on any subject until my mind is imbued with it."

Demosthenes was once urged to speak on a great and sudden emergency, but replied: "I am not prepared." In fact, it was thought by many that Demosthenes did not possess any genius whatever, because he never allowed himself to speak on any subject without thorough preparation. In any meeting or assembly, when called upon, he would never rise, even to make the briefest remarks, it was said, without previously preparing himself.

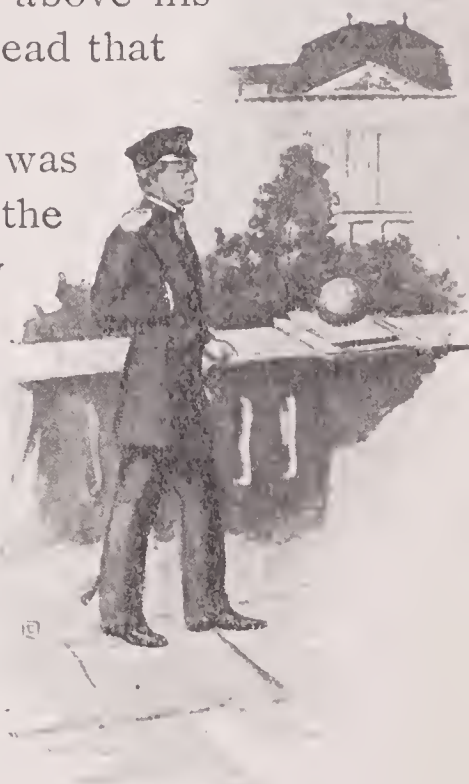
The pianist Thalberg said he never ventured to perform one of his celebrated pieces in public until he had played it at least fifteen hundred times.

Henry Havelock joined the army at twenty-eight, and for thirty-four years worked and waited for his opportunity; conscious of his power, "fretting as a subaltern while he saw drunkards and fools put above his head." But during all these years he was fitting himself to lead that marvelous march to the relief of Lucknow.

When the Franco-Prussian War was declared, Von Moltke was awakened at midnight and told of the fact. He said coolly to the official who aroused him: "Go to pigeonhole No. —, in my safe, and take a paper from it; then telegraph, as there directed, to the different troops of the empire." He then turned over and went to sleep and awoke at his usual hour in the morning. Every one else in Berlin was excited about the war, but Von Moltke took his morning walk as usual, and a friend who met him said: "General, you seem to be taking it very easy. Aren't you afraid of the situation? I should think you would be busy." "Ah," replied Von Moltke, "all of my work for this time has been done long beforehand, and everything that can be done now has been done."

"You can have no idea of the wonderful machine that the German army is," says Captain Bingham, "and how well it is prepared for war. A chart is made out which shows just what must be done in case of wars with the different nations. Every officer's place in the scheme is laid out beforehand. There is a schedule of trains which will supersede all other schedules the moment war is declared, and this is so arranged that the commander of the army here could telegraph to any officer to take such a train and go to such a place at a moment's notice."

An address to a medical school by an eminent American surgeon contained the admonition: "Very few successful men can expect to perform more than one or two great operations in the course of a long practice. The bulk of work ought to be a training for these operations."





When a great artist was asked how long it required to paint a cottage scene with an old woman trying to thread a needle near the open door, he replied: "Not so very long to do the work itself, but it took me twenty years to get that pose of the figure, and to represent correctly that sunlight coming in at the door."

Albert Bierstadt first crossed the Rocky Mountains with a band of pioneers in 1859, making sketches for the paintings of western scenes for which he has become famous. As he followed the trail to Pike's Peak, he gazed in wonder upon the enormous herds of buffaloes which dotted the plains as far as the eye could reach, and thought of the time when they would have disappeared before the march of civilization. The thought haunted him, and found its final embodiment in "The Last of the Buffaloes," in 1890. To perfect this great work he had spent twenty years.

"How long did it take you to learn to play?" asked a young man of Geradini. "Twelve hours a day for twenty years," replied the great violinist. Lyman Beecher's father, when asked how long it took him to write his celebrated sermon on "The Government of God," replied, "About forty years."

You can read in a few minutes or a few hours a poem or a book with only pleasure and delight, but the days and months of weary plodding over details and dreary drudgery often required to produce it would stagger belief. Johnson said a man must turn over half a library to write one book. When an authoress told Wordsworth that she had spent six hours on a poem, he replied that he would have spent six weeks. Think of Bishop Hall spending thirty years on one of his works. Owens was working on the "Commentary to the Epistle to the Hebrews" for twenty years. Moore spent several weeks on one of his musical stanzas which reads as if it were a dash of genius. Carlyle wrote with the utmost difficulty, and never executed a page of his great histories till he had consulted every known authority, so that every sentence is the quintessence of many books, the product of many hours of drudging research in the great libraries. George Eliot, in a letter to a friend, stated that the five books by which she is known, bore no proportion to the enormous amount of anonymous writings by which she simply earned her livelihood. "Any man," says Boudinot, "may be glad, if out of all his work a half dozen brief sentences last for a generation or two. The rest of his time in the world went to fit him to speak those sentences."

Before Edmund Kean would consent to appear in that character which he acted with such consummate skill, "The Gentleman Villain," he practised constantly before a glass, studying the expression, for a year and a half. When he appeared upon the stage, Byron, who went

to see him with Moore, said that he had never before looked upon so fearful and wicked a face. As the great actor went on to delineate the terrible consequences of sin, Byron fainted.

"Acting does not, like Dogberry's reading and writing, 'come by nature,'" said the elder Kean; "with all the high qualities which go to the formation of a great exponent of the book of life (for so the stage may justly be called), it is impossible, totally impossible, to leap at once to fame. 'What wound did ever heal but by slow degrees?' asks our immortal author; and what man, say I, 'ever became an 'actor' without a long and sedulous apprenticeship?'"

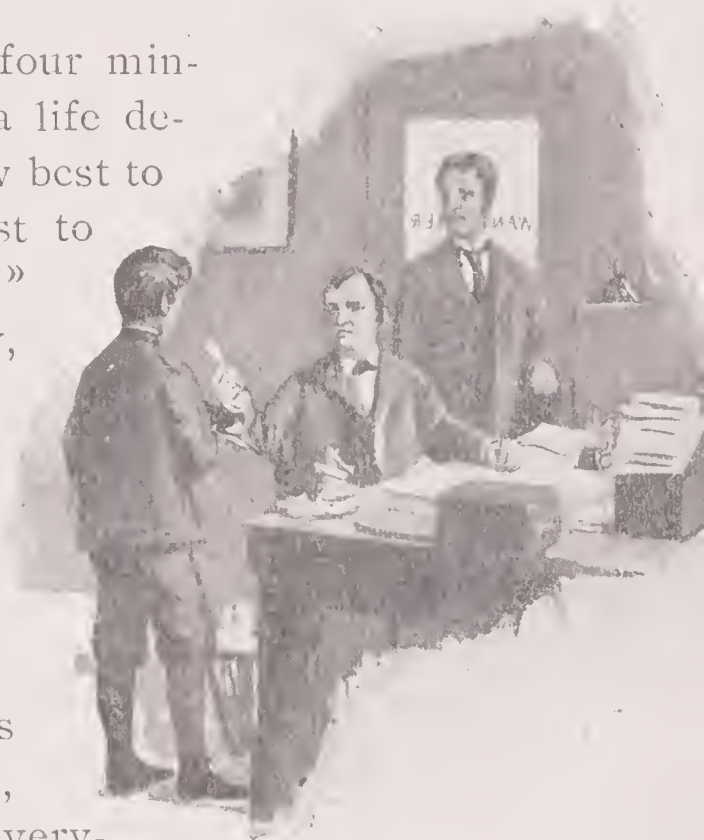
If you want a light that will burn steadily and long, you must pay a higher price.

Nélaton, the great surgeon, said that if he had four minutes in which to perform an operation on which a life depended, he would take one minute to consider how best to do it. You cannot afford not to know "how best to do it." Do you realize what the word "success" means in a great city in the twentieth century, where men grow gray at thirty and die of old age at forty,—where the race of life has become so intense that the runners are treading on the heels of those before them; and "woe to him who stops to tie his shoe-string"?

"It is not a small matter to keep up in the great race," says John Wanamaker. "Business has come to be a very expeditious thing, in these days, when ships skip like deer across the ocean, when everything seems to have swift feet, and must be done on the minute. It is trained people who must come to take hold; and, unless they have wit,—have it about them, and have it sharpened,—they will fall to the rear. Life at best is a great struggle."

"Let any young man show his worth in any reputable school which makes a specialty of training young men and young women for business vocations," says James Rea in an article on "Failures to Obtain and Hold Good Positions," "and he will have little difficulty in obtaining remunerative employment. A well-known commercial school in New York City has standing orders from several large financial institutions to send them any especially worthy graduates.

"The high salaried positions are the ones most difficult to fill. Let a position paying from five to ten thousand dollars per annum become vacant, and it is usually with great difficulty that a man can be found who is competent to do the required work and earn the salary.





"Many young men fail to render valuable service, through lack of ability to do accurate, systematic work. The business community demands well-trained minds, capable of grasping details and carrying out instructions in a correct and orderly manner. The young man who possesses this faculty is a rarity, and never need be without profitable employment."

Do you possess this faculty? If not, why not?

Why is it that, while the professions are overcrowded, there are only occasionally great preachers, lawyers, physicians, *littérateurs*, singers; that while business men abound, capable, conscientious tradesmen are scarce? Why, if not for lack of preparation, apprenticeship, discipline, education, training? The world wants specialists. Skill has everywhere become the condition of success. Men who can excel are in demand. Can you excel? You cannot without taking time to learn. Do you think you cannot take the time? Ah! "Can't wait" is characteristic of the century, and is written on everything; on commerce, on schools, on society, on churches,—many can't wait for a course at a high school, seminary, or college. The boy can't wait to become a youth, nor the youth to become a man. Young people rush into business with no great reserve of education or drill; of course they do poor, feverish work, and break down in middle life, and many die of old age in the forties. Everybody is in a hurry.

Think of an American youth spending twelve years, like Michelangelo, studying anatomy that he might create the masterpiece of all art; or, like Da Vinci, devoting ten years to the model of an equestrian statue that he might master the anatomy of the horse! Most young American artists would expect, in a quarter of that time, to sculpture an Apollo Belvedere.

Our young people of to-day want something, and want it quickly. They are not willing to lay broad, deep foundations. The weary years in preparatory school and college dishearten them. They want only a "smattering" of an education. The shifts to cover up ignorance, and "the constant trembling lest some blunder should expose one's emptiness," are pitiable. Short cuts and abridged methods are the demand of the hour. But the way to shorten the road to success is to take plenty of time to lay in your reserve power.

That is done soon enough which is done well. Soon ripe, soon rotten! He that would enjoy the fruit must not gather the flower. He who is impatient to become his own master is more likely to become his own slave. Better believe yourself a dunce and work hard than a genius and be idle. One year of trained thinking is worth more than a whole college course of mental absorption of a vast series of undigested facts. The facility with which the world swallows up the ordinary college graduate who

thought he was going to dazzle mankind should bid you pause and reflect. But just as certainly as man was created not to crawl on all fours in the depths of primeval forests, but to develop his mental and moral faculties, just so certainly he needs education, and only by means of it will he become what he ought to become,—man, in the highest sense of the word. Ignorance is not simply the negation of knowledge, it is the misdirection of the mind. “One step in knowledge,” says Bulwer, “is one step from sin; one step from sin is one step nearer to heaven.”

A learned clergyman was thus accosted by an illiterate preacher who despised education: “Sir, you have been to college I presume?” “Yes, sir,” was the reply. “I am thankful,” said the former, “that the Lord opened my mouth without any learning.” “A similar event,” retorted the educated clergyman, “happened in Balaam’s time.”

Every bit of education or culture is of advantage in the struggle for existence. The microscope does not create anything new, but it reveals marvels. To educate the eye adds to its magnifying power until it sees beauty where before it saw only ugliness. It reveals a world we never suspected, and finds the greatest beauty even in the commonest things. The eye of an Agassiz can see worlds which the uneducated eye never dreamed of. The cultured hand can do a thousand things that the uneducated hand cannot do. It becomes graceful, steady of nerve, strong, skilful, indeed, it almost seems to think, so animated is it with intelligence. The cultured will can seize and hold the possessor, with irresistible power and nerve, to almost superhuman effort. The educated touch can almost perform miracles. The educated taste can achieve wonders almost past belief.

A young man just graduated told the president of Trinity College that he had completed his education, and had come to say good-by. “Indeed,” said the president, “I have just begun my education.”

He only is independent in action who has been earnest and thorough in preparation and self-culture. “Not for school, but for life, we learn;” and our habits—of promptness, earnestness, and thoroughness, or of tardiness, fickleness, and superficiality,—are the things acquired most readily and longest retained.

“The more you know,” said Charles Kingsley, “the more you can save yourself and that which belongs to you, and do more work with less effort.” The more you know of your own line of work, by so much do you set yourself a little apart from a hundred of your competitors who are content to let well enough alone. The more you know of other men’s lines of work, by so much are you the broader and the better fitted for your own. If you “just keep up” with the progress of your profession, you will some day find yourself left behind. “Don’t expect



to win success with part of your resources, for you have competitors who will apply all of theirs."

Are the results so distant that you delay the preparation in the hope that fortuitous good luck may make it unnecessary? As well might the husbandman delay sowing his seed until the spring and summer are past and the ground is hardened by the frosts of a rigorous winter. As well might one who is desirous of enjoying firm health inoculate his system with the seeds of disease, and expect, at such time as he may see fit, to recover from its effects, and banish the malady.

"When a man has done his work," says Ruskin, "and nothing can any way be materially altered in his fate, let him forget his toil and jest with his fate if he will; but what excuse can you find for wilfulness of thought, at the very time when every crisis or fortune hangs on your decisions? A youth thoughtless, when his every action is a foundation-stone of future conduct, and every imagination a foundation of life or death! Be thoughtless in after years, rather than now."

Take time; build upon the rock of "Slow and Sure." Patience is Nature's motto. She works ages to bring a flower to perfection. What will she not do for the greatest of her creation? Ages and eons are nothing to her, for out of them she has been carving her great statue, a perfect man.

"To color well," said Ruskin, "requires your life. It cannot be done cheaper." To build straight and strong the bridge that shall carry you to the success you would achieve requires your life. You will not find it cheap, in the end, to support the superstructure on poor foundations. Never mind how ornate is the bridge your day-dreams picture: its stability will exactly correspond to the strength of its sunken piers.

The Lord let the house of a brute to the soul of a man,  
And the man said, "Am I your debtor?"  
And the Lord,— "Not yet, but make it as clean as you can,  
And then I will let you a better."

—TENNYSON.

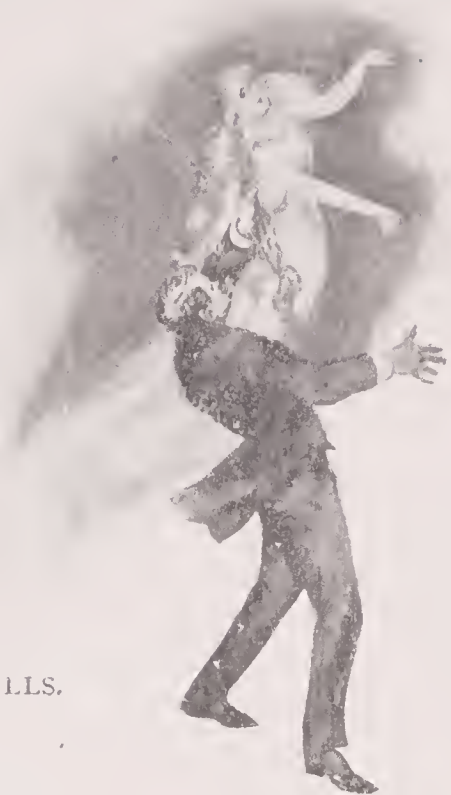
## SEEING AND SEIZING OPPORTUNITIES WHERE YOU ARE

MASTER of human destinies am I!  
Fame, love, and fortune on my footsteps wait.  
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate  
Deserts and seas remote, and, passing by  
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late  
I knock unbidden once at every gate!  
If sleeping, wake,—if feasting, rise before  
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,  
And they who follow me reach every state  
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe  
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,  
Condemned to failure, penury, and woe,  
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore.  
I answer not, and I return no more.

—JOHN J. INGALLS.

To EACH man's life there comes a time supreme;  
One day, one night, one morning, or one noon,  
One freighted hour, one moment opportune,  
One rift through which sublime fulfilments gleam,  
One space when fate goes tiding with the stream,  
One Once, in balance 'twixt Too Late, Too Soon,  
And ready for the passing instant's boon  
To tip in favor the uncertain beam.  
Ah, happy he who, knowing how to wait,  
Knows also how to watch and work and stand  
On Life's broad deck alert, and at the prow  
To seize the passing moment, big with fate,  
From opportunity's extended hand,  
When the great clock of destiny strikes Now!

—MARY A. TOWNSEND.



IT is not true that man is a child of circumstances: he is the child of opportunity, albeit an opportunity is often found in circumstances over which he had no control. To see, to seize, the opportune moment is to leap at once upon vantage ground for gaining the victory in life's battle.

"The whole period of youth," said Ruskin, "is one essentially of formation, edification, instruction. There is not an hour of it but is trembling with destinies,—not a moment of it when, once passed, the appointed work can ever happen again, or the neglected blow be struck on the cold iron."

When I speak of opportunities where you are, I do not mean that one should necessarily follow the profession or calling of his father and grandfather. It is in semi-civilized parts of the world that this is



done of necessity. Yet parental fondness would often make a butcher out of a great merchant, or a barber of a great painter, as John Jacob Astor's father, and the father of Turner, sought to do with their sons.

Every youth primarily bears about within himself the ideas, purposes, and energies by which he is to achieve the mastery. Individual capacity is behind everything. What is an opportunity for another is not perhaps my personal opportunity, for it does not appeal to me. One of the most influential railway men in this country drove a grocery wagon when he was ten years old, and worked for an ice dealer when thirteen. Neither opportunity was the one he wanted. Yet to shovel gravel for a night construction train just suited him. It was caught at eagerly. It was his life-opportunity. It would lead him to the presidency of a railway, he thought, and so it did. He was ready to be a workman on the night construction train shoveling gravel, he was ready to act as a switchman, he was ready to sweep and dust cars, he was ready to be a brakeman, he was ready to be a conductor, he was ready to enter any position by which he might learn the business. And the business he did learn. While in some respects the opportunity came to him, yet in the most important sense, he it was who made his own opportunity. It was the personality of H. H. Vreeland; it was Vreeland himself behind the shovel, switch, brake, or ticket-punch; it was Vreeland's individual capacity and purpose, his idea early formed and rigidly adhered to.

In an important sense, men are to make their own opportunities. Lincoln did; Henry Wilson did; George Stephenson did; Napoleon did. There never was a man who achieved peculiar eminence who did not do it by advancing upon a path that he made as he went along.

In speaking of opportunities where you are, I do not mean that you should take hold of the first thing that comes to you, and hold on to it forever. I mean that you should make the most of your present chance, and keep your eyes open and your hands free. George M. Pullman began his life work upon a salary of forty dollars a year as store clerk. This and his board was all that he received for three years. Then this was given up, and he did joiner work. Then he sought employment as a mover of buildings. Working at this, carefully and energetically, he was finally employed by the State of New York to remove several large warehouses along the line of the Erie Canal; and when this work was completed he went to Chicago, and there engaged in the same business. The entire city was to be raised eight feet in order to introduce a sewerage system. Pullman did his work so well that he had no end of orders. It was while working upon the Chicago buildings that he made plans for improving the rude sleeping cars that had recently been introduced on the Chicago & Alton Railway. He could foresee the future of "parlors"

and bed-rooms upon wheels. He began by building a most luxurious car costing more than four times as much as any previously made. Thenceforth he gave the main energies of his life to making the "Pullman cars." Yet in his late as well as his early career, whenever he saw a new opportunity by which he could forward his main end of acquiring capital and establishing himself in still more productive business, he at once adapted himself to the circumstances of the hour, so far as it could be done without impairing the substantial unity of his principal business.

Storekeeping did not appeal to Pullman as his opportunity, nor did ordinary carpentry. To Marshall Field, however, storekeeping did appeal. It proved to be his opportunity.

Professor Dudley A. Sargent, of Harvard University could see that it was a vantage ground when he got a footing in Bowdoin college gymnasium: he followed up his advantage, and he is, at this moment, the most eminent physical instructor in America. "To seize upon an opportunity is of the utmost importance," the professor remarked in a recent interview, "even though the remuneration may seem small and inadequate; it being not the value of their services to which young men should look, but to the opportunity offered." He began work upon a salary of eighty-three cents a day.

Collis P. Huntington, the great railway man, was the son of a Connecticut farmer. He abandoned the opportunities of the farm, and peddled clocks on the Erie Canal. In California, he opened a hardware store. He united with Leland Stanford in the construction of a railroad. With him one thing always led to another. He made the most of the opportunity he had; and, when he could clearly see another that was manifestly better, he took it upon the instant. So did John Jacob Astor and Peter Cooper, Cornelius Vanderbilt and Philip D. Armour, Andrew Carnegie and John D. Rockefeller.

The difference between men, from a business point of view, is a difference in the perceptive and executive powers,—the ability to see and to act. There is seldom want of opportunity, but there frequently is of capacity to discern and to achieve.

When Ichabod Washburn was apprenticed to a blacksmith in Worcester, Massachusetts, he was a singularly bashful boy; yet when he found that no good wire was made in the United States, and that one house in England had the monopoly of making steel wire for pianos, he quietly determined that he would himself make the best wire in the world, and that he would then contrive ways and means to manufacture it in enormous quantities. The bashful boy had his eyes wide open. He saw a great opportunity, and such was his executive ability that what he thought he actually did. His wire became the standard everywhere. His business finally increased to such an extent that he made twelve tons of iron



into wire every day, employing the services of seven hundred men. And the great fortune he acquired he largely gave away in charities to make the world better.

Colonel William L. Strong, of Ohio, was farsighted. When he was earning a salary of \$3,000 a year, a great woolen merchant invited him to take a position in his store at \$1,200 a year; yet Strong was farsighted enough, or long headed enough, as we say, to see that this business opening was an opportunity worth far more than the \$3,000 a year, and he promptly accepted the diminution of \$1,800 a year in his salary. Now he is at the head of that woolen house.

Farsighted in his youth was George F. Shrady, General Grant's physician. He could see his opportunity. It took him long to prepare himself for it. Meanwhile, he would not be diverted from the larger success possible, by a nearsighted view of a smaller, but actual success. When he was nineteen years of age, he told his rich father that he wanted to go out and earn some money during vacation. The old gentleman attempted to dissuade him. One day the young man went into Douglas's mercantile agency—the predecessor of R. G. Dun—and said to Mr. Douglas, "I want some work."

"We have nothing we can give you," replied Mr. Douglas. "Yes, you have," remarked young Shrady, in an injured tone. He was then a sketch artist, and, with a few pen strokes, he flourished a beautiful swan, and showed it to Mr. Douglas, who asked with astonishment, "Did you do that?" "Yes." "Well, we can give you five dollars per week, with twenty-five cents per hour for all over-hours." "I'll take it," said young Shrady. "Come to-morrow." "What is the objection to starting now?" the young man said. "All right. Manager, get this boy a desk."

Mr. Douglas soon found that young Shrady could write shorthand at the rate of one hundred and sixty words per minute. He tested him one day by reading a newspaper article to him. Then he offered him a place as his private secretary. The young man refused it, and said he meant to make a doctor of himself. "Your head is built for business, and you could never make a doctor of yourself," Mr. Douglas remarked, in a very discouraging tone. Some twenty years later Mr. Douglas went to Dr. Shrady's office for treatment.

It is not uncommon for a youth to wander about here and there unable at first to discern life's great opportunity for him. Erskine, the great English advocate, spent four years in the navy; in early life; and then, in the hope of more rapid promotion, he joined the army. Here he served more than two years, without once suspecting that some other destiny was in store for him. But one fortunate day he attended a court, out of curiosity, in the town where his regiment was quartered. The presiding judge, an acquaintance, invited Erskine to sit near him,

and he told the youth that the pleaders at the bar that morning were among the most eminent lawyers of Great Britain. No sooner did Erskine hear them than he mentally took their measure; and he believed that he himself could excel them one and all. In an instant he decided to study law; it was in him, indeed, to excel; and he became one of the greatest forensic orators of the nation..

A college student was desperately poor. One night as he lay awake wondering if he must abandon his college education, he was startled by a cry of "Fire." It was a seaport town, and, rushing out to reconnoiter, he found that the conflagration was a vessel on fire.

He met the owner of the craft, and a thought occurred to him. He asked:—

"Aren't you going to try to save anything from your vessel?"

"No," replied the captain, with a shrug of his shoulders; "I'm through with her,—for the present, anyway. If there is anything left to-morrow morning, I may try to get it; but I guess there won't be. I'm going to look for a lodging now; good night."

"Will you sell me that boat, just as she lies, for forty dollars?" eagerly inquired B——, naming the entire sum in his possession.

The captain stared at him in astonishment.

"Yes, I'm hanged if I won't," he replied, with a grim look of amazement; "I'm sick of the whole business."

B—— lost no time in making his arrangements. Calling a classmate, who was on the wharf, he whispered some directions in his ear. Then turning to the captain, he said:—

"If you will go with this young man, he will give you the forty dollars at once. I can't spare the time, because I've got to get right to work on the vessel."

He engaged a few students and other men, extinguished the flames, and, within a few days, sold the hull and wreckage for five hundred dollars.

So by a single stroke, he relieved his financial difficulties, and then he went on, preparing for his profession.

The great transactions whose fame fills the world, and which enrich the capitalists, are but illustrations of seeing and seizing opportunities not seen or seized by others. Philip D. Armour early saw that Grant's final move on Richmond would succeed. One morning in 1864, he said to Plankinton, his partner: "I am going to take the next train to New York, to sell pork 'short.' Grant and Sherman have the rebellion by the throat, and pork will go down to twelve dollars a barrel." This was his opportunity. He went to New York and offered pork in large quantities at forty dollars a barrel. It was eagerly taken. The shrewd Wall Street speculators laughed at the young Westerner, and told him pork would



go to sixty dollars, for the war was not nearly over. Mr. Armour kept on selling. Grant continued to advance. Richmond fell, and pork fell with it to twelve dollars a barrel. Mr. Armour cleared two million dollars.

There are more persons who see opportunities than there are who both see and seize them. The forth-putting of power is not common. Young people lack ambition. They fall readily into beaten paths. Not infrequently they say, this or that would be a good chance. Yet they have not the courage, or confidence in their own power to take advantage of either. They do not form a purpose till it is too late. The opportunity goes by without their utilizing it.

Thirty years ago, Mr. H., a nurseryman in New York, left home for a day or two. It was rainy weather, and not a season for sales; but a customer arrived from a distance, hitched his horse, and went into the kitchen of a farmhouse, where two lads were cracking nuts.

"Is Mr. H. at home?"

"No sir," said the eldest, Joe, hammering at a nut.

"When will he be back?"

"Dunno, sir; mebbe not for a week."

The other boy, Jim, jumped up and followed the man out. "The men are not here, but I can show you the stock," said he, with such a bright, courteous manner that the stranger, who was a little irritated, stopped and followed him through the nursery, examined the trees, and left his order.

"You have sold the largest bill that I have had this season, Jim," his father said, greatly pleased, on his return home.

"I'm sure," said Joe, "I'm as willing to help as Jim, if I'd thought in time."

A few years afterward, these two boys were left, by the father's failure and death, with but two or three hundred dollars each. Joe bought an acre or two near home. He has worked hard, but is still a poor, discontented man.

Jim bought an emigrant's ticket to Colorado, hired as a cattle driver for a couple of years, and with his wages bought land at forty cents an acre, built himself a house and married. His herds of cattle were numbered by the thousand. The land he cut up for town lots, and he is ranked as one of the wealthiest men of the state.

"I might have done like Jim," said his brother, "if I'd thought in time. There's as good stuff in me as in him."

"There's as good stuff in this loaf of bread as in any I ever made," said his wife, "but nobody can eat it; there's not enough yeast in it."

The retort, though disagreeable, was applicable. The quick, wide-awake energy which acts as leaven in a character is partially natural,

but it can be inculcated by parents, and acquired by a boy if he chooses to keep his eyes open and to act promptly and boldly in every emergency.

History furnishes thousands of examples of men who have seized occasions to accomplish results deemed impossible by those less resolute. Prompt decision and whole-souled action sweep the world before them.

When William Phips, a young shepherd boy from Maine, who had learned the ship carpenter's trade, was one day walking the streets in Boston, he overheard some sailors talking about a Spanish ship that had been wrecked off the Bahama Islands, and which was supposed to have a great amount of money on board. He determined to find it. He set out at once, and after many hardships discovered the lost treasure.

What the sailors talked about he did. He had the executive quality. His ability to act promptly made him a colonial governor of Massachusetts.

It is always so. John Knight, of Guatemala City, was a slave in Alabama in 1860. Gaining his freedom, he became a wharf-laborer for a firm that handled Central American fruits, and this led him to think of the possibility of becoming himself a fruit grower. This idea he carried out, while others who worked with him perhaps never thought it open to a wharf-laborer to do it. He secured from the government of Guatemala 50,000 acres of land, and then arranged with the New Orleans fruit dealers to buy \$2,000,000 worth a year of Guatemala fruits. Since then he has become a coffee grower and a dealer in mahogany logs, and he is to-day one of the richest and most powerful men in Central America. His executive quality matched his perceptive faculty.

The preëminently successful men have been those who actually improved the opportunities they saw.

James F. Ryder, a photographer in Cleveland, Ohio, happened one day to read in a German paper of a new process practised by the artists of Bohemia,—by which they touched up a negative with fine instruments, thus removing any imperfections. Reading this, he immediately sent to Bohemia for an artist, and at length succeeded in bringing the art of Bohemia into his own service. He seized his opportunity by the forelock and secured the best aid possible in his business, and then he brought to bear the forces of an energetic mind to advertise and extend his business. In a photographic exhibition in Boston, Mr. Ryder took the prize for the best work in America.

Professor Benedict was a teacher of Latin. Upon first hearing the click of a typewriter he exclaimed, "Eureka!" He at once understood the possibilities of the invention. Throwing his Latin away, he





began to manufacture the Remington typewriter, so useful, and to him so remunerative.

A recent authority upon manufactures has told us that the great plants of Europe are many of them hampered by an unreadiness to make the most of their opportunities; while in America, if a man has a good thing, he fills the world with his goods.

"Vigilance in watching opportunity," said Phelps; "tact and daring in seizing upon opportunity; force and persistence in crowding opportunity to its utmost of possible achievement—these are the martial virtues which must command success."

When you once see your opportunity, you are to think for it, plan for it, work for it, live for it,—throw your mind, might, strength, heart, and soul into it, and success will crown you. The successful men of to-day are men of one overmastering idea, men of single and intense purpose.

"The best men," says E. H. Chapin, "are not those who have waited for chances but who have taken them; besieged the chance; conquered the chance; and made chance the servitor."

How it shortens the road to success to make early a wise choice of one's occupation, to be started on the road of a proper career while young and full of hope, while the animal spirits are high and enthusiasm is vigorous.

As a rule, in the early part of life, when the perceptive powers are perhaps little developed, and the energies are spent in play or needful work, the notion is entertained by many people that success is something far away, to be found, perhaps, in some other community, or when one is connected with different associates. It is not in their thoughts that they can succeed where they are.

Distance seems to have a great charm for youth, especially for boys. They are all looking for great chances; for unusual openings. It is difficult to convince them that almost all of the successful men of the country found their opportunities right where their duties placed them, and not by running away to some other city or country.

Very few boys, to-day, though they live in a paradise of good opportunities, think they have any chance. If they could only get to Chicago, San Francisco, New York, or some other large city, they feel sure they could succeed, but they cannot see any opportunity on the farm or in a little country town.

If youths would only realize that every little task in the store or on the farm is an opportunity to cultivate the very principles upon which every success must stand, to cultivate dispatch and system, to enlarge the observation, to practise good manners, to learn the value of politeness and courtesy; if they could only realize that these are all stepping-stones to something higher; that the ladder upon which they must climb

to success, if at all, is close to them; that every task rightly done will advance them a step on their way, they would already be far on the road to success.

Boys are always dreaming about genius, of what it can accomplish, and wondering why they do not have it. They do not understand that drudgery is the right hand of genius, and that persistency performs miracles. They do not realize that the great majority of men who have risen to be superintendents, managers, and proprietors of great stores, found their first opportunity in sweeping the floors of those very stores.

Remember, young men, that the chances are that the stepping-stones to your promotion are right where you are, not somewhere else. If you fill your present position, whatever it may be, full to overflowing; if you are faithful, careful, and prudent; if you study the needs of the next higher step above you, you may soon take that step.

Most young men exaggerate the advantages of large centers. They think, because they are on a farm or in a country town, they have no opportunities. But the fact is, many of the most successful men in our history have found their opportunities in just such places. It is true that later in life, many of them moved to large cities for wider fields, but they got their start in the country. Energy, push, and determination will bring openings even to very small places. If one is hungry for an education, if he longs for self-improvement, he will find ways of getting either in a country town. The small towns are healthier, quieter, and afford a better opportunity to learn to think. There are fewer distractions and exactions on one's time, while the nervous strain is infinitely less. The excitement, the competition, the hurry and strife of the larger cities ruin many a fine constitution and bring failure to many who would have succeeded in smaller places. I am not saying anything against the large centers, as they afford many opportunities of culture which cannot be found elsewhere, but I do say there are many advantages in the smaller places which compensate for their deficiencies in other directions. A robust physique is the foundation of all success, and a city is a poor place to build up a good physical foundation.

Young men are to remember that their truest wealth is lying, doubtless, at their very feet, awaiting only the stalwart arm and dauntless will to seek and find. In themselves, and in the homely surroundings of to-day, lie hid the treasures for which, elsewhere, they would seek in vain.

Upon learning that trout commanded a dollar a pound at the summer hotels, a New Hampshire man, living near by, purchased a few books upon fish culture, and then stocked the waters that ran through his mountain farm; and he earned within a few years much more from his living waters than he had ever been able to secure from his rocky lands.



"Brother Steve and I have decided to go West," said a young farmer. "We shall take up a big farm and raise something worth while."

"Why not raise something worth while on the land you have?" asked his wife. "I shall not go West with you, till we have honestly tried to make our Eastern land yield us a good living."

The young man, thus set to thinking, decided to plant a large patch of unused ground with strawberries and to supply the neighbors with fruit. The berries proved so remunerative that he began to improve and put to use other patches of land. He has now one of the best paying fruit farms in his state.

A Yankee convalescent, slowly recovering from a long illness, was engaged in whittling a piece of soft pine one day, and he made from it a toy for his little baby boy at play in the yard. He did his work so well that all the boys in the neighborhood beset him to make toys for them, and he soon found himself in the business of retailing home-made toys throughout the school district where he lived. Subsequently, as his health was restored, he carried on a very extensive toy business, his goods going far and wide.

It was a Massachusetts soldier in the Civil War who observed a bird hulling rice. He took the bill of that bird for his model, and invented a hulling machine, which revolutionized the rice business.

Are not the opportunities of life at your own door? A Maine man was called in from his hayfield to wash clothes for his invalid wife. He had never before realized what it was to wash. Finding the method slow and laborious, he invented a washing-machine and made a fortune.

An observing barber in New Jersey invented clippers, and became rich. It is the small, inexpensive invention, for which there is a great demand, that is most profitable. The inventor of a patent for fastening kid gloves made several hundred thousand dollars out of it. The inventor of the collar clasp has an income of \$20,000 a year from it. A sleeve button appliance has made \$50,000 in five years for its patentee. A woman twisted a hairpin to make it stay more securely; her husband observed it, went into the manufacture of crinkled hairpins, and made his fortune out of it.

It is useless for you to say, "I cannot do this." You can at least keep your eyes open and cultivate your powers of perception, and see what you can do. A woman at Penobscot, Maine, manufactures more than 12,000 dozen mittens a year. "I began business," she said, "in 1864, in a little room about fifteen by twenty, upon a capital of forty dollars. I lived in the country where there was little work, and many women's hands were ready to knit. During the first year I did not use twenty-five pounds of yarn. Yet I ultimately secured 1,500 people in

the farm towns to do my knitting. In 1882 I began to buy machines, and the work I used to do at a cost of twenty-five cents a pair is now done at six." The difference between Mrs. A. C. Condon, who did this work, and her neighbors was this: she had it in her to actually do what others merely thought of.

A bright American woman who had a piece of swamp-land was asked what she could do with it. "That land is only fit for frogs to live on." "Why, frogs shall live upon it; I will raise frogs, and send them to the markets." This she has done so successfully that she has bought all the adjoining swamps and enlarged her frog farm; and she now sends a large supply of this peculiar product to the markets that have a demand for it.

A young woman named Maxwell, of Kansas City, started a boot-blackening enterprise, that she might obtain a living by it. She employed the bootblacks, and established them at suitable points throughout the city. Very soon she found herself earning five or six times as much as she could have done by teaching school. When she secured a surplus above what she needed for her ordinary expenses, the extra money received was devoted to the relief of the unfortunate. She systematically assisted the bootblacks and "street Arabs," who became her fast friends. She devotes several hours a day to the supervision of her business, and her popular manners and winning ways have secured for her an ample patronage. The charitable work she has conducted has been of great service to the poorest of the poor in her own city; and her example has proved widely useful.

In all these cases, there was at the outset no call for capital, or distant travel, or perhaps of unduly long preparation. In the highest achievements of life, one's success usually bears an exact proportion to the preparation that has been made for it.

"Many a time," said H. H. Vreeland, whose determination has been mentioned, "I worked till eleven or twelve o'clock at night in that little station at Bushwick, figuring out train receipts and expenses, engine cost and duty, and freight and passenger statistics of all kinds; and as a result of this work I quickly acquired a grasp of railroad details in all its phases which few managers possess, for in one way and another I acquired a knowledge of every branch of the business."

When his temporary switchwork was no longer needed, he was discharged. "This did not suit me at all," he said. "I went to one of the officials of the road and told him that I wanted to remain with the Long Island Railroad Company in any capacity whatsoever, and would be obliged to him if he would give me work. He said at first that he had nothing for me to do; but finally added that, if I had a mind to go down on another division and sweep out and dust cars, I might do it.



I instantly accepted, and thereby learned the details of another important railway department. Pretty soon they made me a brakeman on an early mail train to Hempstead; and then I found that I was worth to the world, after two years of railroad training, just forty dollars a month."

When he became a conductor, he was advanced over the heads of many older brakemen on account of his superior capacity. But there was an accident one day, for which he and the engineer were jointly responsible. They admitted their responsibility, and were discharged. "I went again to the superintendent," said Mr. Vreeland, "and upon a strong plea to be retained in the service, he sent me back to the ranks of the brakemen. I made no complaint, but accepted the consequences of my mistake." Soon the railroad passed into other hands, and the new managers were quick to discover that Vreeland was a man of unusual capacity, and this was tested at an early date.

When the railroad again changed hands, it was found that the general manager, who did not understand the details of railroading, had to depend largely upon Mr. Vreeland's experience to enable him to carry on his work. After this, when men in high positions began to know him personally and to observe his work, Mr. Vreeland was found to be the one man who was most needed for managing the details of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company of New York.

Here was an opportunity for capacity, and Mr. Vreeland had it in him to do what he afterward accomplished. Yet it took years of apprenticeship to fit him for the work which finally came to him.

When George W. Childs was twelve years old, he went to work in Philadelphia, where he received money enough to pay his board and lodging, and have fifty cents a week left, which amounted

to about twenty-five dollars a year for all his expenses besides bed and board. Yet it was an opportunity; and he fitted himself for it, and made the most of it.

"I did not do merely the work I was required to do," he said, "but I did all that I could, and put my whole heart into it. I wanted my employer to feel that I was more useful to him than he expected me to be. I was not afraid to make fires, clean and sweep, and to perform what some gentlemen nowadays consider as menial work and therefore beneath them. It was while I was working here as an errand

boy that I employed such opportunity as I had to read books; and I attended book sales at night, so as to learn the market value of books and anything else that might be useful afterward in my business in a bookseller's shop. I fixed my ambition high, so that I might, at least, be always tending upward.



"I lived near a theater, and many of the actors knew me, so that I might have gone in and witnessed the performances. Other boys did it, and I would have liked to do it; but I thought it over, and concluded that I would not, and I never did. A young man should not yield to any temptation to relax his efforts in attending to his business, in order to amuse himself. At least that was the way I looked at it. I was always cheerful, and took an interest in my work, and took pleasure in doing it well.

"When after some time I had an office in the Public Ledger Building, I said to myself, 'Sometime I will own that paper;' and I directed my work in such a way that when the time came I was able to buy it, and I was also able to manage it properly."

The point that I would make in regard to the preparation of youth for the opportunities of life is further illustrated by a story given in the "Youth's Companion," of John Grant, who worked in a hardware store at two dollars a week. His employers said to him, upon entering the store: "Make yourself useful by becoming acquainted with all the details of this business; and, as fast as you prove yourself capable, we will recognize your services in some way."

Several weeks later, young Grant, who had been closely watching, observed that his employer always attended to the checking of the bills of imported foreign goods. These were in French and German. He set to work to study the bills, and to learn commercial French and German, in which they were written. One day, when his employer was much pressed for time, Grant offered to do the checking for him; and he did it so well that the next bills which came in were handed to him as a matter of course.

A month later, he was called into the office and interviewed by both the active members of the firm. The senior member said: "In my forty years of experience in this business, you are the first boy who has seen this opportunity and improved it. I always had to do the work until Mr. Williams came, and one reason why he became a member of the firm was because he could attend to this part of the business. We want you to take charge of the foreign goods. It is an important position; in fact, it is a matter of necessity that we have some one who can do this work. You, only, of the twenty young men we have here, saw the place and fitted yourself for it."

Grant's pay was advanced to ten dollars per week; in five years he received eighteen hundred dollars salary, and had been sent to France and Germany. "John Grant," said his employer, "will probably become a member of the firm at thirty. He saw the opportunity, and fitted himself for it at some sacrifice; but it paid. It always pays."

It was a saying of Disraeli that the secret of success in life is for a man to be ready for his opportunity when it comes.



"What we call a turning-point," says Arnold, "is simply an occasion which sums up and brings to a result previous training. Accidental circumstances are nothing except to men who have been trained to take advantage of them."

It is a common saying to-day among employers that the young men who come to them for work are not prepared for the opportunities which arise in connection with the business in which they wish to be engaged; and if they are not prepared when the opportunity arises, they fail to secure what might easily fall to them.

A paper of recent date says of a navy yard: "Some forty laborers will be discharged from the department of construction and repair, by reason of lack of work at present." But in the very next column, in strong lines, this appeared: "Good jobs for the right men," with the sub-head, "Government examiners failed to find master workmen for directing three kinds of navy-yard work." Not a single one of the many applicants who took the examinations for the positions of master machinist for shop work, master machinist for work afloat, and master coppersmith, came up to the government qualifications for the positions, and none was recommended for the vacant places by the examining board.

Opportunity is latent in the very foundation of human society. Opportunity is everywhere about us. But the preparation to seize upon the opportunity, and to make the most of it, is to be made by every one for himself; and for himself he will be self-made or never made. "Occasion," says President Garfield, "may be the bugle call that summons an army to battle, but the blast of the bugle call can never make soldiers nor win battles." What is life but a training school? And what is the training but self-training?

This is an age of marvelous material development and astounding enterprise. A new civilization is holding up glittering prizes to the twentieth-century youth with pluck and determination. The next century will call loudly for trained men and women who can do one thing as well as it can be done. It will offer no prizes to the smatterer, or the man or woman who can do a little of everything. Finely trained and well disciplined aspirants only will win twentieth-century laurels. The prizes will be greater than in any previous century, but the youth who would win must have a better general education; he must have a special knowledge in his particular line.

Avenues greater in number, wider in extent, easier of access than ever before existed, stand open to the sober, frugal, energetic, and able mechanic, to the educated youth, to the office boy and to the clerk,—avenues through which they can reap greater successes than were ever before in the history of the world within the reach of these classes.

A little while ago there were only three or four professions,—now there are fifty. And of trades, where there was one there are now a hundred.

The opportunities of the race have increased more in the last century, perhaps, than in all previous time. The tremendous revolution in the world of invention, of discovery, of improvement, and the rapid strides in the arts and sciences, have opened a thousand new fields for endeavor, a thousand new wants to be supplied, so that it is simply a question of climbing a little higher in order to find room enough for the most ambitious and progressive. "Go up higher" is the voice which calls from the future.

The world is all gates, all opportunities to him who will use them. What is life itself but opportunity to broaden, deepen, heighten the God-given faculties within, to round out one's whole being into symmetry, harmony, and beauty? Is not the highest opportunity of life the opportunity of service? How magnificent the opportunity which awaits the world's youth to-day, for self-investment in enterprises with an intellectual and moral outlook,—to make money for this, to live for that!

With the world full of work that needs to be done; with human nature so constituted that often a pleasant word or a trifling assistance may stem the tide of disaster for some fellow man, or clear his path to success; with our own faculties so arranged that in honest, earnest, persistent endeavor we find our highest good; and with countless noble examples to encourage us to dare and to do, each moment brings us to the threshold of some new opportunity.

THERE'S place and means for every man alive.

—SHAKESPEARE.

THERE is an hour in each man's life appointed  
To make his happiness, if then he seize it.

—BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

ZEAL and duty are not slow,  
But on occasion's forelock watchful wait.

—MILTON.

A GOOD opportunity is seldom presented, and easily lost.

—SYRUS.

TO IMPROVE the golden moment of opportunity, and catch the good that is within our reach, is the great art of life.

—SAMUEL JOHNSON.

GREAT men should think of opportunity and not of time. Time is the excuse of feeble and puzzled spirits.

—DISRAELI.

THERE are moments, which are worth more than years. We cannot help it. There is no proportion between spaces of time in importance nor in value. A stray unthought-of five minutes may contain the event of a life. And this all-important moment—who can tell when it will be upon us?

—DEAN ALFORD.



## CHEERFULNESS THE GREAT LIFE TONIC

JOY is the grace we say to God.—JEAN INGELow.

CHEERFULNESS is full of significance ; it suggests good health, a clear conscience, and a soul at peace with all human nature. —CHARLES KINGSLEY.

A MERRY heart goes all the day,  
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

—SHAKESPEARE.

A MAN'S task is always light if his heart is light.—LEW. WALLACE.

IT is good to lengthen to the last a sunny mood.—J. R. LOWELL.

CHEERFULNESS, or joyousness, is the heaven under which everything but poison thrives. — J. P. F. RICHTER.

CHEERFULNESS is the sunny ray of life. It is the *constant* portion of none, and the word itself comprehends a multitude of degrees and modifications. The sum of all is this, that man, out of inward and outward circumstances, forms himself, and the track on which his life glides on.

—KARL WILHELM VON HUMBOLDT.

SPRINGTIME finds me happy, summer makes me sing ;  
Falltime is so glorious, I hear the joybells ring !  
Winter—I jest love it, with fires blazin' free ;  
Every blessed season is packed with sweets fer me !

Great old world, I tell you ; don't care what they say,  
With the frosts of winter, with the flowers of May,  
Ain't it doin' splendid? Any one can see  
Every cup is brimmin' with joy fer you an' me !

Great old world in darkness—great old world in day :  
Reap its happy harvests, walk its happy way !  
Lots more light than shadow—light a-fallin' free,  
An' all the bloom an' beauty an' light fer you an' me !

—FRANK L. STANTON.

WRITE it in your heart that every day is the best day in the year. A day is a more magnificent cloth than any muslin ; the mechanism that makes it is infinitely cunninger, and you shall not conceal the sleazy, fraudulent, rotten hours you have slipped into it. —EMERSON.

WONDROUS is the strength of cheerfulness, altogether past calculation its powers of endurance. Efforts to be permanently useful must be uniformly joyous, —a spirit all sunshine, graceful from very gladness, beautiful because bright.

—CARLYLE.

LONGFELLOW once gave to a young friend this advice:—

“See some good picture,—in nature, if possible, or on canvas,—hear a page of the best music, or read a great poem every day. You will always find a free half hour for one or the other, and at the end of the year your mind will shine with such an accumulation of jewels as will astonish even yourself.”

To this good counsel another, with greater wisdom, adds:—

“Take into your heart every day some cheering word of God. Listen to some heavenly song of hope and joy. Let your eye dwell upon some beautiful vision of divine love. Thus your very soul will become a fountain of light and joy, and gladness will become more and more the dominant mood of your life.”

The suggestion that gladness should be the dominant mood of life is one to grasp firmly and continually, and to emphasize by thought, word, and deed. A boy, when asked to define salt, said: “It’s what makes things taste bad when you don’t put any of it in ’em.” When this boy became a man, if he had formed, by experience and observation, as good an estimate of life and its needs as he formed, as a lad, of physical food and its requirements, he would probably have said of cheerfulness that it is what makes moral, intellectual, and spiritual things taste bad when you don’t put any in them. In fact, cheerfulness holds much the same relation to life that salt does to food, giving it a flavor which nothing else can, and, “when you don’t put any of it in” leaving it flat, negative, unpalatable.

Three young American women attended the Paris Exposition. To two of them every hour was filled with enjoyment. The things they saw, and learned, and suffered,—for there are always some things to be suffered at a great exposition, especially if one be unaccustomed to the prevailing language, and to the usages of the country,—were all served up in conversation in the evening, as a salad of instruction and fun. No hour hung heavily; their food couldn’t help digesting with all the laughing they did; and they returned home, having made many friends, as lithe and well-conditioned as young colts, declaring that they had had “the time of their lives.”

The third young woman seemed to have contracted with herself not to smile on anything outside of America. Nothing pleased or satisfied her. Her stateroom on both the outward and the return trip was “a horror.” The French language, customs, and service, were “atrocious.” The exposition was “a tawdry affair,” the food was “so much poison.” She made no friends, stayed alone many days nursing bilious headache, and returned home thin, pale and solemn, declaring the whole thing “an unmitigated bore.”

And so it had been to her. It had in it elements of physical pain, and was negative and void of flavor and palatableness because she had left the salt of cheerfulness out of it. Strip the sky of blue, the trees of





twigs and leaves, the sod of grass and flowers, the forests and parks and meadows of birds, and you will have what lives would be without cheerfulness. We could worry along without the color, the grace, the music, but existence would become dull and drab and heavy. Its salt would be missing. We can manage to get along without cheerfulness, but can hardly be said to live. It is the flavor-giving salt.

G. L. Bowman in "Practical Education," speaks of cheerfulness as "the master key." "In large buildings," he says, "all the locks are under such a system that one key, properly made, will unlock them all. Such a key is called the master key. No room is closed to him who has the master key. He may go into any room. He may see all, know all, enjoy all, that may remain undiscovered to him who has not such a key.

"The master key that unlocks more secret rooms for the teacher, reveals more treasure than anything else, is a sunny disposition. It opens the doors to more hearts, young and old, than any other possession that a teacher may have. The children love to bask in the warmth of a sunny disposition. It brings out their confidence, stimulates hope, and secures success in all their efforts. It makes obedience a pleasure and work a pastime.

"The character that grows from the subsoil of a sunny disposition is one that can stand more storms and rough usage, and that will last longer than any other. Cheerfulness keeps the head clear, the eye bright, and the heart good. It drives away the doctor. It kills care and worry,—two giant enemies of the teacher. It keeps the digestion good and hence makes your cook happy. There is nothing else that pays so large a dividend to the teacher, in actual gold, as a sunny disposition.

"I like the man who whistles at his work and the woman who sings while she washes the dishes. There is no home but is glad to open to them, and the school is perpetually blessed whose doors never close against the teacher with the sunny disposition.

"A sunny disposition is catching. One among a crowd will give it to all. Its sweet influence is like a sunbeam finding its way into a dark corner. Its sympathy warms like the heat that floats down on a sunbeam. It is the best thing possible with which to meet the sorrowful, the sick, and the sinful. It rebukes meanness and makes the devil tremble. A merry heart is an innocent heart.

"A teacher with a sunny disposition never nags, scolds, or frets. She never complains that her salary is low, when times are depressed, but rejoices that it has not gone lower. She receives an increase, not for her asking, but because her principal wants her, because another school wants her, or the present one does not wish to part with her. Her services are in such demand that she has not time to carry complaints to the

board about wages. She never bothers her head about it at all. The patrons want her there, for she inspires, strengthens, and leads. She touches a mother's sympathy, and sends a thrill of love through her heart. She brings order out of chaos, and makes the wheels of the professional machinery run as if newly oiled.

"A sunny disposition, like anything else, may be cultivated. We are largely what we desire to be. A sunny disposition comes to one first of all, if he desires it. It remains, if it is used. Those two conditions will secure it as a permanent possession. Omit the first, and it will never come to you. Omit the second, and it will soon leave you. When once launched fully in this direction, your success is sure, your fortune is won, and your life's happiness is insured."

"A sunny disposition is not one that titters, giggles, and claps the hands at every trivial thing." Here a good point is made. Many people confound cheerfulness with a hysterical and noisy mirth, and conclude that they have neither the ability nor the wish to attain unto it. The fact is that genuine cheerfulness, like genuine charity, "doth not behave itself unseemly," or make any aggressive demonstrations. Holland speaks most truly when he declares that "nothing is more quiet than happiness." It may be accepted as an axiom that, when there is much loud or obtrusive demonstration, there is apt to be very little true cheerfulness. Fitful mirth is like a crackling fire of shavings, soon out. Cheerfulness is like the sun, glowing on with steady radiance, giving general warmth, and creating continual beauty.

Cheerfulness may be said to be a foe to the doctor's pocket and a friend to his reputation; for, while it robs him of many a patient, and keeps many a person from ever coming under his care, it promotes or brings about numerous cures for which his treatment receives the credit. It would probably be found, if actual tests were made, that those physicians who are voted so "magnetic," who have a cheery manner and voice, a heart full of sunshine and a head full of side-shaking stories, which they never lose an occasion to relate, count a hundred cures to every one scored by the solemn, silent, "unmagnetic" doctor, whose learning and technical skill are never doubted.

In western New York there resided a physician who was known as the "Laughing Doctor." Dr. Burdick had a ready smile and presented always a happy face; it is said that his good humor was contagious, and that his presence and his cheerful, hopeful advice were all that were necessary with his patients; he dealt sparingly in drugs, and still was very successful.

A man in a neighboring city was given up to die; his family was sent for and had gathered at the bedside, when one who called to see him assured him smilingly that he was all right and would soon be well, and



talked in such a strain that the sick man was forced to laugh. The effort so roused his energies and his system that he rallied, and was, indeed, soon well again.

"Laugh and grow fat" is a proverb that is worthy of being made a part of one's creed for daily living. Proverbs are merely epitomes of human experience, and that particular saying commends itself to the observant mind. A laugh is complex in its workings, but direct in its result.

A nervous invalid was induced to try a "laughter treatment." She read all the funny books she could find, laboriously conned even the funny weeklies, and, when she could find nothing else to laugh at, laughed at herself for the effort. Every one knows how inevitably a forced laugh, if continued, will merge into a genuine burst of hilarity, and the invalid found herself shrieking with laughter over the absurdity. In a month she began to feel stronger, and in less than a year had wholly recovered her health.

The story is told that a monkey was inadvertently left in the room where a man was dying from a gathering in the throat, which the doctors did not dare to lance. The monkey stole up to the bed, and, seeing the friends wiping away their tears, stood up, and, with a most woe-begone face, began to wipe imaginary tears from his own countenance. The patient looked up, saw the monkey, and laughed so heartily that he broke the swelling in his throat, and at once began to recover.

"Anatomikally konsidered," says Josh Billings, "laffing iz the sensashun ov pheeling good all over and showing it principally in one spot.

"Morally konsidered, it iz the next best thing tew the 10 commandments.

"Philosophically konsidered, it beats patent medicines 3 doses in the game.

"Theoretically konsidered, it kan out-argy all the logik in existence.

"Analitikally konsidered, enny part of it iz equal tew the whole.

"Konstitushionally konsidered, it iz vittles and sumthing tew drink.

"Phumatically konsidered, it haz a 'good deal ov essence and sum boddly.

"Pyroteknikally konsidered, it iz the fireworks ov the soul.

"Syllogestikally konsidered, the konklushuns allwus follows the premises.

"Spontaneously konsidered, it iz az natral and refreshing az a spring bi the roadside.

"Phosphorescently konsidered, it lights up like a globe lantern.

"But this iz too big talk for me; theze flatulent words waz put into the dikshionary for those giants in knolledge tew use who hav tew load a cannon klean up tew the muzzell with powder and ball when they go out tew hunt ants.

"But i don't intend this essa for laffing in the lump, but for laffing on the half-shell.

"Laffing iz just az natral tew cum tew the surface as a rat iz tew cum out ov hiz hole when he wants tew.

"You kan't keep it back by swallowing enny more than you kan the heekups.

"If a man *kan't* laff, there waz sum mistake made in putting him together; and, if he *won't* laff, he wants az much keeping away from az a bear-trap when it iz sot.

"I have seen people who laffed altogeth'er too mutch for their own good or for ennyboddy else's; they laft like a barrel ov nu sider with the tap pulled out, a perfect stream.

"This is a grate waste ov natral juice.

"I have seen other people who didn't laff enuff tew giv themselves vent; they waz like a barrel ov nu sider, too, that waz bunged up tite, apt tew start a hoop and leak all away on the sly.

"Thare ain't neither ov theze 2 ways right, and they never ought tew be pattented.

"Sumpholks hav got what iz kalled a hoss-laff, about haff-way between a growl and a bellow, just az a hoss duz when he feels hiz oats, and don't exackly kno what ails him.

"Theze pholks don't enjoy a laff enny more than the man duz hiz vittles who swallows hiz pertatoze whole.

"A laff tew be nourishsome wants tew be well chewed.

"There iz another laff witch I have annalized; it cums out ov the mouth with a noise like a pig makes when he iz in a tite spot, one sharp squeal and two snickers, and then dies in a simper.

"This kind ov a laff iz larnt at femail boarding-skools, and don't mean ennything; it iz nothing more than the skin ov a laff.

"Genuine laffing iz the vent ov the soul, the nostrils ov the heart, and iz just az necessary for helth and happiness as spring water iz for a trout.

"Thare is one kind ov a laff that i always did rekommend; it looks out ov the eye fust with a merry twinkle, then it kleeps down on its hands and kneze and plays around the mouth like a pretty moth around the blaze of a kandle, then it steals over into the dimples ov the cheeks and rides around in thoz'e little whirlpools for a while, then it lites up the whole face like the mello bloom on a damask roze, then it swims off on the air, with a peal az klear and az happy az a dinner bell, then it goes back agin on golden tiptoe like an angel out for an airing, and laze down on its little bed ov violets in the heart whare it cum from.

"Thare iz another laff that nobody kan withstand; it iz just az honest and noizy az a distrikt skool let out tew play, it shakes a man up from



hiz toze tew hiz temples, it dubbles and twists him like a phit, it lifts him oph from hiz cheer, like feathers, and lets him back agin like melted led, it goes all thru him like a pikpocket, and finally leaves him az weak and az krazy az tho he had bin soaking all day in a Rushing bath and forgot tew be took out.

"This kind ov a laff belongs tew jolly good phellows who are az helthy az quakers, and who are az easy tew please az a gal who iz going tew be married to-morrow.

"In konclusion, i say laff every good chance yu kan git, but don't laff unless yu feal like it, for thare ain't nōthing in this world more harty than a good honest laff, nor nothing more hollow than a heartless one.

"When yu do laff open yure mouth wide enuff for the noize tew git out without squealing, thro yure hed bak az tho yu waz going tew be shaved, hold on tew yure false hair with both hands, and then laff till yure soul gets thoroly rested."

"Of all virtues," says S. G. Goodrich, "cheerfulness is the most profitable. While other virtues defer the day of recompense, cheerfulness pays down. It is a cosmetic which makes homeliness graceful and winning. It promotes health and gives clearness and vigor to the mind; it is the bright weather of the heart, in contrast with the clouds and gloom of melancholy."

The London "Lancet," the most eminent medical journal in the world, gives the following scientific testimony to the value of good spirits:—

"This power of 'good spirits' is a matter of high moment to the sick and weakly. To the former it may mean the ability to survive; to the latter, the possibility of outliving, or living in spite of, a disease. It is, therefore, of the greatest importance to cultivate the highest and most buoyant frame of mind which the conditions will admit. The same energy which takes the form of mental activity is vital to the work of the organism. Mental influences affect the system, and a joyous spirit not only relieves pain, but even increases the momentum of life in the body."

"I find nonsense singularly refreshing," said Talleyrand.

We are a nation of dyspeptics. We can earn our bread, but cannot digest it. We believe that "there is not a string tuned to mirth, but has its chord of melancholy," that evil always stands behind good, and that the devil always has the whisk of his tail in everything. It seems impossible for some people to rid themselves of an inherent gloom which colors their whole life. They cannot enjoy a beautiful day. To them it is only one of those "infernal weather breeders." Their lives are set to a minor key, and they hear only plaintive sounds. Our religious creeds, philosophy, and hymns are tinged with the spleen or jaundice of unfortunate authors who sometimes mistook bile for inspiration.

Many writers have honestly believed they were giving the world valuable religious doctrines, when, in reality, they were writing an account of their own jaundice and dyspepsia.

Calvin, though unquestionably honest, was a dyspeptic and could eat but once a day. Who can say that his writings were not tinged by his malady? How can men, shut out from the pure air and sunlight in convents and studies, away from the great throbbing, pulsing heart of Nature and humanity, write healthy, vigorous, religious doctrines for a hardy, healthy, robust, and practical world?

We should fight against every influence which tends to depress the mind, as we would against a temptation to crime. A depressed mind prevents the free action of the diaphragm and the expansion of the chest. It stops the secretions of the body, interferes with the circulation of the blood in the brain, and deranges the entire functions of the body. Scrofula and consumption often follow protracted depression of mind. That "fatal murmur" which is heard in the upper lobes of the lungs in the first stages of consumption, often follows depressed spirits after some great misfortune or sorrow. Victims of suicide are almost always in a depressed state from exhausted vitality, loss of nervous energy, dyspepsia, worry, anxiety, trouble, or grief.

Christ, the great Teacher, did not shut himself up with monks, away from the temptation of the great world outside. He taught no long-faced, gloomy theology. He taught the gospel of gladness and good cheer. His doctrines are touched with the sunlight and flavored with the flowers of the fields. The birds of the air, the beasts of the field, and happy, romping children are in them. True piety is as cheerful as the day.

Children have not received their birthright until they are taught by parents, teachers, and all who have charge of them, that it is just as much a duty to cultivate mental sunshine as it is to cultivate honesty, truthfulness, and industry. No person, young or old, is well developed or perfectly equipped until habitual cheerfulness is as much a part of him as are his limbs or his eyes. Parents should see that children are made happy.

"An American surgeon, who stood in the front rank in his profession, in the early part of this century," says a writer in "The Household," "was noted for his moody, desponding temperament, which offered a strange contrast to his kindly, affectionate nature. In a letter written by him to a friend, he gives a hint as to the cause of this defect in his character.

"I was pleased to observe, when I was at your house, the pains which your wife had taken to make the bedroom of your children





attractive and cheerful, by means of good pictures, pretty, inexpensive hangings, etc.

"I had no mother to consider me, when I was a youngster. At the age of two I fell into the care of my uncle and his wife. They were just folks anxious to do their duty by a little orphan, but they were poor, and had neither time nor taste for anything in their lives but the barest necessities.

"We lived in a cramped little house in an alley. There was a small back yard, but my aunt wanted no flowers or grass near her. There was a huge water-butt which stood under the eaves, and, when I was fretful I was always sent out to fish in it. The water was stagnant, and in it I could see newts and tadpoles. It became to my childish mind the symbol and type of filth and horror.

"Perched on the butt, I looked around on the muddy yard and broken fence, from which lean cats glared at me. For eight years my only playground was that yard. It was a black background to my life.

"A physician only knows the weakening effect upon the body and mind of a child of these early terrors and despairs. Let your children have no water-butt to remember."

Of course there must be reason for heart-sunshine, as for everything else, and he who is to have it must cut off and keep out the things which destroy it. There is no one foe so subtle, so strong, so nearly ever present as worry. This giant must be kept at bay at all hazards.

Doubtless the weapon which cuts off the largest number of the hydra-heads of worry is congenial occupation,—*congenial* occupation, mind you, for work in which one does not find pleasure as well as profit, in which he does not take interest and pride, is only another source of worry.

A congenial occupation is a perpetual joy; he who has one walks all his days in a sunny avenue; he, who is doomed to an unsatisfactory pursuit, travels a gloomy road. Some time ago, I visited the Cambridge Glass Works. Up one flight, I came to the glass-cutters. There I heard the hum of happy labor. A skilled workman, prompt of eye and with every finger muscle trained, was cutting the glass at his swift lathe; and letters, figures, fruit, delicate tracery and various decorations were forming, to the music of his machinery and work, appearing as by magic on the previously plain glass. Who would not play that way, all day, every day, for five dollars a day?

A prime joy of life,—a steady pleasure from day to day, is to have one's occupation, which usually covers almost half of man's time in the world, a source of gladness and zest, and not mere drudgery.

Having found your task, ennoble it; make it your great work, whatever it may be. You are thus handling spiritualizing tools. Another

great sunshine-generator and wrong-eliminator is making sunshine for others.

"Are you happy?" a lady asked a city missionary. "I don't know," was the laughing reply. "I have for the past few years been so busy trying to give other people help and sunshine, I haven't had a minute to think whether I was happy or not." But, as her face shone with a perfect radiance, one needed no further answer.

A little boy said to his mother: "I couldn't make little sister happy, nohow I could fix it. But I made myself happy trying to make her happy." "I make Jim happy, and he laughs," said another boy, speaking of his invalid brother; "and that makes me happy, and I laugh."

"If you send one person, only one, happily through each day," quotes Sydney Smith, from a newspaper, "in forty years you have made 14,600 beings happy, at least for a time."

"Happiness is a mosaic, composed of many smaller stones." Truly may we say, with Carlyle: "With self-renunciation begins life." "Genuine pleasure," says another, "has this unique trait: the more you get for yourself, the more you provide for others." He might as truly have added that, "the more you provide for others, the more you get for yourself." "It is a talent," said Ruth Ashmore, in one of her talks to girls, "which enables you to make more pleasant your surroundings; to make everybody eager to meet you and sorry to leave you: to give courage to the timid girl; to quiet unpleasant words, and to encourage agreeable conversation. What talent is this? It is composed, I think, of faith, hope and charity, with love thrown in to leaven it, and patience added to increase it. When you possess it, not only will your life be a shiny one, but you will cease to be a homeless girl, and become a girl who makes a home wherever she is."

We all know remarkable people who have the wonderful faculty of turning common water of life into the most delicious wine. Some people turn everything they touch into vinegar, others into honey. There is something in the mechanism of some minds which seems to transmute the most somber hues into the most gorgeous tints. Their very presence is a tonic, which invigorates the system, and helps one to bear his burdens. Their very coming into the home seems like the coming of the sun after a long, dark Arctic night. They seem to bring the whole system into harmony. Their smiles act upon one like magic, and dispel all the fog of gloom and despair. They seem to raise manhood and womanhood to a higher power. They unlock the tongue, and one speaks with a gift of prophecy. They are health-promoters. They are death to dyspepsia, and increase the appetite.

Others have just the opposite effect. Their very presence depresses. One feels cold perspiration while in their company. Everything about



them is chill and forbidding. They dry up thought. We cannot think or be natural when with them. Their sarcasm, irony, detractions and pessimism repel, and one shrinks from them.

It is related that Dwight L. Moody once offered to his Northfield pupils a prize of five hundred dollars for the best thought. This took the prize: "Men grumble because God puts thorns with roses; wouldn't it be better to thank God that he puts roses with thorns?"

We win half the battle when we make up our minds to take the world as we find it, including the thorns. "It is," says Fontenelle, "a great obstacle to happiness to expect too much."

Acting on a sudden impulse, an elderly woman, the widow of a soldier who had been killed in the Civil War, went to a photographer's to have her picture taken. She was seated before the camera, wearing the same stern, hard, forbidding look that had made her an object of fear to the children living in the neighborhood, when the photographer, thrusting his head out of the black cloth, said, suddenly: "Just brighten the eyes a little."

She tried, but the dull and heavy look still lingered.

"Look a little pleasanter," said the photographer, in an unimpassioned but confident and commanding voice.

"See here," the woman retorted, sharply, "if you think that an old woman that is dull can look bright, that one who feels cross can become pleasant every time she is told to, you don't know anything about human nature. It takes something from the outside to brighten the eye and illuminate the face."

"Oh, no, it doesn't! It's something to be worked from the inside. Try it again," said the photographer, good-naturedly.

Something in his manner inspired faith, and she tried again, this time with better success.

"That's good! That's fine! You look twenty years younger," exclaimed the artist, as he caught the transient glow that illumined the faded face.

She went home with a queer feeling in her heart. It was the first compliment she had received since her husband had passed away, and it left a pleasant memory behind. When she reached her little cottage she looked long in the glass and said: "There may be something in it, but I'll wait and see the picture."

When the picture came, it was like a resurrection. The face seemed alive with the fires of youth. She gazed long and earnestly, then said in a clear, firm voice, "If I could do it once, I can do it again."

Approaching the little mirror above her bureau, she said, "Brighten up, Catherine," and the old light flashed up once more.

"Look a little pleasanter!" she commanded; and a calm and radiant smile diffused itself over her face.

Her neighbors soon remarked the change that had come over her face.

"Why, Mrs. A, you are getting young. How do you manage it?"

"It is almost all done from the inside. You just brighten up inside and feel pleasant."

"Fate served me meanly, but I looked at her and laughed,  
That none might know how bitter was the cup I quaffed.

"Along came Joy and paused beside me where I sat,  
Saying, 'I came to see what you were laughing at.'"

Perhaps the most needed and effective, as well as the rarest kind of sunshine, is the sick-bed, or invalid, sunshine. Now and then examples of this beautiful species of cheerfulness come to notice, showing that it is possible under the most trying circumstances.

"If there is an idle household daughter or sister who needs the rebuke of a helpless girl's usefulness, or a fretful sufferer who needs her example, the lesson is found in a frail life that closed in one of the suburbs of Boston," says the "Youth's Companion." "An invalid young woman lay for four years and eight months in continual pain, with a compress of ice at the base of the brain to cool incessant fever heat, and to all appearance as incapable of labor as if shut in a coffin; yet her mental activity found expression in little services which many a person in good health would have forgotten, and such was her happy temper that she would not allow herself to be pitied. She would not allow her sickness to interfere with home amusement and family joy, and her cheerful and even merry mood drove away all 'sick-room' gloom. She could scarcely use her hands, but she gave thought to all the economies of the house, planned for the table, and kept the run of the family accounts. Her interest in her church and Sunday School was eager and beautiful, and the influence of her bright spirit not only blessed them, but radiated through the whole neighborhood. Children loved her, for she loved them.

"Her mind developed literary ability, and even the gentle gift of verse, and when her thoughts ripened into words, she would call her mother to her bed with pen and paper to take them down. In this way she composed many short stories and poems for the little ones, and many devout and tender hymns that have helped other sufferers to patience and peace.

"The release of death could only enhance the gracious memory of such a life — as her own lines to her mother expressed it in view of the end:—



“‘Something of my new-found happiness  
Will fall on thee . . . like sunbeams,  
Turning earth’s hopeless tears to rainbows.’

“One dainty stanza by this invalid girl appeared in the ‘Companion.’ From anything accompanying the manuscript when received no one could have guessed that it was composed in physical pain. Its author never learned the language of complaint.”

Think what a difference such a spirit makes in homes, and how it brightens its own way, and lessens its own pains!

One very important lesson which is to be learned by those who would dwell constantly in the sunshine, is that one must take his pleasures as he goes, and make the most of his every-day happinesses.

“Doubtless,” says a writer, “you are all acquainted with people who spend their days anticipating something delightful which never seems to materialize. They are always sure that ‘something nice is going to happen,’ either to-morrow or next month, something so very ‘nice’ that it quite eclipses the common-place little pleasures of to-day.

“These people are seldom energetic. They have so much confidence in a coming good fortune that it really does not seem worth while to exert themselves to better their present surroundings. It is much more agreeable to furnish mentally some fair ‘castle in Spain’ than to sweep the parlor or scrub the kitchen floor; and it is easier to plan to surround father and mother with every comfort by and by when one’s ‘ship comes in,’ than to make them happy to-day by some effort or sacrifice.

“This self-indulgent dreaming should not be confused with cheerfulness. Cheerfulness takes things as they are and makes the best of them, finds the flowers along the stony way, the sunshine back of the clouds, and the simple joys that brighten hard work and self-denial. But to sit and dream of a ‘better time coming’ is a cause of discontent in the mind of the dreamer, and of discomfort to every one else. It is a good rule to use your cheerfulness in the present moment, whether you are at work or play, instead of exhausting it in painting rainbows for to-morrow.”

Ella Wheeler Wilcox says:—

“Oh, the earth is full of sinning,  
And of trouble and of woe,  
But the devil makes an inning  
Every time you say it’s so;  
And the way to set him scowling,  
And to put him back a pace,  
Is to stop this stupid growling,  
And to look things in the face.”

Another wretched habit which some people have is to save their best behavior and sweetest smiles for strangers and outsiders and to consider it perfectly legitimate to scold, or frown, or sulk, at home.

“We have kind words for the stranger,  
And smiles for the sometime guest,  
But for our own the bitter tone,  
Though we love our own the best.”

Cheerfulness, courtesy, and kindness, while good everywhere, can nowhere else help or hinder as they can in the home.

“Count that day really worse than lost,  
You might have made divine,  
Through which you scattered much of frost  
And never a speck of shine.”

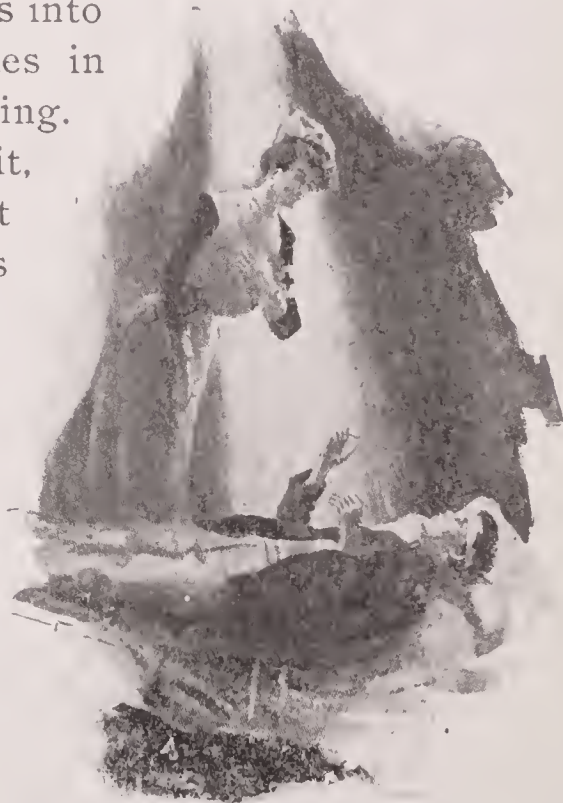
“But can one always make himself feel cheerful?” asks some one. Professor William James gives excellent advice on this subject. He says:—

“The sovereign voluntary path to cheerfulness, if our spontaneous cheerfulness be lost, is to sit up cheerfully, to look around cheerfully, and to act and speak as if cheerfulness were already there. If such conduct doesn't make you soon feel cheerful, nothing else on that occasion can. So, to feel brave, act as if we were brave, use all our will to that end, and a courage fit will very likely replace the fit of fear. Again, in order to feel kindly toward a person to whom we have been inimical, the only way is more or less deliberately to smile, to make sympathetic inquiries, and to force ourselves to say genial things. One hearty laugh together will bring enemies into a closer communion of heart than hours spent on both sides in inward wrestling with the mental demon of uncharitable feeling. To wrestle with a bad feeling only pins our attention on it, and keeps it still fastened in the mind; whereas, if we act as if from some better feeling, the old bad feeling soon ‘folds its tents like an Arab, and as silently steals away.’”

Remember there is no day in which you may not do some good to somebody by a cheerful word or appearance. Some people who never speak to us make us feel better by their very manners, and others bless us by a single word.

“It was only a glad ‘good morning,’  
As she passed along the way,  
But it spread the morning's glory  
Over the livelong day.”

Cheerfulness pays in dollars and cents. “Why do you go six blocks to get groceries, when you have a grocer next door?” asked a woman of her friend. “Oh,” was the reply, “I don't want to trade with a man





who scoops into sugar with a look and manner as if he was digging a grave, or who throws coffee upon the scales as if he was filling one up. I think he's honest, and I know the other man charges more for some things, but he's so chirpy and smiling, and tells such funny stories, it's worth while to give him a few pennies more. I always leave him, even if I've been with him only long enough to buy a yeast cake, feeling as if something very pleasant had come into my life." "You're as foolish, or as wise, as John," replied the first speaker. "He won't have Dent shave him, though he says he's a splendid barber, because he's so glum, and often sits for two hours waiting for Jenkins. He says he pays Jenkins fifteen cents, and Jenkins does him fifteen dollars' worth of good."

Which of us will not go out of the way to trade or consult with a shiny person, whether he or she is a shoemaker or a clergyman, a lawyer or a milliner? Who wouldn't rather pay four dollars a week to a servant who sings at her work, and whose laugh sometimes comes up from the kitchen, than three dollars to one who sulks, and is continually and morosely silent?

A great manufacturer who is now very wealthy tells how, many years ago, there came a time when it seemed that he would surely fail in business. One day, when a smashup appeared a certainty, he walked down the street very deeply depressed; but, meeting an acquaintance, he thrust his despondency away, and greeted him cheerfully, as usual. The acquaintance said: "Say, what makes you always look so cheerful? Don't you ever have anything to trouble you at all?" "Oh, yes," said the manufacturer, "but to look blue doesn't do any good." "Well," said the other, "I tell you what I am going to do. I have got twenty thousand dollars lying idle, and I am going to get you to invest it for me. You are so well off, so lucky in business always, and so cheerful, I am sure nothing ever fails with you, and I want you to invest this money any way you please, and I won't even ask you how you did invest it." He took this man's money; it was just the amount he needed to make his business safe. A year later he paid the twenty thousand back, with generous interest, and his own fortune was on a secure basis. It was his cheerfulness that saved him.

We are coming more and more to recognize the importance of mental atmosphere and the truth and significance of the assertion that "like attracts like." Sunny-hearted, bright-faced people attract sunny people and sunny conditions. The human heart, like plants and flowers, turns instinctively toward the sun. Every one wants a part of your joy; only as a duty or a necessity will any one share your gloom.

There is no situation, no condition, no state of mind, which will not be bettered and enriched by heart sunshine. It is a part of the highest

wisdom to determine that, whatever else one may lack, he will never be without this mental salt of life which seasons and flavors every hour and every experience.

For most of us it would add years to our lives, dollars to our pocket-books, and beauty to all we are or possess, if we would take to heart and act upon J. E. V. Cook's advice:—

“Here's a motto just your fit,—  
 Laugh a little bit.  
 When you think you're trouble hit,  
 Laugh a little bit.  
 Look misfortune in the face,  
 Brave the beldam's rude grimace;  
 Ten to one 'twill yield its place,  
 If you have the wit and grit  
 Just to laugh a little bit.

“Cherish this as sacred writ,—  
 Laugh a little bit.  
 Keep it with you, sample it,  
 Laugh a little bit.  
 Little ills will sure betide you,  
 Fortune may not sit beside you,  
 Men may mock and fame deride you,  
 But you'll mind them not a whit,  
 If you laugh a little bit.”

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CHEERFULNESS switches the current of the Divine spark, which is the energy of man, to wires that connect with motors belted to good acts, and good thoughts, and worthy appreciation, and cuts out the circuit of worry and anger and their branch lines entirely. It is a matter of voluntary selection.

—HORACE FLETCHER.

THE noontide sun is dark, and music discord, when the heart is low.

—YOUNG.

AFFABILITY, mildness, tenderness, and a word which I fain would bring back to its original signification of virtue,—I mean good-nature,—are of daily use: they are the bread of mankind and staff of life.

—DRYDEN.

THIS portable quality of good-humor seasons all the parts and occurrences we meet with, in such a manner that there are no moments lost, but they all pass with so much satisfaction that the heaviest of loads (when it is a load), that of time, is never felt by us.

—STEELE.

INEXHAUSTIBLE good-nature is the most precious gift of Heaven, spreading itself like oil over the troubled sea of thought, and keeping the mind smooth and equable in the roughest weather.

—WASHINGTON IRVING.

I GRIEVE not with the moaning wind,  
 As of a loss befell;  
 Before me, even as behind,  
 God is, and all is well.

—J. G. WHITTIER.



## THE LAP OF FORTUNE

GOD be thanked that the dead have left still  
 Good undone for the living to do—  
 Still some aim for the heart and the will  
 And the soul of a man to pursue.

—OWEN MEREDITH.

THINE to work as well as pray,  
 Clearing thorny wrongs away;  
 Plucking up the weeds of sin,  
 Letting heaven's warm sunshine in.

—WHITTIER.

PRODUCE, produce! were it but the pitifulest, infinitesimal fraction of a product, produce it in God's name. 'Tis the utmost thou hast in thee? Out with it, then! Up, up, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy whole might."

—CARLYLE.

"THERE is work for all in this world of ours,  
 Ho! idle dreamers in sunny bowers;  
 Ho! giddy triflers with time and health;  
 Ho! covetous hoarders of golden wealth;  
 There is work for each, there is work for all,  
 In the peasant's cot or baronial hall."

ON LIFE'S wide scene you, too, have parts  
 That Fate, ere long, shall bid you play.

—THACKERAY.

"TO BE thrown upon one's own resources," said Franklin, "is to be cast into the very lap of fortune." He knew whereof he spoke; he, the philosopher, diplomatist, and statesman, who had known the pressure of limited circumstances, and had been but a poor printer's boy, whose greatest luxury, at one time, was only a penny roll, eaten in the streets of Philadelphia.

Being born with a gold spoon in one's mouth is not necessarily synonymous with getting the most out of life. It is manhood that nature is after; not money or fame. Is the price of a man no more than a gold spoon?

A rich man who had neglected his own education and culture, and sacrificed every personal comfort and pleasure to leave a fortune to his children, made this confession: "I spared no expense in their training. They never knew what it was to want money. No one ever had a fairer prospect of becoming honored and respected than my sons; but look at the results. One is a physician with no patients; the second is a lawyer without a single client; the third is a merchant, but is above visiting his counting-house. In vain I urged them to be more industrious, more

frugal, more energetic. What was the reply? 'There is no use in it, father; we shall never want for money. You have enough for us all.' "

Jean Paul Richter, who suffered greatly from poverty, said that he would not have been rich for worlds. "Poverty is uncomfortable, as I can testify," said President Garfield; "but, nine times out of ten, the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard and compelled to sink or swim for himself."

"By a strange paradox men are taught by monotony as well as by newness," says N. D. Hillis. "Ours is a world where the words, 'Blessed be drudgery,' are full of meaning. Culture and character come not through consuming excitements or the whirl of pleasures. The granary is filled, not by the thunderous forces that appeal to the eye and ear, but by the secret invisible agents; the silent energies, the mighty monarchs hidden in roots and in seeds. What rioting storms cannot do is done by the silent sap and sunshine."

"How unfortunate it is for a boy to have rich parents!" said James Gordon Bennett to George W. Childs. "If you and I had been born that way, we should never have done anything worth mentioning."

"If there is one thing more than another," declared a self-respecting man, "that destroys self-respect and forfeits all claim to the respect of one's neighbors, it is for a young man to take advantage of the hard work of his father or grandfather who may have accumulated a fortune, to keep from working himself." "A man who gives his children habits of industry," says Archbishop Whately, "provides for them better than by giving them a fortune."

"The first thing I have to impress upon you is that a good name must be the fruit of one's own exertion," says Davidson. "You cannot possess it by patrimony; you cannot purchase it with money; you will not light on it by chance; it is independent of birth, station, talents, and wealth; it must be the outcome of your own endeavor, and the reward of good principles and honorable conduct. Of all the elements of success in life, none is more vital than self-reliance,—a determination to be, under God, the creator of your own reputation and advancement. If difficulties stand in the way, if exceptional disadvantages oppose you, all the better, as long as you have pluck to fight through them. I want each young man to have faith in himself, and, scorning props and buttresses, crutches, and life-preservers, to take earnest hold of life. Many a lad has good stuff in him that never comes to anything because he slips too easily into some groove of life; it is commonly those who have a tough battle to begin with that make their mark upon their age."

We see many who are wealthy and freed from the necessity of toil, who hold the two greatest factors of individual development and rational progress,—leisure and freedom. Yet, with all opportunities for the



noblest culture open to them, we discover, as a matter of statistical data, that fine society does not make fine souls; and that the great and enduring achievements always have been made and always will be made by people who are working under conditions of limitation and pressure, and have to use much of their force in overcoming difficulties before they can reach the work itself. Work is difficult in proportion as the end to be attained is high and noble. God has put the highest price upon the greatest worth. If a man would reach the highest success, he must pay the price himself. No titled pedigree, no money inherited from ancestors with long bank accounts, can be given in exchange for this commodity. He must be self-made or never made.

"All the fundamental qualities called patience, perseverance, courage, fidelity, are the gains of drudgery," says N. D. Hillis. "Character comes with commonplaces. Greatness is through tasks that have become insipid, and by duties that are irksome. The treadmill is a divine teacher. He who shovels sand year in and year out needs not our pity, for the proverb is, 'Every man has his own sand heap.'"

"Blessed be nothing," when it puts a man upon his mettle, and discovers him to himself,—him who never knew what he could do until he tried and never would have tried if he had not been forced to by being thrown upon his own resources.

The world is full of just-going-to-be's—subjunctive heroes who might, could, would, or should be this or that, but for certain obstacles or discouragements. They long for success, one and all, but they want it at a discount. The "one price" for all is too high. They covet the golden round in the ladder, but do not like to climb the difficult steps by which alone it can be reached. They long for victory, but shrink from the fight. They are forever looking for soft places and smooth surfaces where there will be the least resistance, forgetting that the very friction which retards the train upon the track, and counteracts a fourth of all the engine's power, is essential to its locomotion. Grease the track, and, though the engine puffs and the wheels revolve, the train will not move an inch.

A printer's handbook contained this suggestive—

#### REPORT OF COMMITTEE ON EXTENSION OF USEFULNESS

*Recommendations for Future Activity.*—In the prosecution of our labors, we find many persons living under trees, expecting fruit to drop into their mouths; others waiting for something to turn up; numbers lingering around hoping to step into other people's shoes; some who appear anxious to shovel snow in summer, or harvest grain in midwinter; many sighing for luck to come their way, or looking for a big prize from the lottery or race track; and a multitude who in other ways are waiting for the improbable; we

therefore advise that a number of the most energetic of our co-laborers be sent to stir them up to a sense of practical duty.

Those people who are "waiting for the improbable" are not apt to do much to make its coming probable. One is reminded by them of the little girl who, when censured for sitting idly beside the piano during the hour in which she was supposed to be practising, replied: "I am practising rests."

"A friend once said to me," said John Wanamaker, "that, in one of those automatic machines into which you drop a nickel to get out a piano or something else, when they came to open the box, they found that some people had put in buttons, and little strips of leather, and stones, and a bit of lead, and a lot of things that were not nickels by any means. I do not know what happened when these articles were dropped into the slot; but, if the inventor knew his business, the machine was so constructed that it would not give a return for anything but a coin of a certain size and weight. On the day when the machine was opened, it was found that somebody had proved dishonest. He tried to get a prize without proper pay, yet I hardly think he succeeded. But a day came when it was all told out against him. Now the Inventor, or, more properly, the Creator of the universe, understands His business so thoroughly, and He has so adjusted things, that dishonesty does not pay. His machinery will not yield the return promised unless we put in the proper coin. To young people let me say that there is but one true way to get things, and that is by paying the right price,—faithful, diligent, intelligent toil. If you try to get a thing without toil, without honest endeavor, it will not be worth anything to you."

That was a lazy fellow who complained that he could not find bread for his family. "Neither can I," said an honest laborer; "I have to work for all the bread I get."

"The reputable portions of society," said Beecher, "have maxims of prudence, by which the young are judged and admitted to their good opinion. *Does he regard his word? Is he industrious? Is he economical? Is he free from immoral habits?* The answer which a young man's conduct gives to these questions settles his reception among good men. Experience has shown that the other good qualities of veracity, frugality, and modesty, are apt to be associated with industry."

The Romans arranged the seats, in their two temples to Virtue and Honor, so that one could not enter the second without passing through the first. Such is always the order of advance,—virtue, toil, honor.

"*Laboremus*" (let us work!) was the last word of the dying Emperor Severus, as his soldiers gathered around him. "Labor, achievement," was the great Roman motto, and the secret of her conquest of the world. The greatest generals returned from their triumphs to the



plow. Agriculture was held in great esteem, and it was considered the highest compliment to call a Roman a great agriculturist. Many of their family names were derived from agricultural terms, as Cicero from "cicer," a chick-pea, and Fabius from "faba," a bean, etc. The rural tribes held the foremost rank in the early days of the empire. City people were regarded as an indolent, nerveless race.

A mighty nation was Rome while industry led her people. When her great conquest of wealth and slaves placed her citizens above the necessity of labor, that moment her glory began to fade; vice and corruption, induced by idleness, doomed the proud city to an ignominious history.

Queen Victoria did not spend her time in luxurious ease. She was an indefatigable worker in the great affairs of state which were under her control. She acquired several European languages, including some of the country dialects of Germany, and in her later years learned Hindustani, because it was the vernacular of millions of her subjects.

Peter the Great, although heir to an empire, won his real crown and throne by sturdy toil,—actually laying aside his royal robes to don a workman's clothes. At the age of twenty-six, seeing that the arts of civilization were but little known in Russia, and having a determination to educate himself and elevate his people, he started on a tour, not of pleasure, but of hard work. In Holland he served a voluntary ap-

prenticeship to a shipbuilder. In England he worked in paper-mills, sawmills, rope-yards, watchmakers' shops, and other manufactories, not only observ-

ing closely, but also doing the work and receiving the treatment of a common laborer. At

Istia, he passed a month learning to work iron at Muller's forges. Several *boyars*, or nobles of Russia, who accompanied him, probably did not

fancy the drudgery, but they had to carry coals and blow the bellows. The last day he forged eighteen *poods* of iron, and put his mark thereon.

He asked Muller how much a blacksmith usually received per *pood*. "Three *copecks*, or an *altina*,"

was the reply; but the great foundryman brought his royal assistant eighteen ducats. "Keep your

ducats," said Peter, "I have not wrought any better than any other man; give me what you would give anybody else. I want to buy a pair of shoes, of which I am in great need." The shoes he had on, in fact, had been once mended, and were full of holes. He took pride in the new ones. "These," he said, "I earned by the sweat of my brow." One of the bars of iron forged by Peter is still shown at



Istia in Muller's forge, with his mark upon it; another is kept in St. Petersburg, in the Cabinet of Curiosities, as a memorial of the workman-emperor,—an inspiration to every Russian, from peasant to czar, while the empire shall last.

Whether you are a monarch or a peasant, an average man or an average woman, there is always something wrong about you if you look upon manual labor as degrading. It was never considered degrading until slavery came into existence.

During the Revolutionary War, the soldiers were trying to raise a heavy timber which they could scarcely lift from the ground. A young corporal stood by, urging the men to lift hard, and shouting "Now, boys, right up," when a superior officer rode up, dismounted, and lifted with the men. When the timber was in place, the officer asked the corporal why he did not help. "I am a corporal," he replied. "I am George Washington," responded the officer. "You will meet me at headquarters."

At Baltimore, Jerome Bonaparte surprised a friend by carrying home a broom. "Why, it belongs to me," was his reply to the look of incredulity. A Washington correspondent wrote home: "Yesterday I saw General Sam Houston, once governor of Texas, now a senator, carrying, like Lord Napier, his own small bundle, with its clean shirt, and towel, piece of soap, and hair-brush."

Lord Tenterden was proud to point out to his son the shop where his father had shaved for a penny.

Louis Philippe once said he was the only sovereign in Europe fit to govern, since he could black his own boots.

Rome's glory had already begun to fade when it was asserted, by her greatest orator, that "all artisans are engaged in a disgraceful occupation." To Greece it was a shame that Aristotle should say: "The best regulated cities will not permit a mechanic to be a citizen, for it is impossible for one who leads the life of a mechanic, or hired servant, to practise a life of virtue. Some were born to be slaves." There came One mightier than Rome, Cicero, or Aristotle, whose magnificent life and example forever lifted the ban from labor, and redeemed it from disgrace. He gave significance to labor, and dignity to the most menial service.

Young men who have a vulgar horror of commerce, who have perhaps been trained with the idea that it is not genteel to engage in it, shut their eyes to the fact that usefulness is the measure of greatness. A situation in a government office, a bank, or with a great company, according to their conceptions, is the thing for a gentleman. They will work and wait for custom-house clerkships such a length of time as would suffice to secure them far better positions in counting-houses; and they will settle into service for life, instead of rising to independence. The professions have great charms for some of this class.



In their dislike of business or manual labor, they think they can make an easier living, and take a better position, in one of the liberal callings. They imagine that ignorance or incompetence has a better chance in a profession than in commerce; that in the one a decorous sham has nothing to fear, while the other requires work and ability. You will know them by their utter want of enthusiasm. They are idle while they are students, and throw their books one side as soon as they have passed their examinations.

It is men of this class, who have a false ideal of work,—if they can be said to have any ideal at all,—against whom Montalembert has so eloquently warned us, pointing out the danger of stimulating and propagating the passion for salaries and government employment, which saps all national spirit of independence, and in some countries makes a whole people a mere crowd of servile solicitors for place.

Never feel above your business. All legitimate occupations are respectable. It is not your honest work that has power to degrade you, but the spirit in which you approach it. If you are one of those of whom Gibbon says: "He well remembers he has a salary to receive, and only forgets he has a duty to perform," you are likely to be of small use to your employers or to yourself. Do not choose your life-work solely for the money that you can make by it. "Light work, but the heart must be in it." So read an advertisement in an English paper when a curate was wanted. Heavy work, but the heart in it,—that is the story of many a life considered successful. The "light work" men, as a rule, are not the men who subdue kingdoms, little or large. It is a contemptible estimate of an occupation to regard it as a mere means of making a living. The Creator might have given us our bread ready-made. He might have kept us in luxurious Eden forever; but He had a grander and nobler end in view, when He created man, than the mere satisfaction of his animal appetites and passions. There was a divinity within man, which the luxuries of Eden could never develop. There was an inestimable blessing in that curse which drove him from the garden, and compelled him forever to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. It was not without significance that the Creator concealed our highest happiness and greatest good beneath the sternest difficulties, and made their attainment conditional upon a struggle for existence. "Our motive power is always found in what we lack."

"There is no road to success," says Munger, "but through a clear, strong purpose; which underlies character, culture, position, attainment of whatever sort."

"It is only by labor" wrote the author of "A Crown of Wild Olives," "that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy; and the two cannot be separated with impunity."

Why does a bit of canvas with the "Angelus" on it bring one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, while that of another artist brings but a dollar? It is because Millet put one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of brains and labor into his canvas, while the other man put only a dollar's worth into his. Work is worthless unless mixed with brains.

A blacksmith makes five dollars' worth of iron into horseshoes, and gets ten dollars for them. A cutler makes the same iron into knives, and gets two hundred dollars. A machinist makes the same iron into needles, and gets sixty-eight hundred dollars. A watchmaker takes it and makes it into mainsprings, and gets two hundred thousand dollars; or into hairsprings, and gets two million dollars, sixty times the value of the same weight of gold.

So it is with our life-material which is given us at birth. Do something with it, we must. We cannot throw it away, for even idleness leaves its curse upon it. One young man works his material into objects of beauty and utility. He mixes brains with it. Another botches and spoils his without purpose or aim until, perhaps late in life, he comes to his senses and tries to patch up the broken and wasted pieces; but it is a sorry apology to leave, in payment for a life of magnificent possibilities.

What will you do with your life-work? Will you mix brains with it? Will you think of it?—toil for it, cherish it, put yourself into it?—ennoble it by the nobility of your manhood? What shall make the difference between your performance of your task and that of your fellow-workman?

"If I were a cobbler, it would be my pride  
The best of all cobblers to be;  
If I were a tinker, no tinker beside  
Should mend an old kettle like me."

An honest cobbler or tinker, taking an honest pride in his work, is a man to be looked up to.

"Why, my lord," said a flippant English clergyman to the Bishop of Lichfield, "it is the easiest thing in the world to preach. Why, very often, I choose my text after I go into the pulpit, and then go on and preach a sermon, and think nothing of it." "Ah, yes!" said the bishop, "that agrees exactly with what I hear your people say, for they hear the sermon, and they, too, think nothing of it."

A French doctor once taunted Flechier, bishop of Nismes, who had been a tallow-chandler in his youth, with the meanness of his origin; to which he replied, "If you had been born in the same condition that I was, you would still have been but a maker of candles."





The plowman may be a Cincinnatus, or a Washington, or he may be brother to the clod he turns.

It is the ideal in labor that makes the difference between your work and that of your neighbors. Some increasing purpose runs through your life, year by year,—widening or narrowing your thoughts “with the process of the suns.” According as you broaden or grow narrower, your work is dignified or lessened in dignity. Are you a mason?—can you see “poetry in bricks and mortar?”—or so many mugs of beer and pipes of tobacco? Are you a bookkeeper?—can you read, between the columns of your laboriously calculated pages: “By my faithfulness and endurance to-day I have made myself by a little a better man?” Are you a school-teacher, weary with your daily round?—can you say: “I shall be more tactful and patient some other day because I have seen a child patient to-day?”

“To those who look at their work only from the outside, on the material and often commonplace side, it appears gloomy and colorless. It seems to have no meaning. It has neither charm nor value. It is like looking at the windows of a church from the outside; at the windows of old cathedrals that have grown dark and dusty with time. Everything is lost beneath a monotonous, formless gray. But cross the threshold, and penetrate to the interior. Immediately the colors stand forth, the lines are seen, the tracery becomes evident. There is a marvelous play of the sun through the sparkling stones, a feast for the eyes, a triumph of art. This is the case with human activity. We must look at it from the inside. We must try to penetrate sufficiently far into our career, our vocation, to perceive, through the forms which, from without, seemed dim, the effects of a light which falls from the eternal heights.”

He who can look upon his work from the inside, who regards it not as a curse, but as a privilege, is independent, whether he be in the lap of fortune or out of fortune's graces. He has something to live for, whatever the means he has to live by; and by so much the more does he approach the stature of a perfect man.

O WHAT a glory doth this world put on  
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth  
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks  
On duties well performed, and days well spent !

— LONGFELLOW.

LABOR is rest—from the sorrows that greet us;  
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,  
Rest from sin promptings that ever entreat us,  
Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill.  
Work,—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;  
Work,—thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow;  
Lie not down wearied 'neath woe's sweeping willow!  
Work with stout heart and a resolute will!

— FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

## THE TRIUMPHS OF GRIT

EITHER never attempt or else accomplish.

—MOTTO OF THE DUKE OF DORSET.

WHAT though ten thousand faint,

Desert or yield, or in weak terror flee!

Heed not the panic of the multitude;

Thine be the captain's watchword,— Victory!

—HORATIUS BONAR.

LET fortune empty her whole quiver on me,

I have a soul that, like an ample shield,

Can take in all, and verge enough for more.

—DRYDEN.

“THE nature which is all wood and straw is of no use; if we are to do well, we must have some iron in us.”

“THAT likes me best that is not got with ease,

Which thousand dangers do accompany.”

OUR greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.

—GOLDSMITH.

“I KNOW no such unquestionable badge and ensign of a sovereign mind as that tenacity of purpose which, through all changes of companions, or parties, or fortunes, changes never, bates no jot of heart or hope, but wearies out opposition and arrives at its port.”

“STICK to your aim: the mongrel's hold will slip,

But only crowbars loose the bulldog's grip.”

“THE nerve that never relaxes, the eye that never blenches, the thought that never wanders,—these are the masters of victory.”

WHEN you get into a tight place, and everything goes against you, till it seems as if you could not hold on a minute longer, never give up then, for that's just the place and time that the tide 'll turn.

—HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

I FIND nothing so singular in life as this, that everything opposing appears to lose its substance the moment one actually grapples with it.

—HAWTHORNE.

“AT LAST I am here!” exclaimed a determined-looking man who had just entered, addressing General Dumas, seated in the house of a French physician, on the German side of the River Niemen, December 13, 1812. Dumas scanned the stranger with a suspicious glance. He was wrapped in a large cloak. His hair and beard were long, unkempt, and singed with fire; his features were wan and thin and black with powder; but his eyes gleamed with dauntless purpose, and his entire bearing showed that he was a man of iron.

“What, General Dumas!” he exclaimed, “do you not know me?”

“No,” replied the general; “who are you?”



"I am the rear guard of the Grand Army, Marshal Ney," replied the visitor.

General Dumas looked again, long and earnestly, and at length said, half to himself, "It is, indeed, Ney!"



On the morning of that very day, the wretched remnants of Napoleon's grand army, some thirty thousand in all, escaped from Russian territory and crossed the Niemen. The "Old Guard" numbered but three hundred men, but they still marched proudly as of old. Ney, who had survived four rear guards of some five thousand men each, managed to collect seven hundred fresh men and held the pursuing thousands in check all day long while the army filed across the bridge. His little band dwindled until he had but thirty soldiers in line. With these falling one by one he fought until the bridge was clear. The men rushed across, but Ney walked coolly backward, fired the last bullet at the Russians, threw his gun into the river, and left the enemy's territory last of all.

What wonder that such a man was called "the bravest of the brave!"

Grit is a permanent, solid quality, which enters into the very structure, the very tissues of the constitution. A weak man, a wavering, irresolute man, may be "spunky" upon occasion, he may be "plucky" in an emergency; but pure "grit" is a part of the very character of strong men alone. Lord Erskine was a plucky man; he even had flashes of heroism, and, when he was with weaker men, he was thought to have nerve and even grit; but when he entered the house of commons, although a hero at the bar, the imperiousness, the audacious scorn, and the intellectual supremacy of Pitt disturbed his equanimity and exposed the weak places in his armor. In Pitt's commanding presence he lost his equilibrium. His individuality seemed off its center; he felt fluttered, weak, and uneasy.

Many of our generals in the Civil War exhibited heroism. They were "plucky," and often displayed great determination, but Grant had pure "grit" in the most concentrated form, a quality that rose above the "pluck" of other generals. He could not be moved from his base; he was independent, self-centered, immovable. "If you try to wheedle out of him his plans for a campaign, he stolidly smokes; if you call him an imbecile and a blunderer, he blandly lights another cigar; if you praise him as the greatest general living, he placidly returns the puff from his regalia; and if you tell him he should run for the presidency, it does not disturb the equanimity with which he inhales and exhales the unsubstantial vapor

which typifies the politician's promises. While you are wondering what kind of creature this man without a tongue is, you are suddenly electrified with the news of some splendid victory, proving that behind the cigar, and behind the face discharged of all telltale expression, is the best brain to plan and the strongest heart to dare among the generals of the Republic."

It is grit that makes the boy push on to school in the winter, when the wind and the sleet sting his face, and he cannot see ahead of him; it was grit that made Havelock advance amid the rattling fire of Sepoy musketry as he rushed toward the gates of Lucknow.

Grit is the grindstone saying to the ax, "You are hard, are you? Well, I am harder and more stubborn; and I will wear you out with the grit that is in my substance and fiber."

Garrison had grit when he said, in the "Liberator," "I am in earnest, I will not equivocate, I will not excuse, I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard." The grit of that grindstone wore out a thousand axes.

The triumph of enthusiasm, the miracles of tireless energy and stubborn, dogged will, which never know when they are beaten, the invincible determination which convinces men against their conservatism and cautiousness, the unyielding confidence in the final success of their projects,—all these show grit as I understand it.

Pure grit was shown abundantly during the late war. Dewey, Rowan, Whitney, Hobson and his brave crew all displayed it; and we had hardly done cheering for them, when Hamilton Fish fell with front to the foe, and correspondent Marshall, with what he believed his mortal wound, went on to finish a dispatch to the New York "Journal."

Manila Harbor had its mines and torpedoes; any ship which should enter that harbor was liable to be blown up and sent to the bottom; but Dewey went right into the peril, and ground the difficulties down, as the grit of a millstone crushes and pulverizes grain. Hobson had coolly planned a most difficult and heroic deed; then volunteers were called for, and a thousand men, awakened in the morning watch, were ready to do and dare with him; and, when they ran their "Merrimac," amid the whirlwind of artillery-fire, right into danger, and there calmly made preparations to blow up the vessel, escape or no escape,—that quality which held them to duty in the grinding combat with peril and hardship is what we call grit.





Courage, heroism, pluck, grit, represent somewhat different qualities. To have courage is to have the *cocur*, or heart, whole and undismayed in the face of danger; to possess heroism is to meet danger courageously, inspired by a reason or motive; the manifestation of pluck is the spurring oneself to do a brave deed; but grit is different; it seems to be the courageous meeting of a danger in the very grapple with it. Courage may be shown while the danger is at a distance; the same is true of heroism and pluck; but grit seems to be the stern accomplishment of work right amid the bewilderment of peril or the grinding contact with difficulties.

At Balaklava, for instance, it took courage to say, "boots and saddles," when the order was given to "charge for the guns;" it was heroism, if they did that deed for the same reason, real or fancied; but it took grit, when the hurtling storm of shot and shell began, and the hand-to-hand conflict, to go forward.

"Steady, men! Every man must die where he stands!" shouted Sir Colin Campbell, to the Ninety-third Highlanders, at Balaklava, as a division of Russian cavalry came sweeping down upon the thin line, "Ay, ay, Sir Colin! we'll do that!" was the cheery response. That was grit.

At Toulon, in 1793, Napoleon called for some one who could write to prepare an order at his dictation. A private stepped forward, rested his paper upon the breastwork, and began to write. Just as he finished the first page an English cannon-ball struck the ground near them and scattered dirt over them and the paper. "Thank you!" exclaimed the private, "we shall need no more sand upon this page."

"Young man!" said Napoleon, "what can I do for you?"

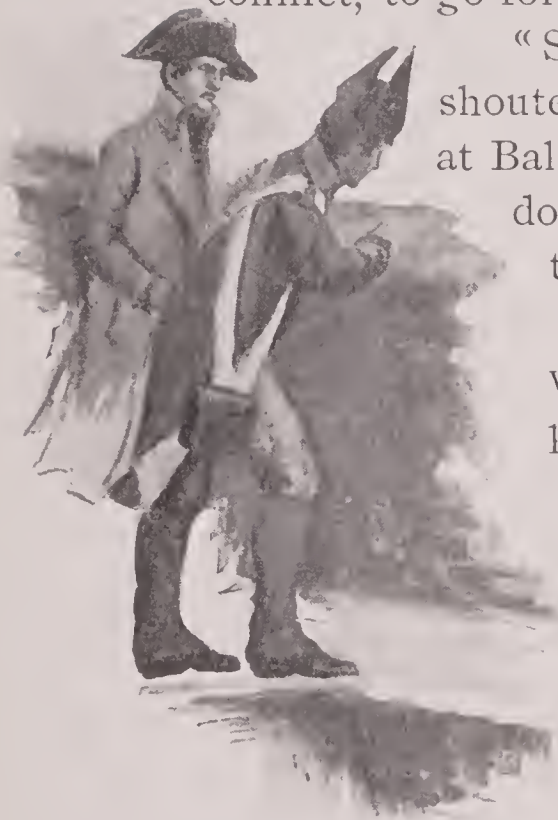
"Everything," said the soldier, as he touched his left shoulder; "you can change this worsted into an epaulet."

A few days later, Napoleon sent the man to reconnoiter the trenches of the enemy, and asked him to adopt some disguise, as the peril was great.

"Never!" exclaimed the soldier; "do you take me for a spy? I will go in my uniform, though I should never return."

He returned unharmed, and his commander at once recommended him for promotion. He became Marshal Junot.

A phrenologist, examining the head of the Duke of Wellington, said: "Your Grace has not the organ of animal courage fully developed." "You are right," replied the great man; "and, but for my sense of duty, I should have retreated in my first fight."



"Hamilton, you are pale; I believe you are afraid," said an officer to Alexander Hamilton, on the eve of battle. "I am," he answered, "and if you were half as afraid as I am, you would run."

Cheap animal courage, mere bravado, was not the attribute which made these great leaders so invincible. It was their splendid moral courage, their persistency, and grit, that carried all before them. "A little of *the inevitable* is worth more than much power merely to push and pull."

The "London Times" was an insignificant sheet published by John Walter, and was steadily losing money. John Walter, Jr., then only twenty-seven years old, begged his father to give him full control of the paper. After many misgivings, the father finally consented. The young journalist began to remodel the establishment and to introduce new ideas everywhere. The paper had not attempted to mold public opinion, and had no individuality or character of its own. The audacious young editor boldly attacked every wrong, even the government, when he thought it corrupt. Thereupon the public customs, printing, and the government advertisements were withdrawn. The father was in utter dismay. The son, he was sure, would ruin the paper and himself. But no remonstrance could swerve him from his purpose, to give the world a great journal which should have weight, character, individuality, and independence.

The public soon saw that a new power stood behind the "Times"; that its articles meant business; that new life and new blood and new ideas had been infused into the insignificant sheet; that a man with brains and push and tenacity of purpose stood at the helm,—a man who could make a way when he could not find one. Among other new features foreign dispatches were introduced, and they appeared in the "Times" several days before their appearance in the government organs. The "leading article" also was introduced to stay. The aggressive editor antagonized the government, and his foreign dispatches were all stopped at the outpost, while those of the ministerial journalists were allowed to proceed. But nothing could daunt this resolute young spirit. At enormous expense he employed special couriers. Every obstacle put in his way, and all opposition from the government, only added to his determination to succeed. Enterprise, push and grit were behind the "Times," and nothing could stay its progress.

Chauncey M. Depew said to a class of young men: "After choosing your profession, put up this motto over your door, 'Stick, dig, save!'"

"One of the best men I ever knew," says E. L. Vincent, "held that 'grit' and 'gumption' lie at the foundation of all success. Just how these two words may be defined by the modern dictionaries, I am not



able to say, but in homely language may we not assert that gumption is that in a man which sets him to work, and grit the spur which keeps him at it?

"When you think of it, there can be no doubt that these qualities must be present in a man who would succeed. Of what use is it to begin a thing, and then, after following it awhile, lag back and finally give up the chase altogether? It is the hound which keeps on the track till it reaches the hole that captures the fox.

"I know a man who has been highly favored in the matter of getting a start in the world. He has had powerful friends who have exerted themselves in his behalf. He has held some positions of rare value,—positions which have enabled him to command almost extravagant salaries, and given him the key to the very highest success in his profession; but out of all this wealth of support he has gathered up absolutely nothing in the way either of a competency or helpful influence. And it is not for a moment to be questioned that he is worse off than he was in the beginning, for he has reached a state where he must be carried by his friends, a weak, spiritless, discouraged, and discouraging man.

"If a man ought to be thankful for any one thing more than for another, it is that he is possessed with the God-given ability to stick. Possessing this, what may he not do? One night, recently, as I stood by a station window waiting for my train, I noticed a switch-engine shifting some heavy coaches in the yard near by. It had been storming and the rails were as smooth as glass. The wheels of the engine could get little hold upon the lines of steel below. Round and round the drivers would fly, a perfect rainbow of fire following the flange as it ground upon the rail without stirring the heavy load, apparently, in the least. For a moment the engineer would shut off the steam and push the line of coaches a little way down the track; then, reversing, he would tug to get them started out of the yard. Again the drivers whirled, and again the fire flew in showers. 'You have grit,' I thought; 'you will win.' And win the engineer did. He knew that nothing but holding on would ever start those cars.

"Half the failures in life are due to letting go just at the critical moment. There are times in climbing a rope when it will not do to loosen the hold, even to spit on one's hands. It is the last half-foot which brings us to the top.

"Second only to grit is gumption. Plunging into the water when it is icy cold is not pleasant. It chills the blood for the moment; but beyond the surging flood lies the beautiful shore of promise. In these days of sharp competition it does give one no slight shock to hurl oneself out upon the tide; here is where gumption comes in. 'You must! You must!' it commands, and woe to the man who stands shivering on the

bank while the current hurries by, carrying opportunities which must be seized now or never.

"‘I had a good chance to succeed when I was a young man, but I was afraid to take the chances. I’ve been sorry ever since.’

"These are words often heard, and they are full of solemn warning. Give gumption a chance! It will set the machine in motion. Depend upon it; and it will be your own fault if the wheels stop moving after that."

Now and then we hear of young men, especially foreigners, without credit or influence, and with very little capital, taking up abandoned farms in New England, upon which native Americans have half starved, and not only getting a good living, but often making money on them.

We are constantly seeing men, in all walks of life, stepping in, where others have failed, and from their rejected ideas reaping rich harvests. Every now and then a young man without capital or influence will step into an abandoned location, where another man has failed, and make a fortune. A young man with energy and push takes a run-down hotel, where, perhaps, half a score of landlords have failed, and gets rich. An energetic woman will take a boarding-house which several before her could not make pay, and by reason of her industry and good judgment, taste and skill, so completely transforms the place that she soon makes a competence for herself and her children, whom she sends to school, and, perhaps, later, to college.

It is astonishing what miracles a mixture of brains and energy will accomplish. A young physician, for instance, fresh from a medical school, without prestige or capital, takes an office in a small town where his predecessor just managed to get a living, and is soon on the high road to fame and fortune. He rearranges the dingy, tumble-down old office, giving it a fresh, business-like air. He dresses neatly, is courteous, and attentive to his patients, keeps up his study and research, and by his general conduct inspires feelings of respect and confidence in the people among whom he is thrown, the result of which is soon apparent in increased practice.

A young lawyer who has just been admitted to the bar will go into a town where several before him have failed, and, by his energy and manly, business-like methods, soon succeeds in establishing a lucrative practice. Instead of sitting in the office, like some of his predecessors, with his feet upon a table, telling stories and chewing tobacco while waiting for clients, he spends his spare time studying his law books and adding to his general information. He goes into society, gets acquainted with the people, is always on the lookout to improve any opportunity that comes in his way, and finally makes his way to the top of the ladder.



It is often difficult to see any difference between the men who succeed and those who fail. They often start out with the same amount of capital, and, apparently, with equal advantages; but, although, perhaps, not noticeable by the average observer, one has a little more energy, a little more politeness, is a little more accommodating, attends a little more closely to details, is more prompt, gets to the store or the office a little earlier and stays a little later, takes a paper or two and a magazine, and reads books and papers along the line of his business or profession; but these are the seeming trifles that make all the difference between success and failure.

The world always stands aside for the determined man. You will find no royal road to your triumph. There is no open door to the Temple of Success.

Cultivate your specialty. Seek to meet an unfilled demand. Throw your whole heart and soul into your work. Let nothing turn you aside, and success is a foregone conclusion.

In Westfield, Massachusetts, there has been built a house with a history. It is distinctly a "woman's house," for it is the product of the energy of Mrs. Clara Louise Kellogg, and the money to build and furnish it was earned by her needle.

When, at the age of fourteen, she was thrown on her own resources, by the death of her father, there was but one thing she could do—embroider. It seemed such a doubtful way to attempt to earn a living that many of her friends advised her to try something else. But there was nothing else, and the girl began to cast about for the best method to apply her talent, her one accomplishment. As there was no market in the small town for her work, she decided to give lessons. So, at the age of fourteen, she became a teacher, with classes in Holyoke, New Britain, Northampton, and Hartford. Before her fifteenth birthday, she was earning thirty dollars a day with these classes. Too practical to be carried away by her success, the little teacher—for she was a very small girl—realized that her popularity could not last unless she continued to teach stitches and designs unknown to other instructors, as well as to her scholars. To get these new stitches and patterns, she took lessons of the best teachers in Boston and New York. Then, as the Kensington stitch and style of embroidery became popular, she decided to go to Kensington and learn all that could be taught of that beautiful art. So advantageous was her first trip abroad, that she decided to go every summer, visiting the monasteries, castles, palaces, and other places where old tapestry or bits of embroidery could be seen. In this way she traveled all over Europe.

To the writer Mrs. Kellogg explained: "While I get many orders through large furnishing and upholstering establishments, my commissions frequently come directly from the owners themselves. When a

house is completed, I study its architectural style and finish, and I then design hangings, cushions, etc., to harmonize. I keep two hundred girls employed, following my directions. I select the materials, sign and stamp the patterns, and they do the work. When the whole article is finished, I examine it. Every article must be perfect.

"In my new home all the work is of my own designing. Even in the painting, I did the mixing, to secure the right shade, and the work upon the walls, and the cushions on the chairs are also my handiwork. I have now been working twenty years, and this house, and some other property, most of which is invested in stocks and bonds, are the results of my labor. I have probably worked harder than most women of my age. By five o'clock in the morning I am up, and never think of retiring before twelve. The building cost, without furnishings, something under fifteen thousand dollars, and, what pleases me most, is that it does not look *new*. The living-room, library, and bedrooms, are all old English, the music-room is in malachite oak, and the dining-room is Flemish."

Mrs. Frank Leslie often refers to the time she lived in her carpetless attic while striving to pay her husband's obligations. She fought her way successfully through nine lawsuits, and paid the entire debt. She managed her ten publications entirely herself, signed all checks and money-orders, made all contracts, looked over all proofs, and approved the make-up of everything before it went to press. She developed great business ability, which no one dreamed she possessed.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, when but a youth, had gained such a reputation for overcoming obstacles that his friends regarded anything which he undertook as virtually performed.

The cases are many where grit has served to offset blindness. The fashioner of that marvelously natural statue of Washington Irving, the sculptor Mundy, simply would not yield to the helplessness which loss of eyesight is supposed to enforce. His best and most popular work was done after he became blind.

Two of the three greatest epic poets of the world were blind,—Homer and Milton; while the third, Dante, was in his later years nearly, if not altogether, sightless. Milton, when struck by blindness, was not dismayed. It took more than blindness to daunt this great spirit; he "still bore up, and steered right onward." He wrote his greatest works when slandered, persecuted, old, blind, sick, and poor.

It almost seems as if some great characters have been physically crippled in certain respects, so that they would not dissipate their energy, but concentrate it all in one direction. In other words, their seeming misfortunes have tended to the evolution of that clear grit without which they never would have been great at all.



In place of capital, friends, and experience, John Wanamaker put grit, and went on to make one of the greatest merchant princes of the world. Girard was another merchant prince who began without education, favor, or friends, but by putting grit in place of all these, became one of the wealthiest men in America. The story of the Vanderbilts and Astors, and hundreds of others, is essentially the same. These men could not be moved. They stood squarely on the foundations which their determination had builded, and no amount of adversity and hard knocks would move them. They were gritty all through. To try to discourage them was like throwing sand against a strong north wind.

Most of the battles of life, moral and physical, have been won by men and women who have put grit in place of popular approval and support, money, and encouragement.

Every year in our colleges and schools, young men and boys, young women and girls, are putting grit in place of pocketbooks, and are building fires and ringing bells and sweeping and scrubbing and waiting on tables to gain an education. Grit is a growing product among us.

Unless one is deprived of all his limbs, or all his faculties, he can surely do something, in most cases something effectively and adequately, if he will, with a staying mind and resolute will, put grit in place of whatever is missing.

"We discount only our own bills, and not those of private persons," said the cashier of the Bank of England, when a large bill was offered drawn by Anselm Rothschild of Frankfort, on Nathan Rothschild of London. "Private persons!" exclaimed Nathan, when told of the cashier's remark; "I will make these gentlemen see what sort of private persons we are." Three weeks later he presented a five-pound note at the bank at the opening of the office. The teller counted out five sovereigns, looking surprised that Baron Rothschild should have troubled himself about such a trifle. The baron examined the coins one by one, weighing them in the balance, as he said, "the law gave him the right to do," put them into a little canvas bag, and offered a second, then a third, a fourth, a fiftieth, a thousandth note. When a bag was full, he handed it to a clerk in waiting, and proceeded to fill another. In seven hours he had changed £21,000, and, with nine employees of his house similarly engaged, had occupied the tellers so busily in changing \$1,050,000 worth of notes that no one else could receive attention. The bankers laughed, but the next morning Rothschild appeared with his nine clerks and several drays to carry away the gold, remarking, "These gentlemen refuse to pay my bills; I have sworn not to keep theirs. They can pay at their leisure, only I notify them that I have enough to employ them for two months." The smiles faded from the features of the bank officials, as they thought of a draft of \$55,000,000 in gold which

they did not hold. Next morning notice was given in the newspapers that the Bank of England would pay Rothschild's bills as well as its own.

"And more, I believe," I overheard a lady say, recently, "that a man makes himself what he wants to be." "He works out his own solution," said the other lady responsively.

Luck or pluck,—which is it?

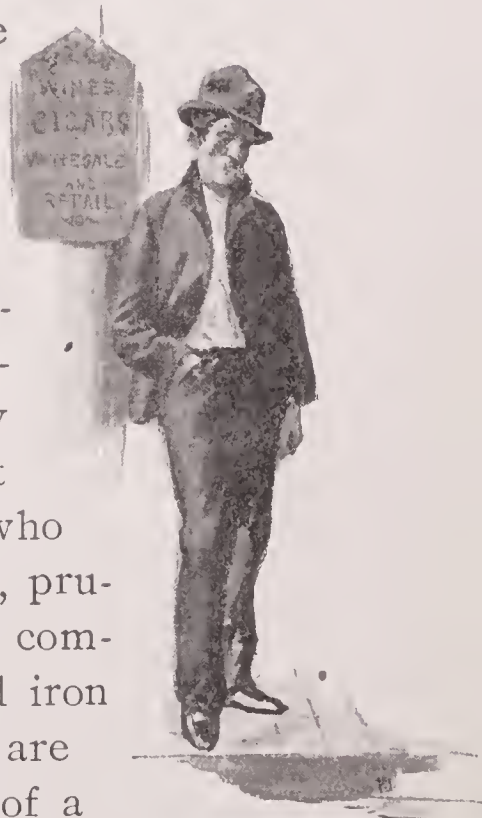
Men who study life most profoundly and incisively say that it is pluck, and not luck, that wins in the world.

Emerson says: "Shallow men believe in luck, believe in circumstances: it was somebody's name, or he happened to be there at the time, or it was so then, and another day it would have been otherwise. Strong men believe in cause and effect. All successful men have agreed in one thing,—they have been causationists. They believed that things went not by luck, but by law; that there is not a weak or a cracked link in the chain that joins the first and the last of things."

"Diligence is the mother of good luck," said Franklin.

"I may here impart the secret of what is called good and bad luck," said Addison. "There are men who, supposing Providence to have an implacable spite against them, bemoan in the poverty of old age the misfortunes of their lives. Luck forever runs against them, and for others. One with a good profession lost his luck in the river, where he idled away his time a-fishing. Another with a good trade perpetually burnt up his luck by his hot temper, which provoked all his employees to leave him. Another with a lucrative business lost his luck by amazing diligence at everything but his own business. Another who steadily followed his trade, as steadily followed the bottle. Another who was honest and constant in his work, erred by his perpetual misjudgment,—he lacked discretion. Hundreds lose their luck by indorsing, by sanguine expectations, by trusting fraudulent men, and by dishonest gains. A man never has good luck who has a bad wife. I never knew an early-rising, hard-working, prudent man, careful of his earnings and strictly honest, who complained of his bad luck. A good character, good habits, and iron industry are impregnable to the assaults of ill luck that fools are dreaming of. But when I see a tatterdemalion creeping out of a grocery late in the forenoon, with his hands stuck into his pockets, the rim of his hat turned up, and the crown knocked in, I know he has had bad luck,—for the worst of all luck is to be a sluggard, a knave, or a tippler."

There is no luck, for all practical purposes, to him who is not striving and whose senses are not all eagerly attent. What are called accidental





discoveries are almost invariably made by those who are looking for something. A man incurs about as much risk of being struck by lightning as by accidental luck. There is, perhaps, an element of luck in the amount of success which crowns the efforts of different men; but even here it will usually be found that the sagacity with which the efforts are directed and the energy with which they are prosecuted measure pretty accurately the luck contained in the results achieved. Apparent exceptions will be found to relate almost wholly to single undertakings, while in the long run the rule will hold good. Two pearl-divers, equally expert, dive together, and work with equal energy. One brings up a pearl, while the other returns empty-handed. But let both persevere, and at the end of five, ten, or twenty years, it will be found that they have succeeded almost in exact proportion to their skill and industry.

Stick to the thing and carry it through. Believe you were made for the place you fill, and that no one else can fill it so well. Put forth your whole energies. Be awake, electrify yourself; go forth to the task. Only once learn to carry a thing through in all its completeness and proportion, and you will become a hero. You will think better of yourself; others will think better of you. The world in its very heart admires the stern, determined doer.

That famous leader of his race, Booker T. Washington, telling in his autobiography of some of the economics and hard work of his student days, and of a sudden disappointment that dashed his hopes, goes on with these words, worth recommending to any boy's notice:—

"I will not say that I became discouraged, for as I now look back over my life, I do not recall that I ever became discouraged over anything that I set out to accomplish. I have begun everything with the idea that I could succeed, and I never had much patience with the multitudes of people who are always ready to explain why one cannot succeed."

Almost every great achievement in the world's history, like liberty, has had to win its triumph through opposition, through almost insurmountable obstacles, and often through blood itself. It is downright hard work, indomitable energy and dogged perseverance which found the world mud and left it marble, which found civilization in the cradle and elevated it to the throne.

A constant struggle, a ceaseless battle to bring success from inhospitable surroundings, is the price of all great achievement. The man who has not fought his way up to his own loaf, and does not bear the scars of desperate conflict, does not know the highest meaning of success. There is scarcely a great man in history who has not had to fight the way to his eminence inch by inch, against opposition, and often through ridicule and abuse of friends as well as enemies.

Even Washington was threatened by a rude crowd because he would not pander to the clamor of the people. The Duke of Wellington was mobbed in the streets of London, and his windows broken, while his wife lay dead in the house. Dr. Priestley, the discoverer of oxygen, had his house burned and his chemical library destroyed by a mob, and he was forced to flee from his country. Bruno was burned in Rome for revealing the heavens, and Versalius was condemned for dissecting the human body. Roger Bacon, one of the greatest thinkers the world ever saw, was terribly persecuted; his books were burned in public, and he was kept in prison for ten years.

Barnum began the race in business life, barefoot. At the age of fifteen he was obliged to buy on credit the shoes he wore to his father's funeral. His museum was burned several times, and he met with reverses which would have disheartened most men. At fifty, he was a ruined man, owing thousands more than he possessed, yet he resolutely resumed business once more, fairly wringing success from adverse fortune, and paying his notes at the same time. Again and again he was ruined; but, phoenix-like, he rose repeatedly from the ashes of his misfortune each time more determined than before.

Robert Collyer brought his bride to America in the steerage. He worked at the anvil in Pennsylvania, nine years. By dint of hard work and great determination, he became one of the greatest preachers.

Farragut began his career at the very bottom—as a poor boy, of nine years, on the deck of Commodore David Porter's ship. From that time he was zealous in the discharge of duty and faithful to every trust. Promotion came to him because he deserved it; and he won the bright crown of an admiral's commission—a higher grade in the navy of the United States than any man before him had ever reached.

Seven shoemakers sat in Congress, during the first century of our government,—Roger Sherman, Henry Wilson, Gideon Lee, William Graham, John Halley, H. P. Baldwin, and Daniel Sheffey. Galileo with an opera glass made greater discoveries than has any one since, with the most powerful telescope.

Gifford worked his intricate problems on bits of leather with a shoemaker's awl.

John Brighton, the author of "The Beauties of England and Wales," used to study in bed because too poor to afford a fire.

Thomas Carlyle and Hugh Miller were masons. Dante and Descartes were soldiers. Jeremy Taylor was a barber. Andrew Johnson was a tailor. Cardinal Wolsey, Defoe, and Henry Kirke White were butchers' sons. Faraday was the son of a blacksmith, and his teacher, Humphry Davy, was an apprentice to an apothecary. Kepler was a waiter boy in



a German hotel; Bunyan was a tinker; Copernicus, the son of a Polish baker; Claude Lorraine, the son of a pastry cook; and the boy Herschel played the oboe for his meals. Marshal Ney, "the bravest of the brave," rose from the ranks. Richard Cobden was a boy in a London warehouse. His first speech in parliament was a complete failure; but he was not afraid of defeat, and soon became one of the great orators of England.

Nothing can keep from success the man who is determined that he will succeed. When he is confronted by barriers he leaps over them, tunnels through them, or makes a way around them. Obstacles only serve to stiffen his determination, sharpen his wits and develop his innate resources. The record of human achievement is full of examples which illustrate the truth of the words of the child's copy-book: "There is no difficulty to him who wills."

"All the performances of human art, at which we look with praise and wonder," says Johnson, "are instances of the resistless force of perseverance."

"Back of all this surface fluctuation, this seeming defeat," says a writer, in describing the incoming of the tide, "has been the awful, resistless purpose of the unconquerable sea,—and now it is full high tide." So it is with successful men. Back of all else, scorning disaster and defeat, has been the single eye, the steady purpose of an unconquerable soul. If you are a close observer, you will always detect in the countenances of these men traces of the struggle through which they have passed; for success, wherever real and lasting, is wrought out by mighty endeavor. The sculptor's chisel always leaves its lines of power upon the statue's front.

The perfection of grit is the power of saying "No," with emphasis that cannot be mistaken. Learn to meet hard times with a harder will, and more determined pluck. The nature which is all pine and straw is of no use in times of trial; we must have some oak and iron in us. The goddess of fame or of fortune has been won by many a poor boy who had no friends, no backing, or anything but pure grit and invincible purpose to commend him.

"It appears that locomotives cannot always get a grip  
On their slender iron pavement, 'cause the wheels are apt to slip;  
And when they reach a slippery spot, the tactics they command,  
To get a grip upon the rail, is to sprinkle it with sand.

"It's about this way with travel along life's slippery track,  
If your load is rather heavy and you're always sliding back;  
So, if a locomotive you completely understand,  
You'll provide yourself in starting with a good supply of sand."

There is something mournful in the contemplation of a man in middle life, who, by some commercial disaster, has lost his property, sitting down with the conclusion that he is ruined. How has he been ruined? He has his head, his energy, and his hands; — these have not been taken from him.

How can such a man be ruined? He ought, by every energy of his nature, to quit him of the thought that he can be ruined by any circumstance that affects his goods; and ever to remember that he only is ruined who is a bankrupt in hope, and has forgotten how to make an effort.

How inspiring, on the other hand, are the examples of those who, although overtaken by misfortune, refuse to acknowledge defeat, and will not stay down; who may have lost their money, but not their *pluck*. Men like Ferdinand Schumacher, for instance, the "Oatmeal King," who rose from bankruptcy to be again a millionaire; or like D. J. Mackey the former millionaire, who found himself penniless, and started bravely in again at sixty-seven to win a new fortune.

There is something grand and sublime when the unfortunate victim, in the face of death, instead of cowering in terror, and letting his arms fall in the palsy of despair, resolves to sell his life as dearly as possible, and with superhuman strength which is born of his strong determination, contests every inch of his ground with as much persistency and enthusiasm as if he were assured of victory.

In "Memories of War and Peace," the world-famous Archibald Forbes declares:—

"It was, after a fashion, a liberal education to listen to the fluency, in some half-dozen languages, of poor MacGahan, the 'Ohio boy,' who was graduated from the plow to be perhaps the most brilliant war correspondent of modern times."

Again he says:—

"Of all men who have gained reputation as war correspondents, I regard MacGahan as the most brilliant. He was the hero of that wonderful lonely ride through the Great Desert of Central Asia to overtake Kauffmann's Russian army on its march to Khiva. He it was who stirred Europe to its inmost heart by the terrible, and not less truthful than terrible, pictures of what have passed into history as the 'Bulgarian atrocities.'"

"It is, indeed, no exaggeration to aver that, for better or worse, MacGahan was the virtual author of the Russo-Turkish War. His pen pictures of the atrocities so excited the fury of the Slav population of Russia, that their passionate demand for retribution on the 'unspeakable Turk,' virtually compelled the emperor, Alexander II., to undertake the war.

"MacGahan's work throughout the long campaign was singularly effective, and his physical exertions were extraordinary; yet he was suffering all



through from a lameness that would have disabled eleven men out of twelve. He had broken a bone in his ankle just before the declaration of war, and when I first met him the joint was incased in plaster of Paris.

"He insisted on accompanying Gourko's raid across the Balkans; and in the Hankioj Pass his horse slid over a precipice and fell on its rider, so that the half-set bone was broken again; but the indomitable MacGahan refused to be invalided by this mishap. He quietly had himself hoisted upon a tumbril, and so went through the whole adventurous expedition, being involved, thus helpless, in several actions, and once all but falling into the hands of the Turks.

"He kept at the front throughout, long after I had gone home disabled by fever; he brilliantly chronicled the fall of Plevna and the surrender of Osman Pasha; he crossed the Balkans with Skobelev in the dead of that terrible winter; and finally, at the premature age of thirty-two, he died, characteristically, a martyr to duty and to friendship.

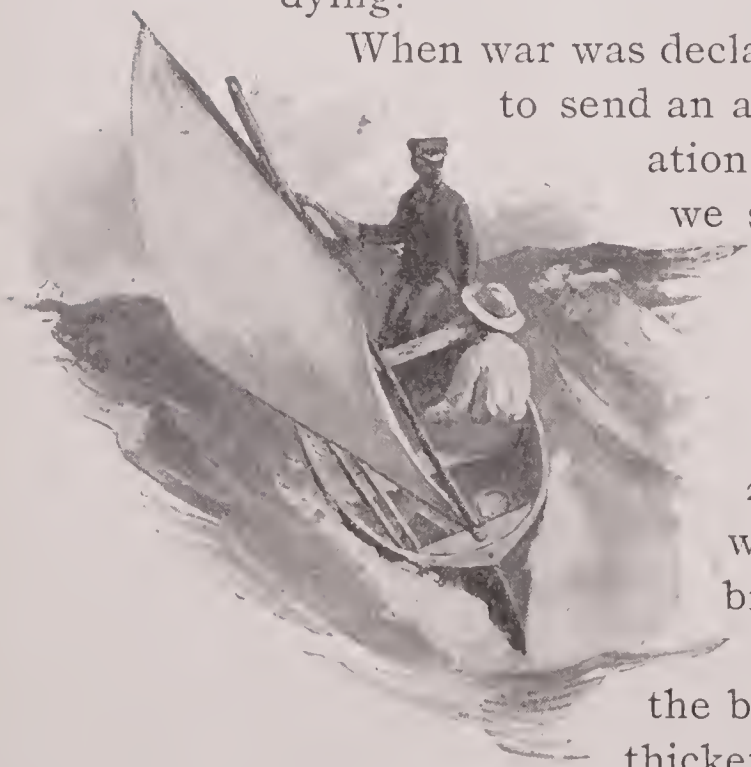
"When the Russian armies lay around Constantinople, waiting for the settlement of the treaty of Berlin, typhoid fever and camp pestilences were slaying their thousands and their tens of thousands. Lieutenant Greene, an American officer officially attached to the Russian army became sick, and MacGahan devoted himself to the duty of nursing his countryman.

"His devotion cost him his life. As Greene was recovering, MacGahan sickened of malignant typhus, and a few days later they laid him in his far-off foreign grave, around which stood weeping mourners of a dozen nationalities."

When Philip threatened to prohibit the enjoyment of all their privileges, the Lacedæmonians asked whether he would also prohibit their dying.

When war was declared against Spain, the War Department decided to send an agent to General Garcia to ascertain what coöperation might be expected from the insurgents, in case we should invade Cuba. The man chosen for this mission was Lieutenant Andrew S. Rowan, a Virginian, a graduate of West Point in the class of 1881.

From the moment he left Jamaica, on April 23, until he arrived in Key West, on May 11, he was exposed to all the dangers which a state of war brings the dispatch-bearer who ventures into the enemy's territory. Sleeping on stone ballast in the bottom of an open boat, climbing on foot through thickets, riding fifty miles and more a day over abandoned roads or through unbroken forests, stopping only when preparation for continuing the trip required it, exposed to wind and sun and waves



for two days in a boat so small that the occupants were forced to sit upright in it, forced on land and sea to keep continually on the alert for a watchful enemy,—these are the experiences which Lieutenant Rowan dismissed as mere incidents. After receiving Lieutenant Rowan's report, Major-general Miles wrote to the secretary of war:—

"I also recommend that First Lieutenant Andrew S. Rowan, 19th U. S. Infantry, be made a lieutenant-colonel of one of the regiments of immunes. Lieutenant Rowan made a journey across Cuba, was with the insurgent army under Lieutenant-general Garcia, and brought most important and valuable information to the government. This was a most perilous undertaking, and in my judgment Lieutenant Rowan performed an act of heroism and cool daring that has rarely been excelled in the annals of warfare."

When the members were signing the Declaration of Independence, Benjamin Harrison, of Virginia, said, "We must all hang together in this business." "Yes," answered Franklin, "we must all hang together, or we will most assuredly hang separately."

"What!" exclaimed Napoleon at Eylau, galloping into the midst of his battalions, who were retreating from vastly superior numbers of the enemy after losing a church which was of great strategic importance,— "What! a handful of Russians repulse troops of the Grand Army! Forward, my brave lads! We *must* have the church! *We must have it at every hazard!*"

"*Vive l'Empereur!*" rose the shout of the fugitives, drowning for the moment the thunder of the battle, as they formed in solid column, and charged the pursuing Russians.

"Stay! my good fellow," exclaimed the commander, as he saw an old grenadier hurrying to fall in, his face blackened with gunpowder, his clothes red with blood, his left arm hanging, torn from the shoulder by a shell, and the red drops trickling from the ghastly wound; "stay! go to the ambulance and get your wound dressed."

"I will," replied the grenadier, "as soon as we have taken the church," and he advanced with his comrades.

The church was taken. With such men, what wonder that Napoleon was usually confident of victory!

It is victory after victory with the soldier, lesson after lesson with the scholar, blow after blow with the laborer, crop after crop with the farmer, picture after picture with the painter, and mile after mile with the traveler, that secures what all so much desire—Success.

The day of heroes is not past, the martyrs are not all dead; still there are men of backbone, independent, fearless, and strong, God's noble-men. The spirit of the Puritans has not perished, nor will it perish while men are left that strive to please God rather than man.



"To dare is great. To bear is greater. Bravery we share with the brutes; fortitude with saints."

Thomas Lipton, London's merchant prince, was a poor boy. He began business with a capital of Scottish grit and five hundred dollars, and in the Jubilee year, though still a young man, he gave \$125,000 to the Royal Fund, for feeding the poor. He is head of one of the largest business houses in the world, and is worth millions. There are 1,800 employees at his headquarters, to say nothing of those in his sixty London stores and other establishments throughout Great Britain. From 2,000 to 3,000 pigs are killed every day at his packing-house in Chicago, and he has six hundred refrigerator cars to carry meat to his American customers. He is the largest tea dealer in the world, but this is only one of his lines. He says he did all this by working twenty-five hours a day, at first; now he only works eighteen, and so finds time to enjoy his horses, flowers, and trees, of which he is particularly fond.

The best work is the result of the greatest application. It comes only at the last and as the effect of the final process. It is the exquisite product of all the resources and activities that can contribute to its perfection. It is the last and richest drop of the vintage. What work is it whose difficulties cannot be overcome by heroic application? It is wonderful how the face of a dismal situation brightens when a calm and steady will confronts it. What seemed a mountain proves an airy phantasm. What seemed an impregnable Gibraltar is found to be penetrated with secret passages and stairways.

Warren Hastings was sent to India as a poor orphan boy whom his guardian was glad to be rid of. But this boy performed a great work in the East,—extended the British Empire, amassed a large fortune, and returned to England only to be attacked by the great philosopher of one era and prophet of the next, the oratorical giant, Burke, who made the oaken rafters of Westminster Hall shake with his wrath against the great India culprit. Oh, the power of that orator! Ladies shrieked and fainted, and even the criminal almost believed himself guilty under the terrible denunciation. Hastings was, however, acquitted. Bitter attacks were made upon him after a pension was bestowed upon him, but he wrote his terrible "Letter to a Noble Lord" in reply. He need not have cared for the puny assailants who crawled forth with their ragged mops to bespatter the broad mirror that reflected his unrivaled greatness to an admiring world.

"With the aid or under the influence of pluck," says the London "Lancet," "it is possible not only to surmount what appear to be insuperable obstructions, but to defy and repel adverse circumstances, and even disease. Many a life has been saved by the moral courage of a sufferer. It is not alone in bearing the pain of operations or the misery

of confinement in a sick-room that this self-help becomes of vital moment, but in the monotonous tracking of a weary path and the vigorous discharge of ordinary duty. How many a victim of incurable disease has lived on through years of suffering, patiently and resolutely hoping against hope, or, what is better, living down despair, until the virulence of a threatening malady has died out, and it has ceased to be destructive, although its physical characteristics remained!" Some patients absolutely refuse to die. What can a doctor do with such cases but let them live?

A conspicuous instance of the triumph of grit over opposing circumstances is the case of Theodore Grady, the deaf and dumb lawyer, who has just been admitted to the bar. Of course he cannot plead in court, but he will make a living by writing briefs. Surely here is one, to use the striking words of Tennyson:—

"Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,  
And grasps the skirt of happy chance,  
And breasts the blows of circumstance,  
And grapples with his evil star."

The barriers are not yet erected which shall say to aspiring talent, "Thus far and no farther."

Nelson turned even his blind eye to advantage when he did not wish to see the signal for retreat.

Amid difficulties and dangers before unknown, with hordes of savages around him, and winter at hand, La Salle, while exploring the Mississippi, brooded not "on the redoubled ruin that had befallen him,—the desponding friends, the exulting foes, the wasted energies, the crushing load of debt, the stormy past, the dark and lowering future. His mind was of a different temper. He had no thought but to grapple with adversity, and out of the fabric of his ruin to rear the fabric of triumphant success."

"Well," said Barnum to a friend, in 1841, "I am going to buy the American Museum." "Buy it!" exclaimed the astonished friend, who knew that the showman had not a dollar; "what do you intend buying it with?" "Brass," was the prompt reply, "for silver and gold have I none."

Some of his friends offered Walter Scott, or rather proposed to offer him, enough money, as was supposed, to enable him to arrange with his creditors. He paused for a moment, and then recollecting his powers, said proudly, "No! this right hand shall work it all off!"

Darius the Great sent ambassadors to the Athenians, to demand earth and water, which denoted submission. The Athenians threw them into a ditch and told them that there they could find earth and water enough.



Richelieu did some of his greatest work with one foot in the grave.

Charles XII. of Sweden presented a most remarkable instance of endurance of physical pain. The Swedish army, with Charles at its head, was stationed in Russia; and on May 27, 1709, Charles had gone out to reconnoiter. On his return his ankle bone was broken by a shot. Six hours after this he remained mounted, giving orders as usual, and not till the blood was noticed by a comrade did he seem to think of the wound. When the surgeon told him he could cure the wound by making deep incisions around it, Charles said, "Cut as deep as you like; don't be afraid." He sat and held the leg for the physician as coolly as if the operation was being performed on some one a mile off.

Pure grit is that element of character which enables a man to clutch his aim with an iron grip, and keep the needle of his purpose pointing to the star of his hope. Through sunshine and storm, through hurricane and tempest, through sleet and rain, with a leaky ship, with a crew in mutiny, it perseveres; in fact, nothing but death can subdue it, and it dies still struggling.

The man of grit carries in his very presence a power which controls and commands. He is spared the necessity of declaring himself, for his grit speaks in his every act. It does not come by fits and starts, it is a part of his very life. It inspires a sublime audacity and a heroic courage.

At forty, Grant was an obscure citizen of Galena. At forty-two he was known as one of the greatest generals in history. There came a time when there was a crying need for a great leader. McClellan had been tried and had failed. Burnside had shown that he was too modest for such a gigantic undertaking. Hooker had been sent to the front, but he lost his judgment at critical moments and was retired. It was a grave crisis. But ere long Grant was asked to take the helm. He had been already proved and found never wanting, never dismayed.

Speaking of Shiloh, he once said: "I thought I was going to fail, but I kept right on." It is this keeping right on that wins in the battle of life. After the exaggerated reports of his defeat and misconduct at the first battle of Shiloh, nearly every newspaper of both parties in the North, almost every member of Congress, and public sentiment everywhere, demanded his removal. Friends of the President pleaded with him to give the command to some one else, for his own sake as well as for the good of the country. Lincoln listened for hours one night, speaking only at rare intervals to tell a pithy story, until the clock struck one. Then, after a long silence, he said: "I can't spare this man. He fights." When the illustrated papers everywhere were caricaturing him, when no epithet seemed too harsh to heap upon him, when his methods were criticised by his own party, and the generals in the war were

denouncing his "foolish" confidence in Grant, and delegations were waiting upon him to ask for that general's removal, the great President sat with crossed legs, and was reminded of a story. It was Lincoln's marvelous insight and sagacity that saved Grant from the storm of popular passion, and gave us the greatest hero of the Civil War.

Astonished at a command from Grant to storm an important but strongly defended position, an officer rode back and said: "General, if I understand your order aright, it may involve the sacrifice of every man in my command." "I am glad, sir, that you understand my order aright," replied the silent general.

This dogged determination to win the day, regardless of loss of life or personal danger, shone forth in another saying reported as occurring right after the battle of Shiloh. General Buell in a friendly way began to remonstrate against the policy Grant had shown in fighting against such forces with the Tennessee River behind him.

"Where, if beaten, could you have retreated, General?" asked Buell.

"I did not mean to be beaten," was Grant's plucky reply.

"But suppose you had been beaten despite all your exertions?"

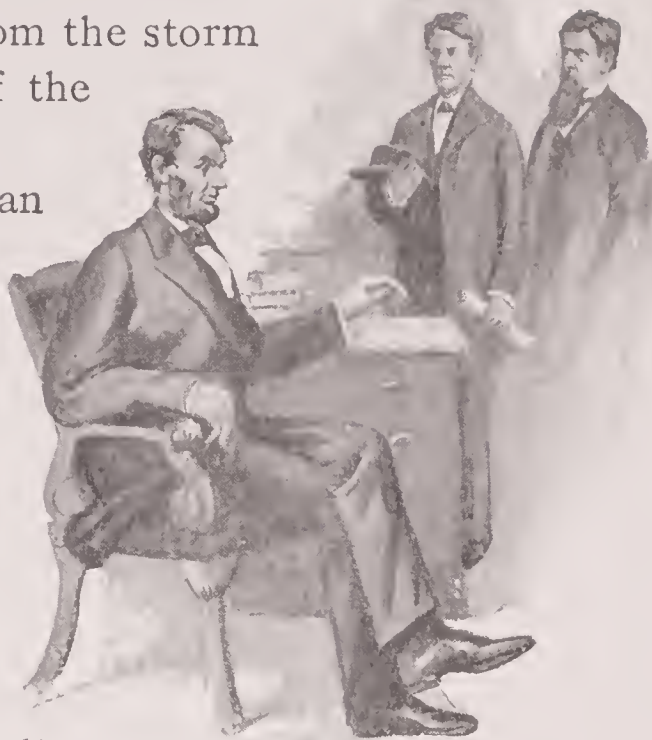
"Well, there were all the transports to carry the remains of the command across the river."

"But, General," persisted Buell, "all your transports could not contain even ten thousand men, and it would be impossible for them to make more than one trip in the face of the enemy."

"Well, if I had been beaten," said General Grant, pausing to light another cigar as he spoke, "transportation for ten thousand men would have been abundant for all that would have been left of us."

For thirty days he rained sledge-hammer blows upon Lee in the Wilderness, fighting by day, advancing by night. The country shuddered at such unheard-of carnage, and demanded his removal; but ever to his inquiring officers came the cool command, "By the left flank, forward!" while he electrified the nation by the homeward dispatch, "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." When, with the Confederacy at his feet, the storm of vengeance seemed about to burst, his magnanimous words, "Let us have peace," fell like a benediction upon the hearts of victors and vanquished alike.

When Lincoln was asked how Grant impressed him as a general, he replied, "The greatest thing about him is cool persistency of purpose. He has the grip of a bulldog; when he once gets his teeth in, nothing can shake him off." It was "On to Richmond," and "I propose to fight





it out on this line if it takes all summer," that settled the fate of the Rebellion.

Lincoln and Grant both had that rare nerve which cares not for ridicule, is not swerved by public clamor, and can bear abuse and hatred. There is a mighty force in truth and in the sublime conviction and supreme self-confidence behind it, in the knowledge that truth is mighty, and the conviction and confidence that it will prevail.

For hours John B. Gough tried to speak on temperance to the students at Oxford, amid shouting, hooting, cat-calls, derisive yells, impertinent and insulting questions, and every conceivable annoyance, not excepting personal violence. But he would not give up, and finally captured the good-will of the young men by appealing to their sense of fair play in the novel proposition that speaker and audience should divide the time equally between them. "You shall conduct things according to your ideas for twenty minutes while I listen, and then I will talk for twenty minutes while you listen." He soon charmed them so much with his wonderful oratory that they were eager to give him their share of time.

Intelligent, untiring, unflinching industry is the key to success. There is no real success to be achieved without it.

Has God abdicated? Is the universe an infinite chaos, in which order has no throne? Is law a fable? Is life a Babel? Is the world a pandemonium? Then is there such a game of chance as men call luck. But as long as the smallest atom or the largest sun, the invisible animalcule or the most glorious archangel, the soul soaring from its tenement of clay or the sparrow falling to the earth, acknowledge equally His ruling power, Nature will play no blindman's-buff. If ten deaf, dumb, and blind men were placed in line in a ten-acre lot, and left to wander until all who lived long enough were in line once more, the thing would be accomplished only at the death of the ninth man. Has luck ever made a fool speak words of wisdom; an ignoramus utter lectures on science; a dolt write an *Odyssey*, an *Æneid*, a *Paradise Lost*, or a *Hamlet*; a loafer become a Girard or Astor, a Rothschild, Stewart, Vanderbilt, Field, Gould, or Rockefeller; a coward win at Yorktown, Wagram, Waterloo, or Richmond; a careless stonecutter carve an *Apollo*, a *Minerva*, a *Venus de Medici*, or a *Greek Slave*? Does luck raise rich crops on the land of the sluggard, weeds and brambles on that of the industrious farmer? Does luck make the drunkard sleek and attractive, and his home cheerful, while the temperate man looks haggard and suffers want and misery? Does luck starve honest labor, and pamper idleness? Does luck put common sense at discount, folly at a premium? Does it cast intelligence into the gutter, and raise ignorance to the skies? Does it imprison virtue and laud vice? Did luck

give Watt his engine, Franklin his captive lightning, Whitney his cotton-gin, Fulton his steamboat, Morse his telegraph, Blanchard his lathe, Howe his sewing-machine, Goodyear his rubber, Bell his telephone, Edison his phonograph?

The race is not always to the swift, the battle is not always to the strong. Horses are sometimes weighted or hampered in the race, and this is taken into account in the result. So in the race of life the distance alone does not determine the prize. We must take into consideration the hindrances, the weights we have carried, the disadvantages of education, of breeding, of training, of surroundings, of circumstances. How many young men are weighted down with debt, with poverty, with the support of invalid parents or brothers and sisters, or friends. How many are fettered with ignorance, hampered by inhospitable surroundings, with the opposition of parents who do not understand them? How many a round boy is hindered in the race by being forced into a square hole? How many are delayed in their course because nobody believes in them, because nobody encourages them, because they get no sympathy and are forever tortured for not doing that against which every fiber of their being protests, and every drop of their blood rebels? How many have to feel their way to the goal, through the blindness of ignorance and lack of experience? How many go bungling along from the lack of early discipline and drill in the vocations they have chosen? How many have to hobble along on crutches because they were never taught to help themselves, but to lean upon a father's wealth or a mother's indulgence? How many are weakened for the journey of life by self-indulgence, by dissipation, by "life-sappers"; how many are crippled by disease, by a weak constitution, by impaired eyesight or hearing?

When the prizes of life shall be awarded by the Supreme Judge, who knows our weaknesses and frailties, the distance we have run, the weights we have carried, the handicaps will be all taken into the account. Not the distance we have run, but the obstacles we have overcome, the disadvantages under which we have made the race, will decide the prizes. The poor wretch who has plodded along against unknown temptations, the poor woman who has buried her sorrows in her silent heart and sewed her weary way through life, those who have suffered abuse in silence, and who have been unrecognized or despised by their fellow-runners, will often receive the greater prize.

"*Tout est perdu, sauve qui peut!*" shouted the soldiers of Marshal Victor at Marengo when, after sustaining with Lannes for four hours the fierce onslaught of superior Austrian numbers under General Melas, his men gave way and fled.

But Lannes formed his men into hollow squares, and with the Consular Guard, also in squares, they slowly fell back, moving like "living



citadels" over the field of battle, sinking by hundreds under the destructive fire of the enemy, but still shielding Victor's disorganized troops.

At this juncture was seen advancing over the plain, with banners waving and trumpets sounding, the head of the columns of Desaix, who had heard the cannonading a score of miles away, and in advance of orders had hastened to the relief of Napoleon.

"Beat a retreat!" said an officer to one of the drummers of Desaix, who had just reported to his chief.

"Beat a retreat!" repeated the drummer, as he looked upon the French army rolling back in a broken mass and noted the impatience of some of the soldiers at the silence of his drum; "I do not know how to beat a retreat; Desaix never taught me that; but I can beat a charge,— Oh! I can beat a charge that will make the dead fall into line. I beat that charge at the Pyramids. I beat it at Mount Tabor. I beat it at the bridge of Lodi. May I not beat it here?"

"What think you of it?" asked Napoleon of Desaix, whose six thousand men were halted not far away.

"The battle is lost," replied the hero of Egypt; "but it is only three o'clock; there is time to gain another."

"Forward, then," commanded Napoleon. "Hold the enemy in check while I rally and reform the army behind you!" Riding among the demoralized infantry of Victor, he shouted: "Soldiers, you have retreated far enough; you know it is always my custom to sleep on the field of battle."

Meanwhile the boy was beating that stirring charge, and Desaix with his six thousand was attacking the whole Austrian army. "Go," said he to his aide-de-camp, "tell the First Consul I am advancing and must be supported by the cavalry."

A moment later he fell mortally wounded, but the drum only beat the louder and his men rushed forward to avenge him. Kellermann's cavalry charged to support them; the Austrian columns gave way, and were soon a turbulent mass of fugitives.

Thus was Marengo wrested from the victorious Melas by the cool grit of the devoted Desaix, and by his prompt, intelligent anticipation of orders. He in Grouchy's place at Waterloo, or Grouchy acting like him, might have changed the fate of Europe.

Never beat a retreat! Never abdicate!

"Once having determined in your conscience that you are sailing under the right colors, *nail them to the mast!*"

"What's brave, what's noble,  
Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,  
And make death proud to take us!"

## THE TALISMAN OF GOOD MANNERS

LIFE is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy.

—EMERSON.

How sweet and gracious, even in common speech,  
Is that fine sense which men call courtesy!  
Wholesome as air and genial as the light,  
Welcome in every clime as breath of flowers,  
It transmutes aliens into trusting friends,  
And gives its owner passport round the globe.

—JAMES T. FIELDS.

MANNERS must adorn knowledge, and smooth its way through the world. Like a great rough diamond, it may do very well in a closet by way of curiosity, and also for its intrinsic value; but it will never be worn, nor shine, if it is not polished.

—CHESTERFIELD.

WE CANNOT always oblige, but we can always speak obligingly.

—VOLTAIRE.

POLITENESS induces morality. Serenity of manners requires serenity of mind.

—JULIA WARD HOWE.

COURTESY begets courtesy; it is a passport to popularity. The way in which things are done is often more important than the things themselves.

—REV. J. E. C. WELLDON.

WHAT thou wilt,  
Thou must rather enforce it with thy smile,  
Than hew it with thy sword.

—SHAKESPEARE.

WHAT has been said of pudding, that it is not so much the flour and eggs as the sugar and spices and extracts that make it pleasant to the taste, may be said with equal truth of life. It is not the flour and eggs, the solid ingredients: virtue, character, honesty, integrity,—on which all true living must be based,—that give life its flavor; it is again the sugar and spices and extracts,—the courtesy, the charming manners, the graceful kindness of good breeding, that make it sweet to the taste, that make life worth living.

"Can you write a good hand?" asked a merchant of a boy who had applied to him for a position.

"Yaas," was the answer.

"Are you good at figures?"

"Yaas."

"That will do," said the merchant, "I do not want you."

"Why don't you give the lad a chance?" remonstrated a friend, when the applicant for a position had left the store, "I know him to be an honest, industrious boy."



"Because," replied the prompt, decisive business man, "he hasn't learned to say 'Yes, Sir,' and 'No, Sir.' If he answers me as he did when applying for a situation, how will he answer customers after being here a month?"

The boy had the solid ingredients, the flour and the eggs, but he neglected to add the sugar and the spices; and, if his career were followed, it would be found that the majority of those with whom he came in contact liked the flavor of his pudding no better than did the courteous merchant.

"Hail! ye small sweet courtesies of life," says Sterne, "for smooth do ye make the road of it, like grace and beauty which beget inclinations to love at first sight; 'tis ye who open the door and let the stranger in." The rush and hurry of modern life have a tendency to brush aside, at least during business hours, these "small sweet courtesies" which Sterne extols. Many really kind-hearted people become hypnotized into the belief that there is not time to be courteous. They are too busy, in too great a hurry to catch a train, to meet an appointment, to be in time at the meeting, to "bother" with the civilities of life. Even in the home, they are too much pressed for time to be courteous or affectionate. A popular lecturer gives an amusing description of the business man of to-day preparing to go to his office. He dresses hastily; swallows his breakfast in silence, perhaps scanning the newspaper at the same time; then jumps up, buttons his coat, and, in answer to his wife's "Aren't you going to kiss me?" calls out, as he hurries off: "Haven't time. Consider yourself kissed!"

"Give a boy address and accomplishments," says Emerson, "and you give him the mastery of palaces and fortunes wherever he goes."

A fine manner is an accomplishment beside which beauty of person, high rank, wealth, and classical attainments are at a disadvantage. The great Duke of Marlborough, who swayed the destinies of empires, owed more of his influence to the wonderful charm of his manner than to his rank and wealth. He "wrote English badly and spelled it worse," but his fascinating smile and winning speech disarmed hatred and changed enemies to friends. Even the all-powerful Napoleon feared the influence of Madame de Staël over his people so much that he banished her from France, and caused her writings to be destroyed. She was not beautiful, but the power of her personality was so potent that men seemed to be merely creatures of her will. Mirabeau is described as having "the face of a tiger pitted by smallpox" yet his charm of manner made one utterly oblivious of his personal appearance.

"Manners? What's the use of manners?" exclaimed one of that class of Americans who have become so brutalized, in the scramble for money, that the finer graces of life have no meaning for them. "There's no

money in manners, is there?" he continued addressing the gentleman who had introduced the subject, and who considered good manners one of the first essentials to success. "We're too busy here to pack books of etiquette around with us. If there was anything to be made out of manners,—which there isn't,—we'd be so polite over here that French dancing masters would look like stock-yard employees compared with us."

But, even from a purely commercial point of view,—the lowest from which the subject could be considered,—this boor was utterly mistaken in his estimate of the value of courtesy.

"One of the head men of a great business establishment," says Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, "told me that he would as soon think of sending out, to represent his house, a man who was utterly ignorant of his business, as one who was ill-bred, coarse, rude, or forgetful of polite manners."

The president of one of the largest banks in New York, in enumerating the essentials to success in banking, gives courtesy the first place. "If I could command the speech of twenty nations," he says, "I would preach politeness in them all. It is the Aladdin's lamp of success. I do not speak idly in praise of politeness for, out of the experience of fifty-six years in the banking business, it has been borne in upon me almost daily that courtesy is one of the prime factors in the building up of every career. It is the hall mark of the Christian gentleman and of the keen man of affairs."

John Wanamaker attributes his prosperity largely to just and courteous treatment of his customers. "What do you consider as the chief factor in the building up of your immense patronage?" asked an interviewer of the head of one of the largest stenographic firms in the country. "Courtesy to patrons," was the prompt reply of the bright young woman, who began her career with desk room in an office, to be paid for in work, and who now employs forty or fifty first-class stenographers. No matter how well qualified a stenographer may be in other respects, she will not be given a place in this young woman's establishment unless she adds to her other qualifications the charm of an agreeable, affable manner.

The widely known grocery firm of Park and Tilford, perhaps the richest in the world, was started by Mr. Park in a small, obscure store in New York. His pleasing manners and careful attention to customers attracted trade. His business grew rapidly, and Mr. Tilford, who was equally agreeable, became his partner. They made it a rule never to retain a clerk who betrayed impatience or petulance, or who failed to be as courteous to the poor woman whose purchases amounted to but a dollar, as to the richly gowned wife of a millionaire who drove to the door in a carriage, and ordered a hundred dollars' worth of goods.



"Manner is all in everything," says Leigh Mitchell Hodges, quoting Lord Chesterfield, "and men of all ages have evidenced the wisdom and importance of this adage. Columbus, stalking into the presence of Ferdinand and Isabella like a country bumpkin, uncouth of speech and rude of action, would not have gained even their attention, much less the wherewithal to discover a new world. Yet he might have been

quite as sanguine in his belief that another continent existed! Had Napoleon been uncivil and rough-spoken to his soldiers, they would not have followed him through all his changing fortunes to Waterloo, despite his genius and superb generalship. A boisterous and impolite Washington would never have been intrusted with the future of a struggling nation, no matter what ability he possessed. The men who have accom-

plished things in this world have, as a rule, been those who realized the value of politeness. The exceptions are few and far between,—barely enough to prove the rule. There has been no time in the annals of civili-

zation when good manners counted not for a great deal; and, in this day, when a man is so largely dependent on his personality for whatever of success and advancement he may obtain, their importance is doubly increased. Manners often place within easy reach what money cannot buy, and politeness has won more victories than powder."

William Penn's formal but kindly politeness impressed even the Indians with whom he dealt. One of the names given him by them was "The Good Big Chief."

Gladstone was polite to everybody. At his country home he knew every one in the vicinity, and always had a kindly word for even the poorest farm laborer.

When Edward Everett took a professor's chair at Harvard, after five years of study in Europe, he was almost worshiped by the students. His manner seemed touched by that exquisite grace seldom found except in a woman of rare culture. His great popularity lay in a magical atmosphere which every one felt, but no one could describe, and which never left him.

The monk, Basle, according to a quaint old legend, died while under the ban of excommunication by the pope, and was sent in charge of an angel to find his proper place in the nether world. But his genial disposition and his great conversational powers won friends wherever he went. The fallen angels adopted his manner, and even the good angels went a long way to see him and live with him. He was removed to the



lowest depths of Hades, but with the same result. His inborn politeness and kindness of heart were irresistible, and he seemed to change the hell into a heaven. At length the angel returned with the monk, saying that no place could be found in which to punish him. He still remained the same Basle. So his sentence was revoked, and he was sent to Heaven and canonized as a saint.

A fine manner more than compensates for all the defects of nature. The most fascinating person is always the one of most winning manners, not the one of greatest physical beauty. The Greeks thought beauty was a proof of the peculiar favor of the gods, and considered that beauty only worth adorning and transmitting which was unmarred by outward manifestations of hard and haughty feeling. According to their ideal, beauty must be the expression of attractive qualities within,—such as cheerfulness, benignity, contentment, charity, and love.

Tradition tells us that before Apelles painted his wonderful Goddess of Beauty, which enchanted all Greece, he traveled for years observing fair women, that he might embody in his matchless "Venus" a combination of the loveliest found in all. So the good-mannered study, observe, and adopt all that is finest and most worthy of imitation in every cultured person they meet.

Beauty in life and character, as in art, has no sharp angles. Its lines seem continuous, so gently does curve melt into curve. It is sharp angles that keep many souls from being beautiful that are almost so. Many men and women might double their influence and success by kindly courtesy and fine manners.

"Several winters ago," says Mary B. Myers, "a woman was coming out from a public building where the heavy doors swung back and made egress somewhat difficult. An urchin sprang to the rescue, and, as he held open the door, she said, 'Thank you,' and passed on.

" 'D'ye hear that?' said the boy to a companion standing near.

" 'No; what?'

" 'Why, that lady said "Thank ye" to the likes o' me.'

"Amused, the lady turned and said to the boy, 'It always pays to be polite, my boy; remember that.'

"Years passed away, and last December, when doing her Christmas shopping, this same lady received exceptional courtesy from a clerk in Boston, which caused her to remark to a lady who was with her, 'What a great comfort to be civilly treated, once in a while! though I don't know that I blame the store clerks for being rude during the holidays.'

"The young man's quick ear caught the words, and he said, 'Pardon me, madam, but you gave me my first lesson in politeness a few years ago.'



"The lady looked at him in amazement, while he related the forgotten incident and told her that the simple 'Thank you' awakened his ambition to be something in the world. He applied for a situation as an office boy in the establishment where he had become an honored and trusted clerk."

"My boy," said a father to his son, "treat everybody with politeness, —even those who are rude to you. For remember that you show courtesy to others *not because they are gentlemen, but because you are one.*"

If young people starting out in life could but be made to realize that good manners, courteousness, kindly consideration toward all — those below as well as above them in station — have more to do with success in life than a classical education, rank, or wealth. Self-interest, if no higher or nobler motive, should urge them to pay more attention to the seeming trivialities of every day, the opportunities to bestow a kind word here and there, to do a little deed of kindness, to shed a ray of sunshine upon the path of some toiler by a word, or even a look, of sympathy. A simple "Thank you," a graceful recognition of any service, even though the doer be paid for his services; a soothing "I beg your pardon," for any unintentional annoyance or inconvenience caused others; undivided attention to those who converse with us, putting ourselves in the background and taking an interest in their affairs; patience to hear others speak, without interrupting; kindly consideration of the feelings of others; deference to the old; respect to all, — these are some of the simple things which constitute what we comprehensively call "good manners." There is none so poor, none so ignorant, none so old or so feeble that he cannot put them in practice, yet it cannot be denied by the cheeriest optimist that, while even the rudest feels the charm of good manners, bad manners are the rule rather than the exception.

"Here, Tommy, give me a match," called a prosperously clad business man to a little shivering newsboy who had taken refuge in the vestibule of an office building. The man had stopped on his way out to light a cigar, but his last match had been blown out by the wind.

The boy stopped his cry of "Last edition, — Evening News!" and looked up at the speaker. "Say, mister," he said, "is that a demand or a request?" "A request, my boy, a humble request," laughed the kindly merchant, recognizing the reproof in the little street Arab's tones. "I guess I'll have a couple of evening papers, too," he added, as he took the proffered match. "Thank you. Here's a quarter, and you may keep the change." The lesson was needed, although the gentleman was not unkindly. He had simply failed to extend the law of courtesy to the poor boy. But the truly courteous man and woman, the gentleman and gentlewoman, make no distinction. With them, courtesy is no respecter of persons; it has no rank, because it should be found in all ranks.

A brother officer walking with Washington, expressed surprise when the latter touched his hat in acknowledgment of the low bow of a humble colored man. "Ah," said the commander-in-chief, "I should be very sorry to let a poor slave surpass me in courtesy." This was matched by the reply of Robert Burns, the typical nature's gentleman, to the young Edinburgh aristocrat who reproved him for recognizing an honest farmer whom they met in the street. "Why, you fantastic gomerel!" exclaimed the true-hearted plowman poet, "it is not the great coat, the scone bonnet, and the saunders-blue hose that I spoke to, but the man that was in them; and the man, sir, for true worth, would weigh down you and me and ten more such, any day." It is true that "the apparel oft proclaims the man," but it is the manner that proclaims the gentleman or gentlewoman. There was little difference between the apparel of General Lee and that of his officers; but there seemed, at least in one instance, to be a great difference in the wearers. The story is told that the general, accompanied by his staff and a number of the rank and file, was journeying to Richmond in the cars. The commander occupied the seat farthest from the door, those between being filled with officers and soldiers. At one of the way stations a shabbily-dressed old woman entered the train. No seat having been offered her, she walked on toward where General Lee was sitting. He immediately rose and offered her his seat. Instantly, officers and soldiers, to a man, were on their feet, each proffering his seat to his superior officer. But he calmly waved them aside, saying, "No, gentlemen; if there was no seat for the infirm old woman, there can be none for me."

Mrs. Grover Cleveland, whose exquisite manner and courtesy, aside from her personal charms, made her one of the most popular mistresses the White House ever had, made no distinction between her reception of women of fortune and the poorest in the land. One who witnessed the little scene, relates an incident characteristic of her unfailing courtesy and tact.

At one of the public receptions given at the White House, an old lady who was pressing forward, with those who were anxious to shake hands with the President's wife, dropped her handkerchief. She tried to recover it, but the eager crowd pushing from behind was too intent on its object to notice the old lady's effort to regain her property, and carried her along in the rush. Mrs. Cleveland's quick eye, however, noted the incident, and, stepping forward, she picked up the crumpled handkerchief, which had been walked upon by the crowd, and, tucking it in her dress, took her own fresh dainty one of finest cambric and lace, and smilingly handed it to the old lady, with a pleasant "Please take mine, will you not?" as if she were asking a favor instead of conferring one.



By example and precept, affable, courteous manners should be taught from the cradle upward. If urbanity, politeness, and the utmost courtesy were practised in the home, if children were taught deference to parents, respect and reverence for the old, consideration for the rights and feelings of others, while their own were granted equal consideration, their natures would be so molded that rudeness or discourtesy toward any one, under any circumstances, would be in their eyes, as it is in reality, a sin against social laws and a violation of the precepts, "Love one another," and "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do you even so to them." The application of the Golden Rule to this as to every other question of ethics, would result in evolving a perfect system of conduct. The roughest and most ignorant, as well as the gentlest and most philosophical, are alike pleased and attracted by agreeable, courteous manners, and repelled by a rude, uncouth bearing. What excuse is there for treating the humblest or most insignificant being that walks the earth in a manner that, applied to ourselves, would hurt our feelings or arouse our indignation?

A little girl, shy, timid, and ill at ease, sat at one end of the piazza of a large hotel, looking longingly at a gay group of children having a merry time at the other end. Neither she nor the aunt who sat beside her appeared at home in their new surroundings. They were not accustomed to meeting strangers. A bright little gentlewoman of ten, or thereabouts, left the noisy, laughing group, and went toward the newcomers. Taking a seat beside the younger of the two, she introduced herself, and asked her if she would not like to play with her and her companions. "I went once to a hotel with mamma," exclaimed the gracious little lady, "and nobody spoke to us. I remember how lonesome I felt, and, since then, I always speak to strange children." What timely thoughtfulness, what exquisite human sympathy! What a perfect adherence to the Golden Rule.

Little Archie McKay had none of the social advantages of this child, but he was animated by the same spirit, the spirit which makes a peasant the equal of a king. He was one of hundreds of little waifs who stood outside the door of a mission hall in Glasgow, one Christmas Eve, waiting for admission. They had assembled long before the appointed hour, so eager were they to see the beautiful Christmas tree and to partake of the feast to which they had been invited. The keen wind swept searchingly around the street corners, and the frost described beautiful patterns on the windowpanes, while a little girl, who seemed to feel the cold more than the others, kept shifting from one bare foot to the other, vainly trying to impart some warmth to her shivering limbs. Archie, who had been watching her for some time, forgetful of his own discomfort, started forward, and, with a more chivalrous spirit even than that of the courtly

Raleigh, when he spread his rich cloak beneath the feet of his royal mistress, the untutored Scottish lad placed his tattered cap at the feet of the little lassie, with the invitation, "Ye maun stand on that."

Verily, "a little child shall lead them."

"A beautiful behavior," says Emerson, "is better than a beautiful form. It gives a higher pleasure than statues or pictures. It is the finest of the fine arts." We might go even further than this, and say that a fine behavior actually, in a sense, makes the form beautiful; for is it not the expression of a fine, high soul, illuminating and transforming the body through which it gains utterance? To be sure some are endowed with a rare charm of manner, a fascinating personality which no amount of drill in manners can impart, but nature has given every one a capacity for being agreeable, courteous, and kind, and it depends largely on the training received in youth, and still more upon the exercise given this soul-germ as we advance from childhood to youth, and from youth to manhood and womanhood, whether it shall develop, sweeten, and strengthen our character, broaden our horizon, and enlarge our entire outlook on life, or shall die from neglect.

Courtesy has been defined as "doing a kind deed in a kindly way." "Virtue itself," says Bishop Middleton, "offends when coupled with a forbidding manner." How often do we meet people who are desirous of doing good, but who nullify the kindness of their deeds by the manner in which they are done.

"Throw a bone to a dog," said a shrewd observer, "and he will run off with it in his mouth, but with no vibration in his tail. Call the dog to you, pat him on the head, let him take the bone from your hand, and his tail will wag with gratitude. The dog recognizes the good deed and the gracious manner of doing it. Those who throw their good deeds should not expect them to be caught with a thankful smile."

Writing on this subject, Rev. Francis E. Clark, president of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, says:—

"I have in mind a prominent religious worker, who is always offending people by his ungraciousness and boorishness of manner. He is a man of immense power, of large and generous impulses, of sympathetic nature, of undoubted influence in the religious world, and yet he so persistently wears the rough side of his coat outermost to the world that he has a very unsavory reputation for discourtesy, and on some occasions does as much harm by his bearishness as he does good by his persuasive eloquence."

Such was the reputation of the celebrated English physician, Abernethy, for brusqueness and discourtesy that, but for his commanding ability, he would not have attained even the most mediocre success. It is said that on one occasion a lady who had called to consult him was



so annoyed by his rude manners that she threw his fee upon the table, saying sharply, "I had heard of but never witnessed your rudeness before."

"What am I to do with this?" she had asked, holding up the prescription he had written. "Anything you like; throw it on the fire, if you will," was the gruff reply. The lady did so and left the apartment. The irate physician followed her with the fee, and, on her refusal to take it, he flung the money after her.

"Then why do you lift it higher than usual?" was his boorish rejoinder to a patient's complaint that, when she lifted her arm higher than usual, the pain was intense. His skill would need to have been marvelous, indeed, to counterbalance the ill effects of such brutal manners.

"Certain it is," said Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, "that the best passport to society a young man or woman can have, next to a clean character, is the possession of fine manners. Young people who are awkward, shy, and ill at ease in the society of others, neither give nor receive pleasure.

Their evident embarrassment is painful to those who witness it as well as to themselves." This shyness and awkwardness are largely the result of a sensitive self-consciousness, which can and must be overcome if their lives are to be full, joyous, and free, as they were meant to be.

"Get rid of self-consciousness!" you exclaim. "But how?" It is not so difficult after all. The process of getting rid of it is negative, rather than positive. Self-consciousness or shyness, paradoxical as it may sound, is a kind of egotism, which makes its victim feel that he is the center of observation, wherever he goes, that all eyes are upon him, taking note of his every act; that all ears are open to hear and all hearers ready to criticise what

he says. *Do not think of yourself.* This is the simple negative formula for ridding yourself of self-consciousness. Do not be so conceited as to imagine that people are watching and listening to you to the exclusion of all others. Be too conscious of your dignity as a man or woman to feel that you can be made the subject of jest or ridicule; be true to yourself; be simple and natural, and you will feel at ease.

Archbishop Whately tells, in his "Commonplace Book," how he cured himself of this defect of shyness. When a youth at Oxford, he was painfully shy, and so rough and uncouth in his manners that his fellow students gave him the sobriquet of "The White Bear." Well-meaning friends told him to observe the best-mannered men he met in society,



and to copy after them, but this seemed to increase rather than lessen his shyness and awkwardness. He thought more and more of himself and less of others. Finally, driven to despair by the failure of his efforts, he said to himself: "Why should I endure this torture all my life to no purpose? I would bear it still if there was any success to be hoped for; but since there is not, I will die quietly, without taking any more doses. I have tried my very utmost, and find that I must be as awkward as a bear all my life, in spite of it. I will endeavor to think as little about it as a bear, and make up my mind to endure what can't be cured." He had unconsciously hit upon the only way of ridding himself of self-consciousness, and of the result of his method he says: "I succeeded beyond my expectation; for I not only got rid of the personal suffering of shyness, but also of most of those faults of manner which consciousness produces, and acquired at once an easy and natural manner."

While grace of manner is not natural to all, it can, to a certain extent be acquired by observation, and by associating with well-bred people. But civility, that true politeness which is the language of the heart, which "costs nothing and buys everything," may be shared in common by all mankind. It costs nothing; it buys everything: happiness in the home, harmony in the larger relations of life, and success in business.

When asked by what means he had contrived to accumulate so large a fortune, Zachariah Fox, the famous Liverpool merchant, replied: "Friend, by one article alone, in which thou mayest deal, too, if thou pleasest,—civility."

A young Philadelphia machinist, who worked at the bench, entertained, one day, during the absence of his employer, a party of strange gentlemen who visited the establishment. The visitors asked many questions, seemingly out of mere curiosity, as they had not assigned any object for their visit. But the young man was as civil and agreeable, as careful in showing them everything, as if they had expressed their intention of doing a large amount of business with the firm. Pleasantly surprised at the courtesy shown them, which had not been the rule in other manufactories they visited, one of the gentlemen handed the young mechanic a card, with a request from him to call on them in the evening. Great was his surprise when he found that the visitors of the morning were members of a commission sent out by the emperor of Russia to acquaint themselves with the machinery of America. It was greater still when they made him a flattering offer to return with them to Russia. There and then the young man entered into a contract which brought him fame and fortune,—the direct result of his civility and intelligence.

Mrs. S——, a saleswoman in one of the great millinery establishments in New York, receives a larger salary than any other employee in



the house. Her unfailing courtesy and agreeable manner to customers constitute an important part of her employer's business capital.

The largest establishment in Paris, where thousands of clerks are employed, and where almost everything is kept on sale, was literally built up by the courtesy and politeness of its founders, Aristide Boucicault and his wife, Marguerite. They started a little store on the spot where the immense Bon Marché now stands. Their invariable courtesy to patrons, and the constant efforts to please, soon attracted trade, and they added store after store until the great Marché resulted.

Instances might be multiplied indefinitely to show the value of good manners in business, but first, and before all other considerations, courtesy must be made a rule of daily life, because it is simply a fulfilment of the law of God, the Christian precept,—“Love one another.” Politeness put on as a mask, or good manners assumed as a passport to success, will deceive no one. Our manners are a part of ourselves; our character speaks in them. We cannot put on or off a disguise at will. Bulwer was right when he said that “Nothing can constitute good breeding that has not good nature for its foundation.” We must cultivate the kindly spirit of brotherly love, “in honor preferring one another.” Without this spirit, we can never reach the best in others, nor can we bring out the best in ourselves.

WHAT'S a fine person, or a beauteous face,  
Unless deportment give them decent grace?  
Blessed with all other requisites to please,  
Some want the striking elegance of ease;  
The curious eye their awkward movement tires;  
They seem like puppets led about by wires.

—CHURCHILL.

IT is a grand old name, that of gentleman, and has been recognized as a rank and power in all stages of society. To possess this character is a dignity of itself, commanding the instinctive homage of every generous mind, and those who will not bow to titular rank will yet do homage to the gentleman. His qualities depend not upon fashion or manners, but upon moral worth; not on personal possessions, but on personal qualities. The Psalmist briefly describes him as one “that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh truth in his heart.”

—SAMUEL SMILES.

## THE MIGHT OF DECISION

HE ONLY is a well-made man who has a good determination.

—EMERSON.

THERE is no mistake; there has been no mistake; and there shall be no mistake.

—THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

I AM here; I shall remain here.

—MARSHAL MACMAHON,—in front of the Malakoff.

ONCE to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,  
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side.

—J. R. LOWELL.

HE THAT presumes steps into the throne of God. —SOUTH.

“THERE is nothing so imprudent as excessive prudence.”

ONCE make up your mind never to stand waiting and hesitating when your conscience tells you what you ought to do, and you have got the key to every blessing that a sinner can reasonably hope for.

—KEBLE.

THE heaviest charged words in our language are those briefest ones, “yes” and “no.” One stands for the surrender of the will, the other for denial; one stands for gratification, the other for character. A stout “no” means a stout character, the ready “yes” a weak one, gild it as we may.

—T. T. MUNGER

DECIDE not rashly. The decision made,  
Can never be recalled. The gods implore not,  
Plead not, solicit not; they only offer  
Choice and occasion, which once being passed  
Return no more. Dost thou accept the gift?

—LONGFELLOW.

“NO MAN is fit to win,” says Bulwer, “who has not sat down alone to think; and who has not come forth with purpose in his eye, with white cheeks, set lips, and clenched palms, able to say: ‘I am resolved what to do!’”

In 1794 the Royalists and Jacobins rose against the young republic of France,—forty thousand men under determined, veteran generals, opposed to five thousand under the mild, inefficient General Menou. The latter retired, and insurgent shouts of victory resounded through the streets of Paris. Night fell upon a scene of tumult, and at eleven o'clock the doom of the republican convention seemed sealed. In utmost alarm, Menou was deposed and Barras was given supreme command. “I know the man who can defend us, if any one can,” said Barras, hesitating to assume the proffered responsibility. “It is a young Corsican officer, Napoleon Bonaparte, whose military abilities I witnessed at Toulon. He is a man that will not stand upon ceremony.” To the surprise of the convention, he then introduced “a small, slender, pale-faced, smooth-



cheeked young man, apparently about eighteen years of age," but really twenty-five.

"Are you willing to undertake the defense of the convention?" asked the president.

"Yes!" replied Napoleon, laconically.

"Are you aware of the magnitude of the undertaking?"

"Perfectly; and I am in the habit of accomplishing that which I undertake. But one condition is indispensable. I must have the unlimited command, entirely untrammelled by any orders from the convention."

The vote giving him full command seemed instantaneously to transform the diminutive, statue-like soldier into a man of more than mortal mold, lightning-like in thought and plan, resistless in will, electric in action. All night he toiled with almost superhuman energy, and the most phlegmatic soldier seemed to have caught the spirit of his chief. Eight hundred muskets, with cartridges in abundance, were taken to the Tuileries, where the convention was in session, and the members were made a reserve corps. Streets were barricaded, and cannons loaded with grape-shot to the muzzle were posted so as to sweep every bridge and avenue by which a hostile force could approach his little army.

The clangor of alarm bells and the passionate throb of drums greeted the dawn. With exultant music and flaunting banners, the insurgents moved to the attack. Seeing that Napoleon and his men stood firm, the advance columns leveled their muskets and fired. "It was the signal for an instantaneous discharge," says J. S. C. Abbott,

"direct, sanguinary, merciless; from every battery. In quick succession, explosion followed explosion, and a perfect storm of grape-shot swept the thronged streets.

The pavements were covered with the mangled and the dead. The columns wavered,—the storm still continued; they turned,—the storm still raged unabated; they fled in utter dismay in every direction,—the storm still pursued

them. Then Napoleon commanded his little division impetuously to follow the fugitives, and to continue the discharge, but with blank cartridges. As the thunder of those heavy guns reverberated along the streets,

the insurgents dispersed through every available lane and alley, and in less than an hour the foe was nowhere to be found." He disarmed the inhabitants, buried the dead, carried

the wounded to the hospitals, and then, "with his pale and marble brow as unmoved as if no event of any great importance had occurred, returned to his headquarters at the Tuileries." After years of unparalleled disorder and bloodshed, the capital had at length found its



master: "This is my seal," he said, grimly, "which I have impressed upon Paris."

It was the seal of an iron decision, and all recognized it at sight.

Whether the man who does not "come forth with purpose in his eye," able to say "I am resolved what to do," is "fit to win" or not, in the great majority of cases he will not win. Decision as to one's course is like the foundation of a house. If this foundation is weak and apt to give way, or is made of too slight material to bear the required weight without being crushed, it is, wholly or in some degree, useless, if not dangerous. So a half-decision on which one may act for a time, only to have it topple or crumble, is a waster of time and money, and a weakness of character. One's indecision and vacillation seldom affect himself alone. One life so touches, directly or indirectly, thousands of other lives, that its weakness or its strength becomes, in some degree, the weakness or the strength of all those lives. Owen Meredith touched a great truth when he said:—

"No life can be pure in its purpose, and strong in its strife,  
And all life not be stronger and purer thereby."

In a book by Edward Everett Hale, "Susan's Escort and Others,"—there is an amusing little story of a gentlewoman who went down town, one day, intent on changing gray cap-ribbons for lavender. She decided to stop her car at a crossing near a large shop. When the car stopped, it took her two minutes to work her way through the crowd of passengers to the door of the car; and then, in a vacillating moment, she concluded to go on to another point and visit another bazaar. Her instant of indecision deranged the plans of half a hundred people, causing a blockade of the cars, which made many men too late to keep very important engagements, and in the end, by a series of misfortunes which began that day, it lost her a comfortable income and sent her to end her life in an Old Ladies' Home.

Along the voyage of life we see stranded ships upon the rocks and bars, splendidly built and finely equipped, but powerless to float. We see human wrecks thrown upon the shore by some strong tide, and left stranded because they allow themselves to be whirled into this eddy or that, to be turned out of the current of the stream by overhanging branches, stopped in their careers as leaves and chips and driftwood are stopped, and turned from their courses by all kinds of obstructions. How many young men and women we all know who try to sail the sea of life without chart or compass! Shiftless, purposeless, they drift about from day to day; they are creatures of circumstances. They have no strong ideal running through their lives, which alone can unify and give meaning to their faculties and powers. A chest of tools without a



trade is of very little use, and a headful of faculties is but a chest of tools without the carpenter's hand or plan. One without a definite aim in life can be neither useful nor happy.

I once knew a student who somewhere read of a great man who wrote over his door, "*Dum loquimur tempus fugit*;" and very soon he had it in staring capitals over his door. Again, he read that a very learned man used to admire Blackstone; so he promptly purchased Blackstone's "Commentaries." These he began to read with great eagerness; but, happening to hear that Oliver Ellsworth was in the habit of getting most of his information from conversation, he gave up the study of Blackstone and went from room to room to gather information by conversation. It is hardly necessary to say that a college full of such students, all condensed into one, would not make a single real scholar.

He who expects to achieve success in life without first inflexibly deciding for what object he will work, what end he will attain, is like a carpenter who strives to build a house without a plan, or a sculptor who essays to fashion a figure with no material or mental model in his mind. A single stroke, without a definite outline of the image in the mind, might ruin a statue; we should never strike a blow until we have decided what the statue is to be.

Some people seem to think that, if they pound away hard on the marble all day, if they only keep at work, no matter if they have no definite image in view, they will accomplish something. But no; they would better never touch the mallet and chisel than to spoil the block. It would better be left uncut than be ruined.

Napoleon never hesitated in an emergency. He seized instantly what he considered the wisest course, and sacrificed all others, which he would not allow to tempt him by constantly arguing their side. It is a rare mind which has the manly vigor that can decide instantly upon the wisest course and sacrifice every other. Napoleon was the master of Europe until he seemed to lose the power of prompt decision. He lost Waterloo because he did not exercise that rare and decisive vigor which had ever characterized him before, and which prompts to an immediate choice and sacrifice.

The secret of Joan of Arc's success was that she saw the problem, and determined to solve it. Not in her courage, nor in her visions, but in her decision, or the rare qualities which go to make up decision, was her strength. She pronounced Charles VII. the heir, in God's name, reassured him of his legitimacy, and sanctified this declaration by gaining a victory over the English.

Columbus succeeded because he had a definite aim, and a determination to go straight on at whatever cost. It did no good to rebuff him. He had nursed his youthful purpose until it had become a mighty passion.

"When I have once taken a resolution," said Cardinal Richelieu, "I go straight to my aim; I overthrow all, I cut down all."

"This man neither advances nor recedes," said Webster of an opponent; "he simply hovers."

"A weak man," says Josh Billings, "wants just about az mutch watching az a bad one, and haz dun just about az mutch damage in the world."

"He iz everyboddy's friend, and tharefore he iz no one's, and what he iz a going tew do next iz az unknown tew him az tew others."

"He hain't got enny more backbone than an angleworm haz, and wiggles in and wiggles out ov everything."

"He will talk to-day like a wize man, and to-morrow like a phool, on the same subjekt."

"He alwuss sez 'Yes,' when he should say 'No,' and staggers thru life like a drunken man."

"Heaven save us from the weak man, whoze deseptions hav no fraud in them, and whoze friendships are the wuss desighns he kan hav on us."

"Nine men out of every ten," says William Mathews, "lay out their plans on too vast a scale; and they who are competent to do almost anything, do nothing, because they never make up their minds distinctly as to what they want, or what they intend to be. Hence the mournful failures we see all around us in every walk of life."

When Julius Cæsar came to the Rubicon, which formed the boundary of Italia,—the sacred and inviolable,—even his great decision wavered at the thought of invading a territory which no general was allowed to enter without the permission of the Roman senate. But his alternative was, "Destroy myself, or destroy my country," and his intrepid mind did not waver long. "The die is cast," he said, as he dashed into the stream at the head of his legions. The whole history of the world was changed by that moment's decision. The man who said, "I came, I saw, I conquered," could not hesitate long. He, like Napoleon, had the power to choose one course and to sacrifice every other, on the instant. When he landed with his troops in Great Britain, the inhabitants resolved never to surrender to the foreign invader. Cæsar's quick mind saw that he must commit his soldiers to victory or death. In order to cut off all hope of retreat, he burned the ships which had borne them to the shores of Britain. There was no encouragement to return, but only a choice of victory or death. This action was the key to the character and triumphs of this great warrior.

Alexander, when asked how he had conquered the world, replied that he did it by not delaying.

Fanny Fern (Mrs. Parton) said that, when with General Butler, during war-time, she was astonished at his power of prompt decision. Matters of grave importance would be brought to his tent for him to decide.



He focused his thought, like a burning-glass, upon the topic brought to him, decided it, "and then," said she, "once decided, he seemed to have dismissed the matter from his sphere of thought."

"So important to us seems this habit of character," says a writer, "that we are quite prepared to risk the chance of an occasional premature act of judgment. It can do no more harm for a man to decide wrongly than never to decide at all. He must be hopelessly crazed in intellect and awry in morals if his decisions be invariably erroneous. But as decision of character almost necessarily implies accuracy of perception and clearness of reasoning, there is little fear that it will ever lead to ill conclusions. It must not be confounded with obstinacy, which, indeed, is the vice of a feeble rather than of a strong character."

"Better at once to set about trying to enlighten one man," says another, "than to dream for a lifetime of enlightening the world."

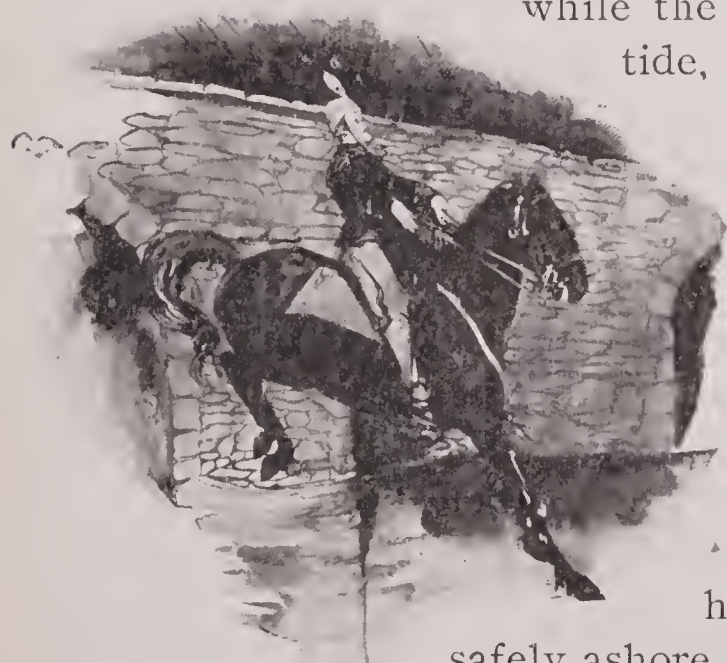
Prompt decision and sublime audacity have carried many a successful man over perilous crises, where deliberation would have been ruin.

When the preliminary survey was being made for the railroad line between St. Petersburg and Moscow, Nicholas learned that the officers intrusted with the task were being influenced more by personal than by technical considerations, and he determined to cut the Gordian knot in true imperial style. When the minister laid before him the map, with the intention of explaining the proposed route, he took a ruler, drew a straight line from one terminus to the other, and remarked, in a tone that precluded all discussion, "*You will construct the line so.*" The line was thus constructed.

"The secret of the whole matter was," replied Amos Lawrence, "that we had formed a habit of prompt acting, thus taking the top of the tide, while the habit of some others was to delay till about half-tide, thus getting on the flats."

Zedlitz, the famous Prussian general, won his spurs by an act of prompt decision. The eagle-eyed Frederick had singled him out as a hero, when he was a lieutenant in the army. He was ordered to attend the king in a reconnoissance. Crossing a bridge, the king suddenly said to the young soldier, "What would you do if both avenues to the bridge were in possession of the enemy?" "I would do this," said he, and leaped his horse over the rail into the Oder. He swam safely ashore, and was saluted by the delighted king as a major before he landed.

Count Von Moltke, the great German strategist and general, chose for his motto, *Erst wägen, dann wagen*,—"First weigh, then venture,"



—and it is to this he owed his great victories and successes. He was slow, cautious, careful in planning, but bold, daring, even seemingly reckless in execution the moment his resolve was made.

Hamlet is a good example of indecision, one of the diseases of the will. There was a disproportion between the practical and the ideal faculties of his mind. A man who can see only one thing can easily decide or tell what course to take, but Hamlet saw all sides. His mind was crowded full of ideas, fears, conjectures, and he was unable to decide. He could not tell whether the ghost was really his father's spirit or not. Indecision is sometimes a disease of excessive mental culture, where the intellect is highly cultivated, and the powers for action almost paralyzed.

The man who decides, whether a general, statesman, or artist, says: "I have grasped the situation, taken the hilltop, obtained a comprehensive view; the only thing now, and from now on, is to act. The discussion is closed. The council of war is dismissed. Generals, to your divisions! The will now takes its regnant place. Decision is in the saddle, leading the hosts."

"They are harmless enough, perhaps," says a strong writer, in speaking of people who are forever hesitating between two or more opinions; "they have no personality, no color, no self-reliance, no incisive vigor. They are perfectly commonplace, the trainbearers in the procession of life; the lay figures of the world, of whom the portrait of one would serve for that of a thousand; ciphers of humanity, who need some true man to stand before them to give them value; neuters in the hive, whose worth is only negative; human clay, for others to knead, and bake, and build into fortunes. They don't know what manly strength of character means; they pass and repass like shadows, and almost beg pardon for being alive; sandwich their sentences with apologies, as if people cared for such trumpery; are overtaken by events while still irresolute; and let the tide ebb before they push weakly off. They never know their own minds, but, like Coleridge, debate with themselves, the whole journey, which side of the road they will take, and, meanwhile, keep winding from one to the other, in their dilemma. Or they stop at each flower, and turn up each lane, instead of keeping ahead. Self-respect lies at the bottom of manly decision; a just and dignified self-esteem, which does not abase itself meanly before either things or men. Greed, also, has something to do with the want of it, for the ass between the two bundles of hay clearly fell a victim to the wish to have only the best, and there are a great many long-cared brethren, heirs of his troubles. Modesty is becoming, but it does not require you to have no opinion or choice, and to follow each by turns, like a lost dog. The weakness that cannot decide, for fear of making a bad bargain, is costly in every sense. Firmness and decision, after due thought and inquiry, are inseparable from



any conception of manliness. It is grand to be self-complete; to hear opinions, it may be, but to judge and act for oneself."

Quick penetration and intelligence, comprehension, the view of facts together, comparison, the mental power to set things side by side and to perceive the greater, the wiser, the more effective of different plans or powers, sagacity, foresight of probable results,—these seem to be the intellectual qualities which go with or precede those decisions which have secured success. Knowledge should come first; then, decision of action. "To know a thing is right and not to do it, is weakness," says Confucius. "Be sure you're right, then go ahead," are the familiar words of a giant American character. The power to conclude belongs to decision. It is, in fact, in the last analysis, the decision. *Con* and *claudo*, say the etymologists, mean to close together, to stop, as you shut the gates of a lock of a canal. The bank is closed,—that is the end of the day's business. Success in life depends very largely upon our skill in knowing what not to do. Time-wasters are as thick as bees all about us; and unless we set our faces as the flint toward those things which are absolutely indispensable to success, and sacrifice all the little trifles which are ever nibbling away at our precious moments, we shall accomplish nothing worthy of a great life.

Weak-minded youths, who allow themselves to be pulled hither and thither by the strongest influence which happens to be acting at the moment, who have not the incisive resolution to choose and stick to one unwavering aim, may do something, but they will never fulfil their mission, nor perform any work worthy of the gift of life and its opportunities. Trying to accomplish any appreciable results with a divided mind and unfocused energy, is like endeavoring to move an engine whose boiler is full of pin holes, each of which is letting out steam.

The world is full of unfortunates languishing in prisons, suffering tortures in houses of infamy, dying in poorhouses, in miserable cellars and attics, because of weak minds which have been imposed upon, absorbed and used by stronger ones. It is ever the survival of the fittest. The stronger use the weaker, and the unfit become extinct. Half of the misery and suffering of the world comes from weakness of mind and lack of decision. No matter what a person's capabilities may be, no matter what he promises to become; if he lacks decision, he is ever at the mercy of circumstances, and the puppet of stronger minds. Decision! *Decision!!* DECISION!!! The habit of it is more important than anything else in early life. The world is full of failures who could not say "No!" with emphasis. One decided "No!" spoken at the right moment, with energy, would have saved many a life from becoming a total wreck. The will is the king of the mind, and is superior even to brain power. It is the great driving wheel of the mental engine.

How many strong, even mighty, intellects, suffer the humiliation of seeing one-talented men, but with great power of decision, forging far ahead in the race of life, while they, with ponderous intellects and colossal abilities, flounder about, creating great expectations, only to disappoint, simply because they lack the power of resolving vigorously! Thousands of men sleep in obscure graves because they lacked this power. It has been well said: "It will not do to be perpetually calculating and adjusting nice chances; it was all very well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends for one hundred and fifty years upon an intended publication, and then live to see it a success for six or seven centuries; but at present, a man doubts and hesitates and consults his brother and his uncle and his first cousin and his friends, until one day he finds he is sixty-five years of age, and has lost so much time consulting his friends that he has no time left to follow their advice."

We all know people who are forever asking the advice of everybody they meet and getting the opinions of others upon every step they take in life, thinking that "in the multitude of counselors there is safety." These people are like dissolving views thrown upon canvas. For the time being, the opinion of the one they are consulting is their opinion; they feel firm in it, and think they will adopt it; it seems to be painted indelibly upon the canvas screen. But alas! when they meet another person, the picture which stood out so plainly upon the canvas grows dimmer and dimmer, dissolves, and is replaced by the next one, and so on through life.

Undecided, vacillating men are, as a rule, over-hopeful men. They hesitate to-day, believing that to-morrow will surely bring some new motive that will help them to decide, without a doubt, and will, perhaps, bring the object even nearer to them. But alas! to-morrow the chance which was golden to-day will be within the realm of the impossible. It is astonishing how much faith undecided men put in "to-morrow." To-morrow is the talisman, the lucky star which is to bring the object nearer, make decision easier, and success more possible. How many men have been cajoled and led on to ruin by that fascinating word, "to-morrow." But to-morrow-men never do anything. It is the to-day-men, the now-men, who accomplish the greatest things in this world. The men who chase that will-o'-the-wisp, that phantom deceiver, "to-morrow," never arrive anywhere, never come to anything but failure.

There is nothing else which will fix a floating life, and prevent it from being tossed hither and thither, like forming a habit of prompt decision, and thus putting oneself forever beyond the temptation of vacillation through the influence of others. The will being the king of the intellectual kingdom, anarchy must reign when the leader is demoralized.



Every youth should early learn that, both in business and in morals, "He who hesitates is lost."

Some one has said that "the worst vice is advice." Certain it is that the "soul's emphasis," if the soul can think and feel intelligently, is, speaking broadly, "always right," and that one can far more easily decide matters for himself than any one can decide them for him. To decide profitably for another, one should see from that other's standpoint, have that other's environments, capabilities, limitations, aspirations, and preferences. This being impossible, a wise decision for him is equally impossible. There are thousands of lives and careers ruined or hindered, every year, because certain persons ask advice and those who are asked give it. This, of course, does not mean that one never should take counsel with another. Sometimes "two heads are," decidedly, "better than one," but it is never safe or profitable to wait to talk things over with many people, or to allow one's sober, intelligent judgment to be overruled by another.

The decision must be intelligent. A mule may make a decision, but his decision is to thwart, and his resolution we call mulishness. Do not confound obstinacy with manly resolution. Obstinacy is dogged tenacity in holding to ill-considered plans or objects, reason or no reason.

Andrew Jackson is a striking example of both intelligent and unintelligent decision. Clearly he saw, and with all the decision of his nature he met, nullification in one of the states; he was also prompt and firm in the exigencies of Indian warfare and at New Orleans. But on some other questions he exerted his whole force of mind and will in wrong or questionable directions, although, no doubt, conscientiously. Decision made him a great general, but a dangerous president. Nothing could dissuade him from defending Aaron Burr in his trial. His will was of a kind, "shattering that it may reach, and shattering what it reaches." Lincoln had a strong will, but it was a supple, tempered will, which bent like perfect steel, to spring again and thrust.

An educated will must be self-reliant, self-restrained, self-directed, and under self-control. Sometimes a person is put in emergencies where he must make a decision, although aware that it is not a matured decision, approved by the whole cabinet of his mental powers. In that case he must bring all his comprehension and comparison into active, instant exercise, and feel that he is making the best decision of which he is capable, and then act. Many important decisions of life are of this kind, made off-hand.

Many of the men noted for great decision have had such hardness of heart and such insensibility to suffering that they could not possibly have their own serious approbation unless conscience were dead. It is said that the king of Prussia, upon one important occasion, in order

that he might in the night make an important movement in his camp, which was exposed to the enemy, gave orders that, on pain of death, all lights should be put out by eight o'clock. The king went out of his tent, the moment after the time had passed, and found a light burning in the tent of Captain Zeiter. He entered the tent just as the officer was folding up a letter. The captain, who knew him, fell upon his knees, and begged for mercy. The king asked to whom he had been writing. He said he had retained the candle a few minutes beyond the time to finish a letter to his wife. The decided king coolly ordered him to rise and write one line more, which he would dictate. This line informed his wife, without a word of explanation, that by such an hour the next day he should be a dead man. The letter was sealed and dispatched. The next day the captain was executed. This was a case of inflexible decision without mercy. The exigency of the occasion, the necessity of secrecy in the king's movements, made it a case of necessity that his command should be obeyed. This necessity was all the king could see. The heartbroken wife, the stricken family, were all obscured by the pressure of the emergency.

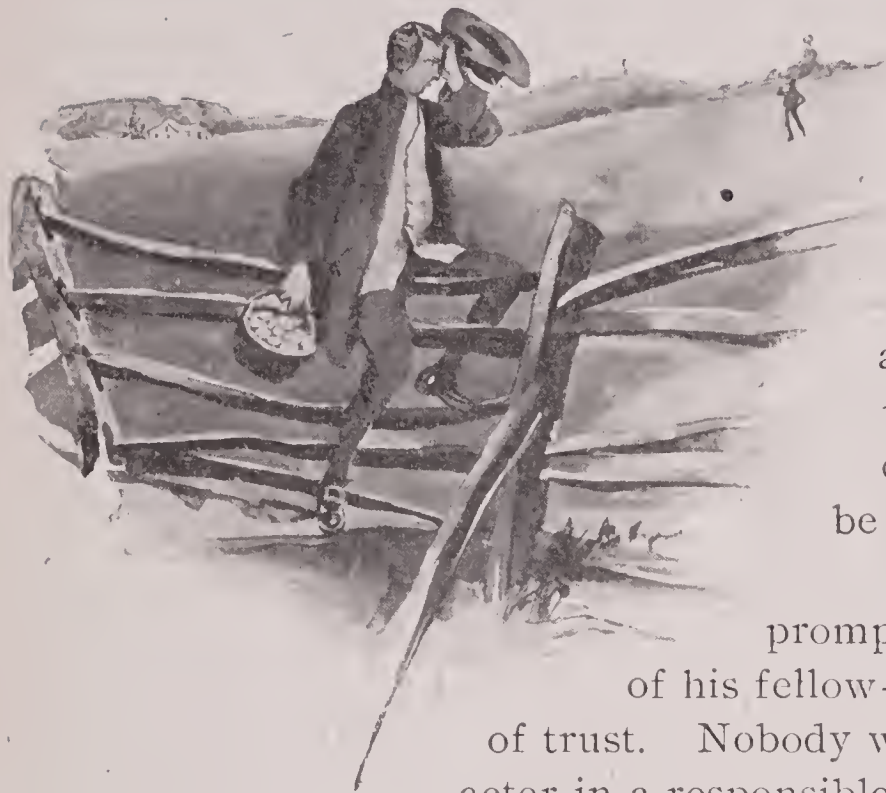
The assertion that "a chain is no stronger than its weakest link" will bear thinking about. Certain it is that if the chain has only one weak link it is a much easier and quicker process to make it a perfect chain than it would be if the whole, or a large number of the links, were weak. Many a person has good character, good health, a good education, good intellect, good opportunities, all splendid links in his life-chain, but lacks "the one thing needful," the will which decides and stands by its decisions. Let such a one look himself squarely in the face, turn his whole mental battery upon his atrophied will, and try to infuse into it the life which will develop purpose and decision, and render his chain so strong that no circumstances can break it. Of course if the character-chain has several weak links, all should be strengthened. All can be strengthened and made to bear weights and to pull loads. There is no one who, just by beginning with what he has of intellect, of will, of education, of anything, cannot grow, and, by holding himself to his task, grow rapidly, from strength to strength, from character to character, till he is, to all intents and purposes, a man, with a man's capabilities and powers.

There is nothing like knowing one's weak points, and then guarding them, and bracing them up. There is nothing that will help a vacillating mind like forming a habit of always acting promptly and energetically. One should then never allow the contemplative or reflective faculties continually to bring up first one side and then the other, balancing motives, and splitting hairs over non-essentials. The decision would better be final and irrevocable, and carried out with energy, even if sometimes wrong, than that one should form a habit of forever balan-



cing, contemplating, and procrastinating. After this habit of prompt decision has been cultivated, even mechanically for a time, confidence in one's judgment will produce a new spirit of independence.

Scarcely anything short of crime makes a man more contemptible in the eyes of the world than indecision as to the main principles of



life, such as relate to his religion, politics, etc. Everybody expects that a man will at least have religious convictions and be decided in them, and that he will know where he stands politically; and there is always a prejudice

against a man who is forever changing his political parties or principles, or his religious convictions, no matter how sincere he may be or how good his reasons for changing.

It is the decided man, the man of quick, prompt, and firm decision, who has the confidence of his fellow-men, and who is usually placed in positions of trust. Nobody wants to see the vacillating, irresolute character in a responsible place. A man who is always at the mercy of his feelings, whose opinions and convictions vary with the weather, or with his capricious moods, may be popular in his community, but he will never have the confidence of his fellows.

A writer on French politics in the London 'Truth,' tells a significant anecdote of the Duc d'Aumale. The duke was a prince of the House of Orléans, enormously wealthy, and so popular in his youth that it was thought he could easily play the rôle of Louis Napoleon, and secure his own election as president or stadtholder of France. But he died in the position to which he was born.

The English writer who tells the story was standing near the door at a state ball when the duke entered.

"Announce me," he said to the servant, as *Général le Duc d'Aumale*.

The man stepped forward, but the duke stopped him. "No. As *le Duc d'Aumale*, simply," he corrected.

Before the servant could open his mouth, the duke interrupted him again, anxiously, "Announce me as His Royal Highness, *le Duc d'Aumale*."

But again he stopped him. "I will not be announced at all," said he, and he passed into the room in silence.

"Then," says the writer, "I understood why he never had been king or stadtholder of France."

A story with the same meaning is told of the nomination, a few years ago, of a candidate for governor of New York. A popular can-

didate of brilliant talents was considered favorably by the party leaders who were to make the nomination. They met him at dinner, the night before the caucus. He had finical tastes, and hesitated anxiously over every dish.

"Game, sir?" asked the waiter, at length.

"What have you? Ah, quail! Bring me quail,—or, no! Here is pheasant. A bit of pheasant, if you please."

While the man was gone, he was silent and anxious; and, when the pheasant appeared, he whispered, "I think I'll try both. A quail, please. Yes,—a little of both." But, when both plates were set before him, he shoved them aside with disgust, exclaiming, "Take them away! I won't have any game at all."

When the dinner was over, and he had left the room, an almost unanimous expression of opinion passed around the table.

"No, gentlemen," said the leader, "the man who is so irresolute that he cannot decide what meat to eat, lacks an essential quality that is needed as the governor of the state of New York."

The nomination was given to a man who, as governor, and afterward as president, whatever his shortcomings, was never accused of irresolution or of unnecessary delay in making up his mind.

"A man without decision," says John Foster, "can never be said to belong to himself; since, if he should dare to assert that he did, the puny force of some cause, about as powerful as a spider, might make a seizure of the unhappy boaster the very next minute and contemptuously exhibit the futility of the determination by which he was to have proved the independence of his understanding and will. He belongs to whatever can make capture of him; and one thing after another vindicates its right to him by arresting him while he is trying to go on, as twigs and chips floating near the edge of a river are intercepted by every weed and whirled in every little eddy."

"To educate oneself up to a just decision of character," says another wise man, "is part of that moral and mental training which constitutes the chief work of life, by which alone one can attain to 'the stature of the perfect man.'"

The keen spirit  
Seizes the prompt occasion,—makes the thought  
Start into instant action, and at once  
Plans and performs, resolves and executes!

—HANNAH MORE.



## THE POWER AND PURPOSE OF WEALTH

BELIEVE not much them that seem to despise riches, for they despise them that despair of them. —BACON.

THIS mournful truth is everywhere confessed,  
Slow rises worth by poverty depress'd.

—SAMUEL JOHNSON.

HE THAT wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends.

—SHAKESPEARE.

THE great satisfaction coming from wealth is a consciousness of power. Besides this, it opens up the way to a higher delight, meeting one's desires for education and art. The crowning joy of wealth is in the service of society and of mankind.

—R. HEBER NEWTON.

WITHOUT a rich heart, wealth is an ugly beggar.—EMERSON.

WEALTH is the least trustworthy of anchors.—J. G. HOLLAND.

CAN gold calm passion, or make reason shine?

Can we dig peace, or wisdom, from the mine?

—YOUNG.

BUT wealth is a great means of refinement; and it is a security for gentleness, since it removes disturbing anxieties. —IK. MARVEL.

WHAT riches give us let us then inquire:

Meat, fire, and clothes. What more? Meat, clothes, and fire.

Is this too little?

—POPE.

MONEY was made, not to command our will,

But all our lawful pleasures to fulfil.

Shame and woe to us, if we our wealth obey;

The horse doth with the horseman run away.

—ABRAHAM COWLEY.

IT WAS a shrewd observer who said that if you cannot get what you want, to get money is always the next best. It cannot buy happiness, but it can purchase more in the way of those substitutes for happiness which most of us manage to exist by than almost anything else can.

Never before in the history of the world was poverty so hard to bear as to-day, when life has grown so rich in possibilities and grand opportunities. While the author would not go as far as Carlyle, who said that "poverty is the hell of which most modern Englishmen are most afraid," or as Henry George, who said that "poverty is the open-mouthed hell which yawns beneath civilization," he would teach that, in this land of opportunity, for the average man or woman to live in continual poverty is a disgrace.

"Among the poor there is less vital force, a lower tone of life, more ill health, more weakness, there are more early deaths."

Without independence no one can be a man. No man can do his best work who feels want tugging at his heels, who is hampered and tied down and forever at the mercy of circumstances, or of those upon whom he depends for employment. What can be more humiliating for a young man or woman than the sense of being but a day's march ahead of want?

No young man has any right to remain in a position, if it is possible to get out of it, where he will constantly be subjected to the great temptations of poverty. His self-respect demands that he should get out of it. It is his duty to put himself in a position of dignity and independence, where he will not be liable at any moment to become a burden to his friends because of sickness or through other emergencies.

The hunger of man for riches has reduced chaos to order, forests to gardens.

The pursuit of wealth, say what men may, is not only legitimate, but a duty. If a man is a man and his fortune be legitimately won, it will increase his influence and multiply his power. This struggle to attain wealth, if he is careful to guard against its narrowing, demoralizing, and dwarfing influences, will develop his intelligence, his skill, his energy, his thrift, his sagacity; will improve his judgment, increase his practical knowledge, and train his moral and intellectual powers to a high cultivation. "The soul is trained by the ledger as much as by the calculus, and can get exercise in the account of sales as much as in the account of stars." The business man, if he is methodical, is put constantly upon his thoughtfulness; his reserve force is constantly brought into play, and he is ever massing his forces upon the enemy's weakest point, as did Napoleon his army. He is in perpetual drill from morning till night, if he is a good business man. His powers are ever on dress parade.

A good business man must be systematic, orderly, prompt, exact, courteous, considerate, both to those under him and to his patrons; he is constantly in a school of manners; his calculations for profit every day bring him into a mathematical drill; he is constantly put on his good behavior, and if he is a broad-gauge business man, liberal and magnanimous, and does not allow his business to narrow and contract him, he will constantly improve his manhood, will grow broader, his sympathies deeper, his charities larger.

"If we look among the wrecks of life, in the poorhouses, among the 'submerged classes,'" said a wise thinker, "we shall doubtless find that of these unfortunate beings not one in a thousand was born with riches; on the contrary, many of them have failed because they were never properly equipped for the struggle for existence, by reason of the disadvantages imposed by poverty."

In ancient Greece men lived in tubs and considered tub life vastly superior to town life. In the Middle Ages, wealth was looked upon as



criminal and even contemptible. The Greeks and Romans mocked the men of wealth. A purse around the neck led to certain condemnation in Dante's "Inferno." Even the North American Indians considered it unbecoming for a chief to be wealthy, and he was often one of the poorest in the tribe.

In Thomas More's "Utopia," gold was despised. Criminals were forced to wear heavy chains of it, and to have rings of it in their ears. It was put to the vilest uses, to keep up the scorn of it. Bad characters were compelled to wear gold headbands. Diamonds and pearls were used to decorate infants, that, from familiarity, youth might despise these gems.

But to-day no one worships the Goddess Poverty. Fanatics may pile up their anathemas against the accumulation of wealth, the clergy may denounce it, yet the most eloquent sermon in praise of poverty provokes but a smile. "Poverty is a condition which no man should choose unless it is forced upon him as an inexorable necessity, or as the alternative of dishonor. To cry out against this universal craving and struggling for the good things of the world, for which money is a synonym, is to waste our breath upon the air."

The time has gone by when either love is satisfied to live in a cot beside the hill, or a philosopher in a tub. Under the law of Henry VIII., destitution was treated as a crime and wandering poverty was to be scourged out of existence.

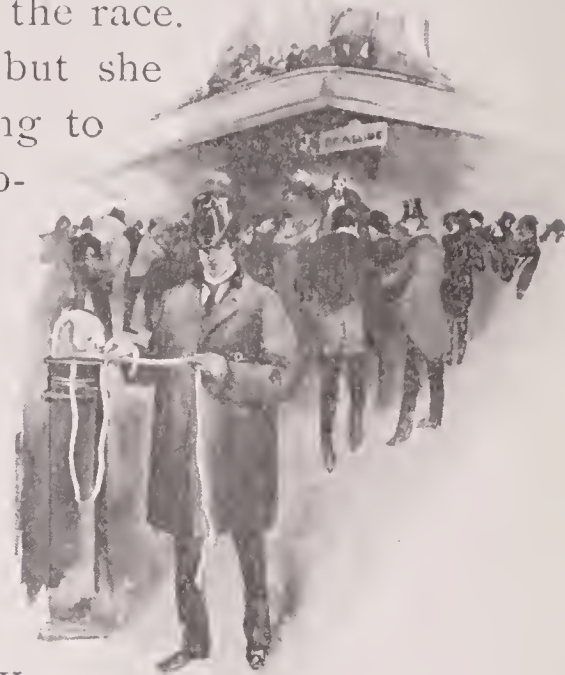
Everybody is struggling for a competence, at least, and all arguments to prove that it is not desirable are worse than wasted. Fancy may please itself with a dream of inevitable compensations, which make the milkmaid more happy than the countess, and the man, whose thoughts have never strayed beyond his few paternal acres, a finer impersonation of well-being than his schoolfellow who has brought the world to his feet; but it is only superficial and conventional minds which indulge in such thought; and we are all very well aware that, as a matter of fact, the virtuous peasant is no more, but generally much less, exempt from the troubles of life than is the rich man who has found a way for himself out of his native lowliness. And there are probably fewer drawbacks in the way of a man who has attained wealth than of any other self-made individual.

Say what men may, money is the appetizing provocative that teases the business nerve of the world. The want of money is a power strong enough to keep things in their places. It is one of the great principles of moral gravitation.

As Nature could only secure her great end of perpetuating the race, by overloading the ardor of love, even to the point of possible perversion and danger to society, so she could only make civilization possible by

overloading the passion for money, power, and achievement, even to the point of possible ruin to many. In this universal desire to gratify selfish instincts, she hides her own end of perpetual progress to the race.

Each individual is struggling to attain his own ends, but she turns all this to the benefit of mankind. Each striving to excel his neighbor, to do the best for himself, contributes to the best result for all. Without this tremendous passion for power, influence, and advantage, which money gives, how could nature develop the highest type of man? Without this infinite longing, whence would come the discipline which industry, perseverance, tact, sagacity, and frugality give? Whence would come the motive for high daring, self-sacrifice, and deprivation, without which great character is impossible?



I believe with Horace Greeley, that every healthy young man in this country ought to be ashamed of being poor. I would like to fill every young man and woman with an utter dread and horror of poverty. I would like to make them so feel its shame, its constraint, its bitterness, that they would vow to escape its thralldom.

Parents often fail to realize the significance of their children's ambition to earn money. It is a laudable ambition, and should be directed and encouraged, not suppressed. Thousands of boys have been saved from utter worthlessness to lives of splendid usefulness by wisely encouraging and fostering this money-making instinct. If a boy be thoroughly honest in his desire for money-making, he is sure to be saved from a thousand temptations and habits of indolence or wildness, and to develop habits of thrift which will influence his entire life.

As Emerson says: "It is mean, low, huckstering trade, that has been the great world developer, the great civilization lifter." It is very difficult for the rich to be so selfish that the poor cannot enjoy their wealth, for whether they rear it into architecture or put it into elegant carriages and liveries, whether they spend it in costly banquets or dainty fabrics, rare diamonds and precious stones, build costly churches, elegant yachts, summer residences, or city palaces,—however they may spend it or use it,—thousands of others will see it, enjoy it, and carry away with their eyes a large share of the real value.

Nothing can disguise the fact that money well and wisely used is among the world's greatest blessings. How many young spirits we see prematurely depressed by want,—it may be the consequence of their own folly! How many people are dull or proud or unsociable from the secret irritation of want of money!



The poor are ever at the mercy of circumstances. They cannot be independent, they cannot command their time, nor can they always afford to live in healthy localities or in healthy houses. They are the puppets of circumstances.

In Europe, crime increases with the price of bread. It is hard for a man to be manly, virtuous, and true, when want stares him in the face. The ignorant and the undisciplined fear the wolf more than they do the law.

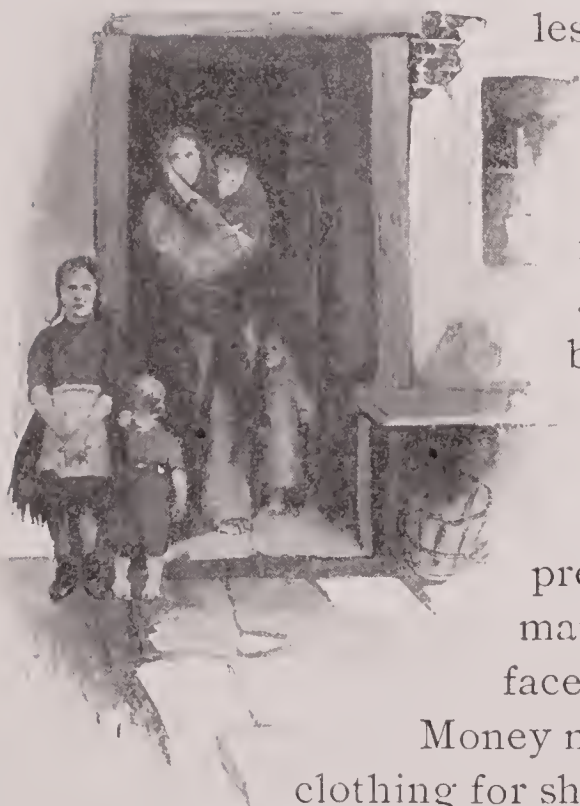
Praise it who will, poverty is narrow, belittling, contracting; there is little hope in it, little prospect in it, little joy in it; it is a terrible strain upon the affections, and often kills love between those who would otherwise live happily. It is the duty of every young man and woman to exert every nerve to get out of its clutches into freedom, where the individuality can find untrammelled expansion.

On every hand we see evidences of pinching, grinding poverty. We see it in prematurely depressed faces; want stares us in the face every day in nearly every city; its blighting, blasting marks are traceable everywhere. We see it in children who have no childhood; we see it in suppressed sociability, shadowing bright, young faces; we see its blighting effect upon brilliant minds. It often means hope-

lessness to the highest ambition; it means thwarting of brilliant plans; it imposes serious obstacles to even the most resolute determination.

No, poverty is a curse; there is scarcely a redeeming feature about it, and those who extol its virtues are the last to accept its conditions. It is difficult to be a man or a woman in extreme poverty. Hampered with debt, bound in bondage to those upon whom we depend, forced to make a dime perform the proper work of a dollar, it is almost impossible to preserve that dignity and self-respect which enables a man to be a man, and to look the world squarely in the face.

Money means shoes for bare feet; it means flannels and warm clothing for shivering forms; it means coal for the fire, provisions for the larder. It means comforts, refinements, education, pictures, books, music, travel; it means a good house, nutritious food; it means independence; it means opportunity to do good; it means the best medical skill; how many poor people lose their lives because they cannot employ a skilful surgeon or physician! Money means rest when we are tired, it means change of climate for the invalid. It means the comforts of a Pullman car in traveling; it means a comfortable carriage to ride in instead of walking; it means that we are not forced to work through all



kinds of weather and exposure, whether we are able or not; it means exemption from the drudgery which dogs the footsteps of the poor.

It is no sin to be rich, nor to wish to be rich; the mistake is in being too eager after riches.

"Get all you can without hurting your soul, your body, or your neighbor," said John Wesley. "Save all you can, cutting off every needless expense. Give all you can."

"There are some men born with a genius for money-making," says Mathews. "They have the instinct of accumulation. The talent and the inclination to convert dollars into doubloons by bargains or shrewd investments are in them just as strongly marked and as uncontrollable as were the ability and the inclination of Shakespeare to produce "Hamlet" and "Othello," of Raphael to paint his cartoons, of Beethoven to compose his symphonies, or Morse to invent an electric telegraph. As it would have been a gross dereliction of duty, a shameful perversion of gifts, had these latter disregarded the instincts of their genius and engaged in the scramble for wealth, so would Rothschild, Astor, and Peabody, have sinned had they done violence to their natures, and thrown their energies into channels where they would have proved dwarfs and not giants."

Money indicates the character of the possessor. It is a great telltale. It betrays tastes and ambitions; it uncovers a hundred secrets. "A right measure in getting, saving, spending, giving, taking, lending, borrowing, and bequeathing, would almost argue a perfect man."

I have often thought that, if I were rich, I would like to give a thousand dollars to each of the first hundred people I might meet on the street and see what they would do with it; I would like to trace out the history of each thousand. To the poor boy struggling for an education, it would mean books and a possible college course. To the fast young man it would mean fine clothes, fast horses, pleasure, and a fast life. To a poor girl, it would be support for an invalid mother, clothes, and schooling for sisters. To another it would suggest a wife and home. To the miser it would mean "more hoarding," one thousand more.

"What rubbish some people do talk!" said one who had for years studied economic conditions among all classes; "one would suppose, to hear them, that a bank account, a good home, a tailor-made suit, and well-clad feet, were the insignia of Satan, and that all one needs to designate him as an angel, is an empty pocketbook, shabby clothing and little of it, shoeless feet, and ignorance of where the next day's food is coming from. The fact is that too much money, or too much poverty, is apt to be an evil-breeder, but he has not observed widely, or thought wisely, who has not decided that a man who owns enough of this world's goods to keep him from dirt, debt, and hunger, has a thousand chances of



avoiding evil against the one of the man whom the demon of discouragement drags through depths from which it is almost impossible to escape without severe demoralization of body, mind, and spirit."

"I do not think," said Beecher, "that human nature lays one under a higher stress of temptation through riches than it does through poverty. I know that riches make men proud. Is there no pride among the poor? I know that rich men are self-seeking and vain. Are poor people free from this? I know that rich men may be envious of those in their company, and have ambition to excel each other in mere outward display of riches and in amassing the riches themselves. Is there no avaricious desire among the poor? no discontent? no coarse, envious squabbles? I tell you it is not riches, and it is not poverty,—it is human nature that lies back of both of them that is dangerous, and that is the trouble."

Probably one of the wisest prayers ever uttered was, "Give me neither poverty nor riches." Here, as elsewhere, "the middle course is best." To be too rich or too poor is to carry a burden beneath which one must almost inevitably sink to a lower level than he of a moderate and adequate fortune will be most likely to occupy. When one's riches become colossal, they are very likely to become unwieldy. They are often like unmanageable horses.

With many men, riches "take the bits in their teeth" and run away with their supposed masters, breaking their peace of mind, dislocating their principles, and morally bruising them all over. Such riches are worse than no riches. But there are curb-bits for unmanageable horses, which make the owners of the steeds masters of the situation. So, from firm determination, clear common sense, and deep thought, one should construct a bit which will hold riches in subjection, and make it the managed rather than the manager. The selfish, the miserly, the greedy, the dishonest rich man is managed by his riches. The old people of Peabody, Massachusetts, who knew George Peabody as a lad and as a young man, declare that he was naturally of the hoarding temperament, and disinclined to share any of his possessions with others, but that he took himself resolutely to task, and drove his riches with such a firm hand and such wise judgment that his name is high on the roll of philanthropists and benefactors. No man need be managed by his money, yet the man whose wealth keeps him from his family, his required sleep, healthy recreation, and the time to enjoy the legitimate pleasures of life, is thus managed.

The children of a certain family, during its prosperity, were left in the nursery under the charge of servants. When adversity came they lived "all together." One day the father came home after a day of anxiety and business worry; his little girl clambered upon his knee, and, entwining her arms around his neck, said, "Papa, don't get rich again."

You did not come into the nursery before, but now we can get on your knee and kiss you. Don't get rich again, papa."

A good many people are robbed of all that men should enjoy, by the possession of that which should add so much to their happiness. There is no sadder or more contemptible sight than a greedy, or miserly rich man, who piles up possessions that he may gloat over them, and to whom it is misery to expend a dollar even for his own bodily comfort or soul-evolution.

A young woman who occupied a small room, bare and cold, heard the woman who owned the house lamenting over the fact that she must, on account of an accident by which her knee had been badly injured, go to a certain physician. "I must pay the doctor ten dollars, and have a carriage from the depot to his house," wailed the woman. "What shall I do? I cannot sleep or thinking of it."

"Poor soul!" thought the young woman in the poor room. "It must be horrible not to sleep and to worry so. I must not be so able to sleep myself, and so free from worry, and not try to help others."

She descended the narrow stairs, and sought her landlady. "I can't bear to see any one unhappy," she said. "It spoils my own happiness. I have thirty dollars laid by. Won't you allow me to lend you what you need and you need not pay until you are quite able to do so?"

"I mustn't borrow," replied the woman. "I shouldn't be able to pay, and you might want interest. I'm very much obliged to you."

The daughter of the landlady drew the lodger aside. "Don't mind her," she said. "She has thousands of dollars in the bank, and she will have a fortune from grandfather, but she so hates to put out a penny that life is a burden to her."

Which of the two was richer, the girl in her attic room, always able to sleep, ever happy, with thirty dollars as her only wealth, or the woman with her sleeplessness, her worry, and her thousands in the bank and other thousands expected?

"About three years ago," said a miser, "by a very odd accident, I fell into a well, and was absolutely within a very few minutes of perishing, before I could prevail upon an unconscionable dog of a laborer, who happened to hear my cries, to help me out for a shilling. The fellow was so rapacious as to insist upon having eighteen pence for above a quarter of an hour, and I verily believe he would not have abated me a single farthing, if he had not seen me at the last gasp, and I determined to die rather than to submit to his extortion."

No man can be truly rich who is selfish. Money is like a spring of water in the mountains. It holds the wealth of the valley in its bosom, if it will only expend itself. When it dashes down the mountain, it makes the meadows green and glad with its wealth. Beautiful flowers



spring up along its banks and bathe their faces in its sparkling surface. But when we obstruct this beautiful stream, the valleys dry up, the flowers and grass wither and die. The water loses its sparkle, and what was once the joy and life of the valley now reeks with poison and swarms with vermin. The beautiful fountain has become a stagnant swamp. The deer no longer comes to quench his thirst at the beautiful pool,—the blessing becomes a curse. So it is with money: while it flows out freely and circulates, it blesses humanity; but when the circulation is interrupted by hoarding it, it becomes a curse. The heart hardens, the sympathies dry up, the soul becomes a desert.

It is a sad thing to see an old man begging bread, but it is sadder still to see an aged millionaire tottering on the edge of the grave, who has starved his soul to fatten his purse, whose greed for gold has dried up all the noblest springs of his life and stifled his aspirations for the good, the beautiful, and the true. What can be more pitiful than a shriveled soul with a distended purse? These are not men, but “hungers, thirsts, fevers, and appetites, walking.”

“Be charitable before wealth make thee covetous,” says Sir Thomas Browne, “and lose not the glory of the mite. If riches increase, let the mind hold pace with them; and think it not enough to be liberal, but munificent. Diffuse the beneficence early and while thy treasures call thee master; there may be an atrophy of thy fortunes before that of thy life, and thy wealth be cut off before that hour when all men shall be poor.”

The creed of the greedy man is brief and consistent, and, unlike other creeds, is both subscribed to and believed. “The chief end of man is to glorify gold and enjoy it forever; life is a time afforded man to grow rich in; death, the winding up of speculations; heaven, a mart with golden streets; hell, a place where shiftless men are punished with everlasting poverty.”

Although Midas got his wish, that everything he touched should turn to gold, his asses’ ears so mortified him, for he could not hide them, that he could not enjoy his gold. Men who coin their souls and characters into dollars get their wish, but with the coin they often get the asses’ ears, which they would give all their wealth to cover. But people will laugh at their ears more than they admire their gold. The barber dug a hole in the ground and whispered the secret, which was consuming his soul and which he dared tell no one, and covered it. But behold! a reed came up and whispered to every passer-by, “King Midas has asses’ ears.”

“I warn you against thinking that riches necessarily confer happiness, and poverty unhappiness,” says Beecher. “Do not begin life supposing that you shall be heart-rich when you are purse-rich. A man’s happiness depends primarily upon his disposition; if that be good, riches

will bring pleasure; but only vexation, if that be evil. To lavish money upon shining trifles, to make an idol of oneself for fools to gaze at, to rear mansions beyond our wants, to garnish them for display and not for use, to chatter through the heartless rounds of pleasure, to lounge, to gape, to simper, and giggle,—can wealth make *vanity* happy by such folly?"

Again, one who has accumulated riches by dishonest means, the memory of which must be his daily and nightly companion, is managed, as far as the most important part of his life is concerned, by his money.

"Not what we have, but what we enjoy, constitutes our abundance," says J. Petitsen.

"How I would like to exchange places with John Jacob Astor!" exclaimed a New York man to a friend with whom he was discussing the subject of wealth. "Would you be willing to take care of all his property—ten or fifteen millions of dollars—merely for your board and clothing?" "No!" was the indignant reply; "do you take me for a fool?" "Well," rejoined the other, "that is all Mr. Astor himself gets out of it; he's '*found*,' and that's all. The houses, the warehouses, the ships, the farms, which he counts by the hundred, and is often obliged to take care of, are for the accommodation of others." "But then," said the first speaker, "he has the income or rents of this large property, five or six hundred thousand dollars per annum." "Yes, but he can do nothing with his income but build more houses and warehouses and ships, or loan money on mortgages for the convenience of others. He's '*found*,' and you can make nothing else out of it."

Charles I. once sent a small sum of money to Ben Jonson when he was sick. Jonson sent it back with this message, "I suppose the king sends this because I live in an alley. Tell him his soul lives in an alley."

Many a man lives in a palace, while his soul lives in an alley. The American sportsman who owns in Scotland a "deer forest" is not so rich as some of the poor ignorant peasants whom he drove from their homes in order to get possession of his vast territory, and to gratify his passion for sport.

True wealth does not make others poorer. He is the richest man who can live without his riches and is content to enjoy what others own; who does not believe that the best part of the farm is conveyed in the title deed; who can enjoy a landscape without owning the land; who sees "books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything."

He is the richest man who absorbs into himself the most of the best in the world in which he lives, and gives the most of himself to others.



He is the richest man in whose possessions others feel richest. To be rich is to have a strong, robust constitution; to have a hearty appreciation of the beautiful in nature; to have access to the masterpieces of art, science, and literature; to have companionship with men and women; to have a past which haunts not with remorse; to have a mind liberally stored and contented.

"What *is* rich?" asks Emerson. "Are you rich enough to help anybody? to succor the unfashionable and the eccentric? rich enough to make the Canadian in his wagon, the itinerant with his consul's paper

which commends him 'to the charitable,' the swarthy Italian with his few broken words of English, the lame pauper hunted by overseers from town to town, even the poor insane or besotted wreck of man or woman, feel the noble exception of your presence and your house to the general bleakness and stoniness; to make such feel that they were greeted with a voice which made them both remember and hope? What is vulgar, but to refuse the claim on acute and conclusive reasons? Without the rich heart,

wealth is an ugly beggar. The king of Schiraz could not afford to be as bountiful as the poor Osman who dwelt at his gate. Osman had a humanity so

broad and deep that although his speech was so bold and free with the Koran as to disgust all the dervishes, yet was there never a poor outcast, eccentric, or insane man, some fool who had cut off his beard, or who had been mutilated under a vow, or had a pet madness in his brain, but fled at once to him,—that great heart lay there so sunny and hospitable, in the center of the country, that it seemed as if the instinct of all sufferers drew them to his side. And the madness which he harbored, he did not share. Is not this to be rich?—this only to be rightly rich?"

"The pursuit of wealth," says another wise writer, "for wealth alone, is unworthy the life-devotion of man."

WEALTH is not his that has it, but his that enjoys it.—FRANKLIN.

WEALTH created without spot or blemish is an honest man's peerage, and to be proud of it is his right.

—H. W. BEECHER.

BE THRIFTY, but not covetous; therefore give  
Thy need, thine honor, and thy friend his due.  
Never was scraper brave man. Get to live;  
Then live, and use it; else it is not true  
That thou hast gotten. Surely use alone  
Makes money not a contemptible stone.

—GEORGE HERBERT.



## MILLIONAIRES OF CHARACTER

LET others plead for pensions; I can be rich without money, by endeavoring to be superior to everything poor. — LORD COLLINGWOOD.

IN THE sight of God, no man is poor but him who is wanting in goodness, and no man is rich but him who abounds in virtues. — LACTANTIUS.

THERE are many men who appear to be struggling against adversity, and yet are happy; but yet more who, although abounding in wealth, are miserable. — TACITUS.

I OUGHT not to allow any man, because he has broad lands, to feel that he is rich in my presence. I ought to make him feel that I can do without his riches, that I cannot be bought,—neither by comfort, nor by pride,—and although I be utterly penniless, and receiving bread from him, that he is the poor man beside me. — EMERSON.

THE purest treasure mortal times afford  
Is spotless reputation; that away,  
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.  
— SHAKESPEARE.

MANY men build as cathedrals were built; the part nearest the ground finished, but that part which soars toward heaven, the turrets and the spires, forever incomplete. — H. W. BEECHER.

FOR she was jes' the quiet kind  
Whose naturs never vary,  
Like streams that keep a summer mind  
Snowhid in Jenooary.  
— J. R. LOWELL.

WHO knows nothing base  
Fears nothing known.  
— OWEN MEREDITH.

GREAT thoughts, great feelings, came to them,  
Like instincts, unawares.  
— RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

"BE NOBLE, and the nobleness that lies  
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,  
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own."

"DO you know, sir," said a devotee of Mammon to John Bright, "that I am worth a million sterling?" "Yes," said the irritated but calm-spirited respondent, "I do; and I know that it is all you are worth."

One of the ablest and most successful men in the country said of another, whose financial success was of the most colossal kind, that life meant nothing to him "except certain stocks, a pack of cards, and a pair of fast horses."

Gibbon tells of a private soldier into whose hands, when Galerius sacked the camp of the Persians, there fell "a bag of shining leather filled with pearls." "He carefully preserved the bag," says the historian,





"but threw away its contents." So do men pass through life, mistaking false riches for true, casting aside as a thing of little worth many a pearl of great price.

It is true that a certain kind of practical education and culture is gained by men who manage large institutions and businesses of magnitude. The great merchant, for example, develops certain statesman-like qualities which, from necessity, he is bound to apply to his business. He is constantly dealing with large subjects, making large combinations, and imbibing broad ideas. He must study markets and put a certain originality into the management of his business, if he would maintain his position.

But it is also true that many of our so-called successful men have cultivated but one set of faculties,—the money-getting ones. To such men, a great fortune may prove a curse instead of a blessing.

Many a man has sacrificed the best part of himself in his struggle for success. He has developed his money-getting powers, the faculties which grasp and hold, at the expense of all his nobler qualities. In his mad rush for the "almighty dollar," all that is beautiful in his social life has been lost sight of.

In middle life, he suddenly awakens to the fact that he no longer loves music, that his admiration for poetry and painting has evaporated, and that his bank-book and his safe-deposit vault give him more delight than a drama or travel. He finds that he does not linger by the wayside to drink in the glory of a sunset as he used to do. He no longer cares to lie on his back in the grass and study the stars. He finds it difficult to carry on conversation in society, as he once did. In fact, there is only one thing in life that yields him pleasure,—his business. In the narrow rut, between his office or store and his home, he finds his only joys. He has given up his friendships, broken all the tender ties of his early years, and sacrificed to his ambition everything which he then held dear.

His whole disposition, his whole nature, has been changed. He is not the same man he used to be. His early associates no longer find in him the chum of their youth. He is cold, distant, selfish, and unsympathetic, not because he intended to be so, but because the pursuit of money has made him what he is. Indeed, if he could have foreseen in his youth the kind of man he would become by pursuing the course he adopted, he would have shrunk from it in horror.

He simply made the mistake of putting himself in an environment that was cold and sordid, that wrenched him away from the generous and kindly habits of his youth, and made him a part of itself.

The surroundings which he first chose, and which he then dominated, now own and dominate him; he is carried along by the very momentum

of the force which he once directed; the greed for gold has become a devastating passion, leaving nothing but Dead Sea fruit in the grasp of its unfortunate victim.

"The best thing that you can get in life," said Theodore Parker, "is not money, nor what money alone brings with it. You must work for your manhood as much as for your money, and take as much pains to get it and keep it, too." He who has worked for his manhood and won it can share Walt Whitman's self-respecting independence. "Henceforth," said he, "I ask not good fortune. I, myself, am good fortune."

Not what you have, but *what you are*, is the real standard by which to judge of your achievements. It matters little what wealth, or distinction, or fame may be yours in the time to come, if you neglect now the cultivation of your real life.

Science measures life by the number and delicacy of the adjustments between the living creature and its environment. If these adjustments are few, the creature is rudimentary; in the exact ratio in which the adjustments increase in number, does the creature advance in the rank of life. This is true of men: The man whose adjustment to life is wholly commercial, and has to do entirely with his business, is not a highly organized human being, and is successful only on a very low plane. Real success is secured by the man who makes his adjustment to the three environments,—the physical, the intellectual, and the spiritual,—who develops his nature on all sides,—body, and mind, and soul.

A one-sided education is not perfect. That scheme for "unfolding a human being" that leaves out the physical is one-sided. Instead of strengthening the foundation of education, or developing the material upon which we are to build, we vary, modify, change, and elaborate the superstructure, and then wonder why we make so little progress. Living the completest life that it is possible to live, will be realized when the foundation of education is strengthened; when the belief prevails that the groundwork is just as important, though neither so beautiful nor impressive, as the building itself. Then the true values will become apparent to all.

"I don't want such things," said Epictetus, the philosopher, to the rich Roman orator who was making light of his contempt for money-wealth; "and besides," said the stoic, "you are poorer than I am, after all. You have silver vessels, but earthenware reasons, principles, appetites. My mind to me a kingdom is, and it furnishes me with abundant and happy occupation in lieu of your restless idleness. All your possessions seem small to you; mine seem great to me. Your desire is insatiate; mine is satisfied."

John Burroughs has so trained his eye by close observation of the processes of nature that it is a perpetual magnifying glass, revealing



beauties invisible to the uncultivated eye; he has so trained his mind and soul that the beauties of mental and moral riches lie open to his view. In the quiet forest, beyond the reach of the city's din, plain living, high thinking, and careful study, open to him a thousand new avenues of enjoyment, undreamed of by those who are engaged in the pursuit of wealth.

"He who is contented and master of himself, in a homely retreat, with a little, enjoys the wealth and curiosities of the world better than the rich and powerful who possess them."

Some of the happiest homes I have ever been in, ideal homes where intelligence, peace, and harmony dwell, have been homes of poor people. No rich carpets covered the floors; there were no costly paintings on the walls, no pianos, no libraries, no works of art. But there were contented minds, devoted and unselfish lives, each contributing as much as possible to the happiness of all, and endeavoring to compensate by intelligence and kindness for the poverty of their surroundings.

A rich mind and a noble spirit will cast over the humblest home a radiance of beauty, which the upholsterer and decorator can never approach. Who would not prefer to be a millionaire of character, of contentment, rather than the possessor of only the vulgar coins of a Croesus?

"A rich heart is the great thing that man wants," said an ancient Greek. What humanity wants most is not money, but sympathy, comprehension, enlightenment, uplifting.

"Whoever stole a lot of hides on the fifth of the present month is hereby informed that the owner has a sincere wish to be his friend. If poverty tempted him to this false step, the owner will keep the whole matter secret, and will gladly put him in the way of obtaining a living by means more likely to bring him peace of mind."

This strange advertisement in the newspapers of Philadelphia, during the Revolutionary War, attracted much attention; but the thief was the only reader who knew that the kind offer came from a Quaker tanner named William Savery. At about nine o'clock, a few evenings later, the tanner opened his door in response to a timid knock, and found a man standing with the hides on his shoulder. "I have brought these back, Mr. Savery," he said with downcast eyes; "where shall I put them?"

"Wait till I can light a lantern, and I will go to the barn with thee," replied the Quaker. "Then, perhaps, thou wilt come in and tell me how this thing happened, and we will see what can be done for thee." When they returned, Mrs. Savery, who had placed hot coffee and food on the table, said:



"Neighbor Smith, I thought some hot supper would do thee good." Smith turned away in silence, but said in a choked voice, a moment afterward, "It is the first time I ever stole anything, and I feel very bad about it. I don't know how it is. But I took to drinking, and then to quarreling. Since I began to go down hill, everybody gives me a kick. You are the first man, Mr. Savery, that has ever offered me a helping hand. God bless you! I stole the hides from you, meaning to sell them. But I tell you the truth when I say it is the first time I ever was a thief." "Let it be the last time, my friend; the secret shall be between me and thee," replied Savery. "Thou art still young. Promise me that thou wilt not drink any more liquor for a year, and I will employ thee to-morrow at good wages. Perhaps we may find some work for thy family also. But eat a little now, and drink some hot coffee, to keep thee from craving anything stronger. Keep up a brave heart for the sake of thy wife and children. Try to do well, John," said Mr. Savery, as he bade his visitor good night, "and thou wilt always find a friend in me." Mr. Johonnot, who tells this story at much greater length, says that Smith began work at the tannery the next day and remained with the Friend many years, a sober, honest, and faithful man.

The tanner had touched the springs of character in the thief, and caused them to flow thenceforth in a life of usefulness.

"No foot of land do I possess," said John Wesley. When the excise officers wrote for a list of his silver plate, in order that it might be taxed, he replied that he had two silver spoons, one in London and one in Bristol; and that, while there were so many wanting bread, he did not intend to increase his plate! Such a spirit of practical benevolence is a possession of greater worth than silver plate.

"My heart goes out to the homeless stranger, depressed and soul-hungry in the loneliness of a great city," said Daniel Sharp Ford, editor and proprietor of the "Youth's Companion," the keynote of whose character was marvelous unselfishness. "I never will seek, in my own right, to be worth more than forty thousand dollars," he said to a young friend, whom he had taken as an assistant into his office. "If I earn more than that, I wish it to go to Christian work. Property is the gift of God."

He resolved that he never would be rich. When wealth flowed into his resisting hands, he deliberately formed a plan to keep himself poor, or comparatively so, by giving away a generous part of his income.

Whoever, by unselfish service, seeks to uplift his fellow-men is rich though he die penniless.



"You will find people ready enough to act the Samaritan without the oil and twopence," said Sydney Smith. Happily, however, we all know of Samaritans of the genuine type.

"In my youth," said Horace Walpole, "I thought of writing a satire on mankind, but now, in my age, I think I should write an apology for them."

"A say, Jim, who bees that?" asked one young Yorkshire miner of another. "A's a stranger; a's noon o' oor folks." "'Eave 'alf a brick hat 'im, then." How many educated people manifest a similar spirit of intolerance, only in a different way!

"I will chide no heathen in the world but myself," said Shakespeare, "against whom I know the most faults."

A Moor was walking in his garden when a Spanish cavalier suddenly fell at his feet, pleading for concealment from pursuers who sought his life in revenge for the killing of a Moorish gentleman. The Moor promised aid, and locked his visitor in a summer-house until night should afford opportunity for his escape. Soon afterward the dead body of his son was brought home, and from the description given he knew the Spaniard was the murderer. He concealed his horror, however, and at midnight unlocked the summer-house, saying, "Christian, the youth whom you have murdered was my only son. Your crime deserves the severest punishment. But I have solemnly pledged my word not to betray you, and I disdain to violate a rash engagement even with a cruel enemy." Then, saddling one of his fleetest mules, he said, "Flee while the darkness of night conceals you. Your hands are polluted with blood; but God is just; and I humbly thank Him that my faith is unspotted, and that I have resigned judgment to Him."

A few years ago, while Robert Stewart was governor of Missouri, a steamboat man was brought in from the penitentiary as an applicant for a pardon. He was a large, powerful fellow, and, when the governor looked at him, he seemed strangely affected. He scrutinized him long and closely. Finally, he signed the document that restored the prisoner to liberty. Before he handed it to him, he said: "You will commit some other crime, and be in the penitentiary again, I fear."

The man solemnly promised that he would not. The governor looked doubtful, mused a few minutes, and said:—

"You will go back on the river and be a mate again, I suppose?"

The man replied that he would.

"Well, I want you to promise me one thing," resumed the governor. "I want you to pledge your word that, when you are mate again, you will never take a billet of wood in your hand and drive a sick boy out of a bunk to help you load your boat on a stormy night." The steamboat man said he would not, and inquired what the governor meant by asking him such a question.

The governor replied: "Because, some day, that boy may become a governor, and you may want him to pardon you for a crime. One dark, stormy night, many years ago, you stopped your boat on the Mississippi River to take on a load of wood. There was a boy on board who was working his passage from New Orleans to St. Louis, but he was very sick of fever and was lying in a bunk. You had plenty of men to do the work, but you went to that boy with a stick of wood in your hand and drove him with blows and curses out into the wretched night, and kept him toiling like a slave until the load was completed. I was that boy. Here is your pardon. Never again be guilty of such brutality."

The man, cowering and hiding his face, went out without a word.

In the nobility of soul which alone could execute a revenge so magnificent lies more than riches,—power.

History and biography show many wonderful instances of the immunity accorded to men of lofty character. A strange talisman seemed to surround them.

During the Revolutionary War, Richard Jackson was accused of an intention to join the British army, and admitted the truth of the charge. He was committed to the rude county jail, from which he could have escaped easily; but he considered himself held by due process of law, and his sense of duty forbade flight under such circumstances.

He asked leave of the sheriff to go out and work by day, promising to return each night. Consent was given readily, as his character for simple honesty was well known, and for eight months he went out each morning and returned at evening. At length the sheriff prepared to take him to Springfield, to be tried for high treason. Jackson said this would be needless trouble and expense, for he could go just as well alone. Again his word was taken, and he set off alone. On the way he was overtaken by Mr. Edwards, of the council for Massachusetts, who asked whither he was going. "To Springfield, sir," was the reply, "to be tried for my life."

The proof was complete, and Jackson was condemned to death. When the president of the council asked if a pardon should be granted, member after member opposed, until Mr. Edwards told the story of his meeting with Jackson in the woods. By common consent a pardon was at once made out. The childlike simplicity and integrity of the man had saved his life.

During the civil war in France, Montaigne alone kept his castle gates unbarred, and was not molested. His character was more powerful than the king's guards.

On the second of September, 1792, the populace broke into the prisons of Paris, crowded almost to suffocation with aristocrats and priests. These fell like grain before the scythe of the reaper. But in the midst



of that wild revel of blood, a *sans culotte* recognized the Abbé Sicard, who had spent his life teaching the deaf and dumb, and in whose house —

“The cunning fingers finely twined  
The subtle thread that knitteth mind to mind;  
There that strange bridge of sighs was built where roll  
The sunless waves that sever soul from soul,  
And by the arch, no bigger than a hand,  
Truth traveled over to the silent land.”

“Behold the bosom through which you must pass to reach that of this good citizen,” said Mounot, who knew the abbé only by sight and reputation; “you do not know him. He is the Abbé Sicard, one of the most benevolent of men, the most useful to his country, the father of the deaf and dumb.” The murderers around embraced him, and wished to carry him home in their arms. Even in that bloodstained throng, the power of a noble character was still supreme.

In the army, fleeing from Moscow amid the bewildering snows of a biting Russian winter, was a German prince whose sterling character had endeared him to all his soldiers. One bitter night, in the ruins of a shed built for cattle, all lay down to sleep, cold, tired, and hungry. At dawn the prince awoke, warm and refreshed, and listened to the wind as it howled and shrieked around the shed. He called his men, but received no reply. Looking around, he found their dead bodies covered with snow, while their cloaks were piled upon himself, — their lives given to save his.

Garibaldi's power over his men amounted to fascination. Soldiers and officers were ready to die for him. His will-power seemed to enslave them. In Rome he called for forty volunteers to go where half of them would be sure to be killed and the others probably wounded. The whole battalion rushed forward; and they had to draw lots, so eager were all to obey.

Strong character means personal influence.

“You could not stand with Burke under an archway while a shower of rain was passing,” said Dr. Johnson, “without discovering that he was an extraordinary man.”

“Let a king and a beggar converse freely together,” said Bulwer, “and it is the beggar's fault if he does not say something which makes the king lift his hat to him.”

When Diogenes had been captured by pirates, and was about to be sold as a slave, he pointed to a Corinthian, very carefully dressed, saying, “Sell me to that man; he wants a master.” His wish was granted, and the Corinthian found ere long that the slave was really his master. He who lived in a tub had more influence than the man who dwelt in a palace.

Wellington said that Napoleon's presence in the French army was equivalent to forty thousand additional soldiers.

"Be you only whole and sufficient," says Emerson, "and I shall feel you in every part of my life and fortune, and I can as easily dodge the gravitation of the globe as escape your influence."

"If you would know the power of character, see how much you would impoverish the world if you could take clean out of history the lives of Milton, Shakespeare, and Plato,—these three,—and cause them not to be."

Was not the author of "Paradise Lost," who resolved in early life upon a high purpose and in his old age fulfilled it, a more successful man than the wealthiest of Charles's courtiers? With "darkness before and danger's voice behind," in poverty, loneliness, and pain, Milton breathed the air and lived in the light of heaven. That was success in life, and so, in spite of seeming failure at the last, were the noble careers of Livingstone and Gordon. Who cares to ask what such men died worth? John Wesley left a few pounds only behind him, but he also left a memory so fragrant that the lapse of a century has not lessened its sweetness.

"I fear John Knox's prayers more than an army of ten thousand men," said Mary, Queen of Scotland.

In a speech on the funeral of the Duke of Wellington, in the house of commons, November 15, 1852, Disraeli said, "The Duke of Wellington has left to this country a great legacy, greater even than his fame,—he has left to us the contemplation of his character."

Queen Victoria left a similar legacy, not only to her own people, but also to all the nations of the earth. She believed that virtue was the most precious jewel, above diamonds, gold, crowns, and kingdoms; and that character-building is the noblest achievement on earth. There was not a throne in Europe which could stand against her character, and, compared to it, the millions of the Rothschilds or of all the modern Cræsus would look ridiculous.

During her long reign, never a breath of suspicion or scandal disgraced her court. She would not receive a divorcee, whatever the nature of the divorce. There was a quality in Queen Victoria greater than leadership, greater than that of a mere ruler. What a legacy she has left in her simple, sweet simplicity and tolerance, and in her devotion to duty! Like Lincoln, she gave visible images to those holy passions in her intense devotion to the common people, of whom God put a good many in England, as He did in the United States. Time and again she gladly yielded her high prerogatives, inherited from the proudest kings of the centuries, to make poor, miserable men freer and happier. She was England's great emancipator, and one may see her sitting



there, in statue, with unshackled slaves about her feet, the slaves of England's mills and mines and slums. Victoria loved the miserable wretches in Whitechapel, the clodhoppers in Yorkshire, the hod-carriers in Cornwall, and the withered creatures in the Birmingham gingham mills, as she loved her titled classes.

Like an ideal Christian, she took the hands of a Jew, a Mohammedan, a Buddhist, a Roman Catholic, and a Protestant, and locked the safety of her empire in their strong grasp. She reflected in her life the brotherhood and beauty of all the great religions. Disraeli saw in her a noble Jewess, a Ruth; her Indian Mohammedan servants worshiped her with a reverence that no Mohammedan ever gave to another woman; and English Roman Catholics, like Lord Halifax, looked up to her as their pope. Victoria did much in her reign to crush the hydra-headed serpent of sectarianism.

It is, indeed, refreshing to know that, in these days of rush, drive, and competition, when everybody seems to be trying to put the dollar-mark on everything, when fraud and greed and vice and crime are rampant, the whole world turned aside for a moment to honor a queen, not because she was a queen, but because she was a good woman.

"Please tell me," a lady asked of William O. Stoddard, "did Mr. Lincoln seem a great man to those who were most intimately associated with him in every-day life? Or was he great only at a distance, or in retrospect? Did he seem great to you, as you met him daily at the White House?"

"As to that, madam," he replied, "I discovered, in after years, that I had seen and studied his greatness much more fully, perhaps more critically, than I was then aware. One strong impression was left indelibly upon my mind. I saw him on various occasions, under varied circumstances, surrounded by or in conference with the foremost men of his day. Among them were his cabinet officers, senators, congressmen, jurists, governors of states, scholars, literary men, military and naval celebrities, and foreign ambassadors. Of many of these men I had, myself, formed previously even exaggerated estimates. I took note, however, of one inevitable, unfailing phenomenon. Every man of them seemed suddenly to diminish in size the moment he in any manner came into comparison with Mr. Lincoln."

"America has furnished to the world the character of Washington," said Webster. "If our American institutions had done nothing else, that alone would have entitled them to the respect of mankind."

When the corner-stone of the Washington monument was laid, July 4, 1848, Mr. Winthrop said: "Build it to the skies—you cannot outreach the loftiness of his principles; found it upon the massive and eternal rock—you cannot make it more enduring than his fame; construct

it of the purest Parian marble—you cannot make it purer than his life.”

Gladstone called Washington “the purest figure in history,” and added: “If, among all the pedestals supplied by history for public characters of extraordinary nobility and purity, I saw one higher than all the rest, and if I were required at a moment’s notice to name the fittest occupant for it, I think that my choice, at any time within the last forty-five years, would have lighted, and it would now light, upon Washington!”

Charles James Fox, in the House of Commons, spoke of that “illustrious man, before whom all borrowed greatness sinks into insignificance.”

Lord Brougham said: “Until time shall be no more, will a test of the progress which our race has made in wisdom and virtue be derived from the veneration paid to the immortal name of Washington!”

Lafayette, speaking of his friend, said: “Never did I behold so superb a man.”

“We look with amazement,” wrote an eminent thinker, “on such eccentric characters as Alexander, Cæsar, Cromwell, Frederick, and Napoleon, but when Washington’s face rises before us, instinctively mankind exclaims, ‘This is the man for nations to trust and reverence, and for rulers to follow.’”

“Where,” asked Byron,—

“Where may the wearied eye repose  
When gazing on the great,  
Where neither guilty glory glows,  
Nor despicable state?”

“Yes, one—the first, the last, the best,  
The Cincinnatus of the West,  
Whom envy dared not hate,—  
Bequeathed the name of Washington,  
To make men blush there was but one!”

Longfellow expressed the same idea thus:—

“So, when a great man dies,  
For years beyond our ken,  
The light he leaves behind him lies  
Upon the paths of men.”

“No man or woman of the humblest sort,” said Phillips Brooks, “can be really strong, pure, and good without the world being the better for it, without somebody being helped and comforted by the very existence of this goodness.”



Luther said that the prosperity of a country depends, not on the abundance of its revenues, nor on the strength of its fortifications, nor on the beauty of its public buildings; but it consists in the number of its cultivated citizens, in its men of education, enlightenment, and character; here are to be found its true interest, its chief strength, its real power.

"The real value of a country must be weighed in scales more delicate than the balance of trade," says Lowell. "The gardens of Sicily are empty now, but the bees from all climates still fetch honey from the tiny garden-plot of Theocritus. On a map of the world you may cover Judea with your thumb; Athens with a finger-tip; and neither of them figures in the Prices Current, but they still lord it in the thought and action of every civilized man. The measure of a nation's true success is the amount it has contributed to the thought, the moral energy, the intellectual happiness, the spiritual hope and consolation of mankind."



Louis XIV. asked Colbert how it was that, ruling so great and populous a country as France, he had been unable to conquer so small a country as Holland. "Because," said the minister "the greatness of a country does not depend upon the extent of its territory, but on the character of its people."

"The truth for us to remember at all times, and especially in these times," says Bishop Potter, of New York, "is the truth that the hope of a nation is not in its forms of government, nor in the wisdom and equity of its executive, nor in the justice and purity of its administration, so much as in the elevation and redemption of individual character among its people."

"No republic can live—no man can live in a republic—in which wrong is the repeated choice either of the people or of the state," says David Starr Jordan; a nineteenth-century echo of what Washington said in his first inaugural address. "The foundation of our national policy," said the Father of his Country, "will be laid in the pure and immutable principles of private morality." In the reply to this address of Washington by the Senate, these words were used: "We feel, sir, the force and acknowledge the justice of the observation that the foundation of our national policy should be laid in private morality. If individuals be not influenced by moral principles, it is vain to look for public virtue."

Professor Blackie of the University of Edinburgh said to a class of young men: "Money is not needful; power is not needful; liberty is not needful; even health is not the one thing needful; but character alone is that which can truly save us, and if we are not saved in this sense, we certainly must be damned."

He who is not "saved" in the sense of possessing an approving conscience, sooner or later learns, to his cost, that, though he count his wealth in millions, he is lost to abiding happiness,—lacking the moral basis of joy which alone can make it lasting. Burns says:—

"It's no' in titles nor in rank,  
It's no' in wealth like London Bank,  
To purchase peace and rest;  
It's no' in making muckle mair,  
It's no' in books, it's no' in lear,  
To make us truly blest;  
If Happiness has not her seat  
And center in the breast,  
We may be wise, or rich, or great,  
But never can be blest.

"Let a prince be guarded by soldiers, attended by councilors, and shut up in forts," said Plutarch; "yet, if his thoughts disturb him, he is miserable."

"He that loses his conscience," says Izaak Walton, "has nothing left that is worth keeping."

Take life as an earnest, vital affair. Take it as if you personally were born to perform a merry part in it,—as if the world had waited for your coming to lighten dark places. Take it as a grand opportunity "not to be ministered unto but to minister." Take life like a man with a body to be kept strong, a mind to be kept clear, a soul to live forever. Then shall you know, in the fullness of joy, that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things which he hath," but in the kind of man he is.

A GREAT character, founded on the living rock of principle, is, in fact, not a solitary phenomenon, to be at once perceived, limited, and described. It is a disposition of Providence, designed to have not merely an immediate, but a continuous, progressive, and never-ending agency. It survives the man who possesses it; survives his age,—perhaps his country, his language. —EDWARD EVERETT.

HUMAN improvement is from within outward.—J. A. FROUDE.

NOT in the clamor of the crowded street,  
Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,  
But in ourselves, are triumph and defeat.

—LONGFELLOW.



## OVERCOMING OBSTACLES

VICISSITUDES are inevitable, therefore, discouragement should never enter into the mind of man. —CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

THE fire in the flint shows not till it be struck.—SHAKESPEARE.

THE good are better made by ill,  
As odors crushed are sweeter still.

—ROGERS.

IF THERE be no enemy, no fight; if no fight, no victory; if no victory, no crown. —SAVONAROLA.

FOR noble souls, through dust and heat,  
Rise from disaster and defeat  
The stronger.

—LONGFELLOW.

ADVERSITY has the effect of eliciting talents which in prosperous circumstances would have lain dormant. —HORACE.

WE KNOW not of what we are capable till the trial comes; till it comes, perhaps, in a form which makes the strong man quail, and turns the gentlewoman into a heroine. —MRS. JAMESON.

OUR darkest hopes in pangs are born,  
The kindest kings are crowned with thorn.

—MASSEY.

IT is only great periods of calamity that reveal to us our great men, as comets are revealed by total eclipses of the sun. —RICHTER.

A MAN who had heard Lincoln speak in Norwich, Connecticut, some time before he was nominated for the presidency, was greatly impressed by the closely-knit logic of the speech. Meeting him the next day on a train, he asked him how he had acquired his wonderful logical powers and acuteness in analysis. Lincoln replied:—

“It was my terrible discouragement which did that for me. When I was a young man I went into an office to study law. I saw that a lawyer’s business is largely to prove things. I said to myself: ‘Lincoln, when is a thing proved?’ That was a poser. What constitutes proof? Not evidence; that was not the point. There may be evidence enough, but wherein consists the proof? You remember the old story of the German who was tried for some crime, and they brought half a dozen respectable men who swore they saw the prisoner commit the deed. ‘Vel,’ he replied, ‘vat of dat? Six men schwears dot dey saw me do it. I prings more nor two tozen goot men who schwears dey did not see me do it.’ So, wherein is the proof? I groaned over the question, and finally said to myself, ‘Ah! Lincoln, you can’t tell.’ Then I thought: ‘What use is it for me to be in a law office if I can’t tell when a thing is proved?’ So I gave it up and went back home, over in Kentucky

"Soon after I returned to the old log cabin, I fell in with a copy of Euclid. I had not the slightest notion what Euclid was, and I thought I would find out. I found out; but it was no easy job. I looked into the book and found it was all about lines, angles, surfaces, and solids; but I could not understand it at all. I therefore began at the beginning, and before spring I had gone through that old Euclid's geometry, and could demonstrate every proposition like a book. Then in the spring, when I got through with it, I said to myself one day: 'Ah, do you know now when a thing is proved?' And I answered: 'Yes, sir, I do.' 'Then you may go back to the law shop,' and I went."

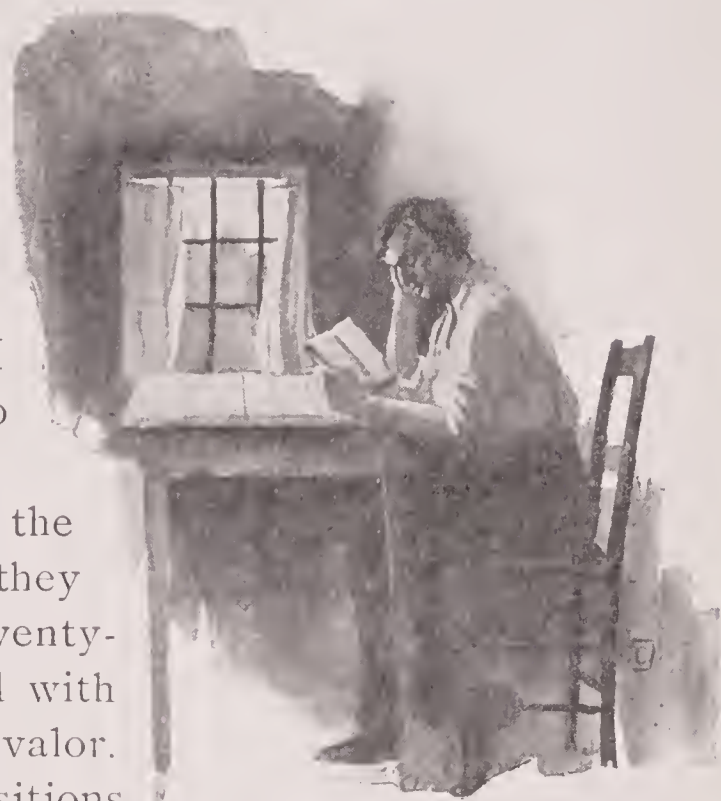
"Soldiers!" exclaimed Napoleon, when he met the twelve thousand men of General Vaubois, after they had retreated, overwhelmed by the advance of seventy-five thousand Austrian troops, "I am displeased with you. You have evinced neither discipline nor valor. You have allowed yourselves to be driven from positions where a handful of resolute men might have arrested an army. You are no longer French soldiers! Chief of the staff, cause it to be written on their standards, '*They are no longer of the army of Italy!*'"

"We have been misrepresented!" pleaded the battered veterans, as they crowded around their youthful commander, tears trickling down their cheeks. "The soldiers of the enemy were three to our one; try us once more; place us in the post of danger, and see if we do not belong to the army of Italy!"

"Yes," said Napoleon, in a kind tone, "I will give you another chance, soon, to retrieve your reputation." In the next battle, he placed them in the van, and they made good their pledge by rolling back the greatly superior numbers of the Austrians. Thus, by making it difficult to win his favor, he evoked the ambition, courage, and persistence which made them conquerors, first, of themselves, and then of the difficulties which opposed them.

No individual can develop into the largest manhood or womanhood without the education that comes from struggling to overcome difficulties.

"*Ad astra per aspera*" — "To the stars through bolts and bars," — the motto of Kansas, might well be the motto of humanity. Every upward step taken by the race, as a whole, has been over gigantic obstacles, and by the most persistent endeavor, in spite of pain and sorrow, and the opposition of intrenched ignorance. The struggle of the individual is but a miniature of the struggle of humanity. The powers of darkness





against light, of retrogression against progression, of ignorance against knowledge, are ever at work to discourage the individual, and through individuals, the race. But the struggle is as necessary as it is inevitable, for the development of our strength. It cannot be too frequently emphasized that it is not helps, but obstacles, not facilities, but difficulties, that make strong men and women.

Were it not for suffering and struggle, the best part of man's nature would sleep a deep sleep. Indeed, it might be almost said that pain and sorrow are the indispensable conditions of some men's success and the necessary means to invoke the highest development of their genius.

Noticing some superb dahlias at Crawford's, in the White Mountains, Kate Sanborn inquired if there was any special reason for their unusual glory. They were extra double and rich in color. "Well," said the proprietor, "you must talk about that with my wife; but I believe she pinched back all the first buds."

When one of our best lawyers was examined for admission to the bar, he feared he might not pass, as he had studied by himself while in ill health, and when teaching in a school, where the various nationalities represented made it very difficult to preserve discipline and rouse enthusiasm in the classes. One rich man's son came in, serenely confident, armed with several finely-pointed pencils, and a fountain pen, to prepare the examination papers. All but this poor young man had enjoyed instruction in the best law schools. At the close, he led the whole seventeen, with no conditions. Why? Because he had been pruned by poverty and depressing invalidism, pinched back by lack of advantages,—the buds nipped. *He was not allowed to go to seed.*

Thousands of men of great native ability have been lost to the world because they have not had to wrestle with obstacles, and to struggle under difficulties sufficient to stimulate into activity their dormant powers. No effort is too dear which helps us along the line of our proper career.

Daniel Webster had no remarkable traits of character in his boyhood. He was sent to Exeter Academy in New Hampshire, and stayed there only a short time when a neighbor found him crying on his way home, and asked the reason. Daniel said he despaired of ever making a scholar. He said the boys made fun of him, for always being at the foot of the class, and that he had decided to give up and go home. The friend said he ought to go back, and see what hard study would do. He went back, applied himself to his studies with determination to win, and it was not long before he silenced those who had ridiculed him, by reaching the head of the class, and remaining there.

"I have talked with great men," Lincoln told his fellow-clerk and friend, Greene, "and I do not see how they differ from others." He made up his mind to put himself before the public, and talked of his

plans with his friends. In order to keep in practice in speaking, he walked seven or eight miles to debating clubs. "Practising polemics" was what he called the exercise.

He seemed for the first time to have begun to study subjects. Grammar was his first choice. He sought Mentor Graham, the schoolmaster, and asked his advice. "If you are going before the public," Mr. Graham told him, "you ought to do it."

But where could he get a grammar? There was but one in the neighborhood, Mr. Graham said, and that was six miles away. Without waiting for further information, says "McClure's Magazine," the young man walked immediately to the place, borrowed this rare copy of Kirkham's Grammar, and before night was deep in its mysteries. From that time, for weeks, he gave every moment of his leisure to mastering the contents of the book. Frequently he asked his friend Greene to "hold the book" while he recited, and when puzzled by a point, he would consult Mr. Graham.

Lincoln's eagerness to learn was such that the whole neighborhood became interested. The Greenes lent him books, the schoolmaster kept him in mind and helped him as he could, and even the village cooper let him go into his shop and keep up a fire of shavings sufficiently bright to read by at night. It was not long before the grammar was mastered.

"Well," Lincoln said to Greene, "if that's what they call science, I think I'll go at another." He had made another discovery, — that he could conquer subjects by sticking to them.

Had Franklin Pierce not been one of the most persevering of men, he would never have been elected President of the United States. When he made his *début* at the bar, he broke down completely. Although deeply mortified, he was not discouraged, as many would have been. He said he would try the experiment nine hundred and ninety-nine times more, and then, if he failed, he would repeat it for the thousandth time.

"Do you wish to live without a trial?" asks a modern teacher. "Then you wish to die but half a man. Without trial you cannot guess at your own strength. Men do not learn to swim on a table. They must go into deep water and buffet the waves. Hardship is the native soil of manhood and self-reliance. Trials are rough teachers, but rugged schoolmasters make rugged pupils. A man who goes through life prosperous, and comes to his grave without a wrinkle, is not half a man. Difficulties are God's errands. And when we are sent upon them we should esteem it a proof of God's confidence. We should reach after the highest good."

A constant struggle, a ceaseless battle to bring success from inhospitable surroundings, is the price of all great achievements. The boy or



girl who would attain a successful manhood or womanhood must prepare for the work of life, from the outset, by battling bravely against the obstacles that would bar progress.

"What!" exclaimed a Frenchman, on learning that the author of "Don Quixote" was poor in his old age, although he had borne arms in the service of his country,— "what! is not Señor Cervantes in good circumstances? Why is he not maintained, then, out of the public treasury?"

"Heaven forbid that his necessities should ever be relieved!" exclaimed one who heard the question, "for it is necessity which makes him write; and his poverty makes the world rich."

Chauncey Jerome's education was limited to three months each year in the district school until he was ten, when his father took him into his blacksmith shop at Plymouth, Connecticut, to make nails. Money was a scarce article with young Jerome. He once chopped a load of wood for one cent, and often chopped by moonlight for neighbors at less than a dime a load. His father died when the boy was eleven years old, and his mother was forced to send him out, with tears in his eyes, and a little bundle of clothes in his hand, to earn a living on a farm. His new employer kept him at work, early and late, chopping down trees, his shoes sometimes full of snow, for he had no boots until he was nearly twenty-one. At fourteen he was apprenticed for seven years to a carpenter, who gave him only board

and clothes for his wages. Several times, during his apprenticeship, he carried his tools thirty miles on his shoulder to his work at different places. After he had learned his trade, he frequently walked thirty miles to a job, with his kit upon his back.

One day he heard people talking of Eli Terry, of Plymouth, who had undertaken to make two hundred clocks in one lot. "He'll never live long enough to finish them," said one. "If he should," said another, "he could not possibly sell so many. The very idea is ridiculous." Chauncey pondered long over this rumor, for it had been his dream to become a great clock-maker. He tried his hand, at the first opportunity, and soon learned to make a wooden clock. When he got an order to make twelve, at twelve dollars apiece, he thought

his fortune was made. One night he happened to think that a cheap clock could be made of brass as well as of wood, and would not shrink, swell, or warp, appreciably, in any climate. He acted on the idea, and became the first great manufacturer of brass clocks. He made millions, at the rate of six hundred a day, exporting them to all parts of the globe.



A writer, telling of the experiences of a visitor in the various ragged schools of London, says that in one of the schools he met a ragged little fellow, of ten or eleven years, with a bright, frank, though dirty face, busily reading from his Bible. He stopped occasionally to question his teacher on what he was reading; and most of his inquiries, although clothed in the words of his meager vocabulary, were worthy of the most practical observers. "Well, my little boy, where do you live and how?" asked the visitor. "I live where I can and almost how I can. I am a water-cress boy. I get up at two o'clock in the morning and walk a long way, sometimes two miles, and sometimes as many as eight, to buy a basket of water-cresses. I have to pay two shillings for them, but I generally sell them and clear a shilling, so you see I manage to get along; only sometimes I don't sell them, and then I have to sleep under one of the arches of the bridge or on the docks, or anywhere."

The superintendent of the school told how the boy had worked early and late, starving himself, almost, to release his mother from prison where she had been put for arrears in her rent. Earnest and hard-working in everything, this little fellow came promptly, night after night, to the school, anxious to improve himself all he possibly could, though what with getting up early and studying till ten o'clock, he had left barely four hours for the sleep he needed so much.

It would be very unwise for any boy or girl to steal the time necessary for sleep in order to devote it to study or work; for the building up of a sound body—one of the first essentials to a well-rounded man or woman—is largely dependent on a sufficient amount of sleep. But the example of this little London street waif, whom absolute necessity compelled to curtail his hours of rest in order to secure an education, and a support for himself and his widowed mother, is no less instructive than pathetic.

"There may be a great deal of truth in the statement that we are very much what others think us," says Emily Jones, "and that the reception our observation meets with gives us courage to go on or discourages our efforts.

"For the faint-hearted, that is undoubtedly the case, but not for him who bravely determines to break down every barrier to his advancement.

"I have in mind a young woman who, at the age of twenty years, decided that she would enter the medical profession. For seven years she has struggled against the disapproval of friends and relatives and the lack of funds to enable her to study medicine.

"She obtained a position as stenographer, and studied in the evenings; undertook a preparatory course; and, after completing that, passed a creditable examination and received a state diploma, entitling her to admission to a medical college.



"That was five years ago; she had not then the means to take her through a college course, and has since kept her position, through which she has been enabled to save a little sum for that day when she will begin the work upon which her heart is set. She has now given up her position, and will enter a medical college this fall, having waited seven years, in the face of what would have been to some, appalling hindrances."

"Will he not make a great painter?" was asked in regard to an artist fresh from his Italian tour. "No, never," replied Northcote. "Why not?" "Because he has an income of six thousand pounds a year." In the sunshine of wealth a man is, as a rule, warped too much to become an artist of high merit. A drenching shower of adversity would straighten his fibers out again. He should have some great thwarting difficulty to struggle against.

Difficulties call out great qualities, and make greatness possible. How many centuries of peace would have developed a Grant? Few knew Lincoln until the great weight of the war showed his character. A century of peace would never have produced a Bismarck. Perhaps Phillips and Garrison would never have been known to history had it not been for slavery.

Columbus was dismissed as a fool from court after court, but he pushed his suit against an incredulous and ridiculing world. Rebuffed by kings, scorned by queens, he did not swerve a hairbreadth from the overmastering purpose which dominated his soul. The words, "New World," were graven upon his heart; and reputation, ease, pleasure, position, life itself, if need be, must be sacrificed. Threats, ridicule, ostracism, storms, leaky vessels, or even mutiny of sailors, could not shake his mighty purpose.

You cannot keep a determined man from success. Place stumbling-blocks in his way and he takes them for stepping-stones, and on them will climb to greatness. Take away his money, and he makes spurs of his poverty to urge him on. Cripple him, and he writes the "Waverley Novels." Lock him up in a dungeon, and he composes the immortal "Pilgrim's Progress." Put him in a cradle in a log cabin in an American wilderness, and within a few years you will find him in the Capitol at the head of the greatest nation on the globe.

The very storms of adversity will give you firmness of fiber and deep-rooted strength. You may have many trials, but, if you so choose, these trials will be but hammers in the forge of life, to smite you into finer shape and temper. "Sweet are the uses of adversity," said Shakespeare. Priceless are the uses of difficulty and conflict.

Would it were possible to convince the struggling youth of to-day that all that is great and noble and true in the history of the world is the

result of infinite painstaking, perpetual plodding, of common, every-day industry!

Where shall we find an illustration more impressive than in Abraham Lincoln, whose life, career, and death might be chanted by a Greek chorus as at once the prelude and the epilogue of the most imperial theme of modern times? Born as lowly as the Son of God, in a hovel; of obscure and humble parentage; reared in penury, squalor, with no gleam of light, nor fair surrounding; a young manhood vexed by weird dreams and visions; with scarcely a natural grace; singularly awkward, ungainly even among the uncouth about him; it was reserved for this remarkable character, late in life, to be snatched from obscurity, raised to the highest command, at a supreme moment, and intrusted with the destiny of a nation. The great leaders of his party were made to stand aside; the most experienced and accomplished men of the day, men like Seward, and Chase, and Sumner, statesmen famous and trained, were sent to the rear, while this strange figure was brought by unseen hands to the front, and given the reins of power.

"Life offers no higher pleasure," says Johnson, "than that of surmounting difficulties, passing from one step of success to another, forming new wishes and seeing them gratified."

There would be no joy in achievement, if there were no struggle for it. The ripe fruit that falls into the mouth, does not give a boy half so much pleasure as the green apple he has had to clamber up a tree to pluck.

Nor do the objects attained by those who have struggled upward to success constitute their only reward.

When, after years of toil, of opposition, of ridicule, of repeated failure, Cyrus W. Field placed his hand upon the telegraph instrument flashing a message under the sea, think you that the electric thrill passed no further than the tips of his fingers? When Thomas A. Edison demonstrated in Menlo Park that the electric light had at last been developed into a commercial success, do you suppose those bright rays failed to illuminate the inmost recesses of his soul? Edward Everett said: "There are occasions in life in which a great mind lives years of enjoyment in a single moment. I can fancy the emotion of Galileo when first raising the newly-constructed telescope to the heavens, he saw fulfilled the grand prophecy of Copernicus, and beheld the planet Venus, crescent like the moon. It was such another moment as that when the immortal printers of Mainz and Strasburg received the first copy of the Bible into their hands, the work of their divine art; like that when Columbus, through the gray dawn of the twelfth of October, 1492, beheld the shores of San Salvador; like that when the law of gravitation first revealed itself to the intellect of Newton; like that when Franklin saw, by the stiffen-



ing fibers of the hemp cord of his kite, that he held the lightning in his grasp; like that when Leverrier received from Berlin the tidings that the predicted planet was found."

There is no royal road to success. Not even the greatest geniuses have found a smooth path to their triumphs. The only way to achievement of any kind is by the old, old road of toil and patient endeavor over which humanity has walked, often with breaking heart and bleeding feet, since the beginning of time. But we have what the pioneers of dim and distant ages lacked. Every step of the way is marked for us by monuments of invention and discovery, products of genius, almost superhuman achievements of men who literally hewed their way to success. Poor and weak, indeed, must be the boy or girl, who, despite the noble example of the centuries, will sit supinely down in the midst of the priceless opportunities of a free Christian country, and complain that they cannot go on because, forsooth, there are some briars in their path!

Roger Bacon, one of the profoundest thinkers the world has produced, was cruelly persecuted for his studies in natural philosophy. He was accused of dealing in magic; his books were burned in public, and he was kept in prison for years. Yet he persevered, and, in spite of all the obstacles placed in his way, won success.

The immortal Homer was a blind beggar; Æsop was a slave; Linnaeus, the great naturalist, was so poor when struggling for an education that he had to mend his shoes with folded paper, and often to get his meals from his friends.

During the ten years in which he made his greatest discoveries, Isaac Newton could hardly pay two shillings a week to the Royal Society, of which he was a member. Some of his friends wanted to get him excused from this payment, but he would not allow them to do so.

David Livingstone, at ten years of age, was put into a cotton factory near Glasgow. Out of his first week's wages he bought a Latin grammar, and studied in the evening schools for years. He would sit up and study till midnight, unless his mother drove him to bed, notwithstanding he had to be at the factory at six in the morning. He mastered Virgil and Horace in this way, and read extensively, besides studying botany. So eager and thirsty for knowledge was he, that he would place his book before him on the spinning-jenny, and, amid the deafening roar of machinery, would pore over its pages.

"Many and many a time since," said Harriet Martineau, referring to her father's failure in business, "have we said that, but for that loss of money, we might have lived on in the ordinary method of provincial ladies with small means, saving and economizing and growing narrower every year; whereas, by being thrown, while it was yet time, on our own

resources, we have worked hard and usefully, won friends, reputation, and independence, seen the world abundantly, abroad and at home; in short, have truly lived instead of vegetating."

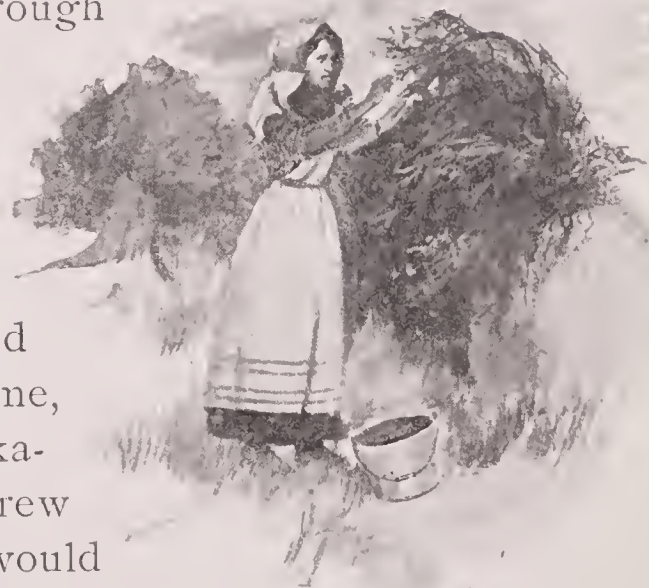
By her own confession, this versatile English author proves that, but for the obstacles she had to overcome, her work on political economy, translated into French and German, her "History of England During the Thirty Years' Peace," her "Biographical Sketches," and numerous popular tales and essays, would never have been written.

"Is the child crazy?" demanded Francis Stone, when his wife announced that their daughter Lucy wanted to go to college. And this, so far as he was concerned, put an end to any hope the young girl might have cherished of enjoying the same privileges to which her brothers were admitted.

Was Lucy discouraged? On the contrary, this girl whom all women, all humanity, should revere, as a champion of justice and freedom, who spent her life in battling for liberty for the slave, and for educational and social liberty for women, became more determined than ever to prepare herself for a strong, useful life. If her father would not send her to college, she would earn money and, through her own efforts, secure the education she desired.

Picking berries and chestnuts, to be sold at the nearest market, was her first step toward the goal of her ambition. Far and near she sought the berries and chestnuts, which procured the longed-for books. During all the hours which she could snatch from household tasks, and in the evening time, which for others of her age was a season for relaxation and amusement, she studied till the hours grew small and the candle short, and the weary brain would no longer be refused its need of sleep. The berry-picker became a meagerly-paid teacher,—teaching being one of the half-dozen occupations then open to women,—and, at twenty-five, Lucy Stone had earned enough to enable her to start for college.

On her way to Oberlin,—the only college at that time where negro and woman students were admitted,—in passing from Buffalo to Ohio, over Lake Erie, the self-reliant young woman hoarding with rigid economy the small sum she had saved, slept, with a number of others as poor as herself, on the deck of a steamer, with a grain-sack for a pillow, amid the cattle and other freight. Working for three cents an hour, boarding herself at the rate of fifty cents a week, doing her own laundry work, rising superior to all physical discomfort in her eagerness to be an educated woman, Lucy Stone was always found among the most advanced pupils of her class.





"Yet this girl who," as Elizabeth Cady Stanton says, "was the first speaker who stirred the nation's heart on the subject of woman's wrongs," was no genius, unless we accept the definition of the word as "an unlimited capacity for taking pains." She simply determined, for a noble purpose, to become educated; and, unaided,—nay, mocked and ridiculed, hooted and mobbed, for her brave championship of the wronged and oppressed,—she won her way to an honored place in the ranks of the world's great workers.

Perhaps no one ever battled harder to overcome obstacles which would have disheartened most men than did Demosthenes. He had such a weak voice, and such an impediment in his speech, and was so short of breath, that he could scarcely get through a single sentence without stopping to rest. All his first attempts were nearly drowned by the hisses, jeers, and scoffs of his audiences. His first effort that met with success was against his guardian, who had defrauded him, and whom he compelled to refund a part of his fortune. He was so discouraged by his defeats that he determined to give up forever all attempts at oratory. One of his auditors, however, believed the young man had something in him, and encouraged him to persevere. He accordingly appeared again in public, but was hissed down as before. As he withdrew, hanging his head in great confusion, a noted actor, Satyrus, encouraged him still further to try to overcome his impediment. He stammered so much that he could not pronounce some of the letters at all, and his breath would give out before he could get through a sentence. Finally, he determined to be an orator, cost what it might. He went to the seashore and practised amid the roar of the breakers, with small pebbles in his mouth, in order to overcome his stammering, and at the same time to accustom himself to the hisses and tumults of his audience. He overcame his short breath by practising speaking while running up steep and difficult places on the shore. His awkward gestures were also corrected by long and determined drill before a mirror.

"Eloquence must have been born with you," said a friend to J. P. Curran. "Indeed, my dear sir, it was not," replied the orator; "it was born some three and twenty years and some months after me." Speaking of his first attempt at a debating club, he said: "I stood up, trembling in every fiber, but, remembering that in this I was but imitating Tully, I took courage and had actually proceeded almost as far as 'Mr. Chairman,' when, to my astonishment and terror, I perceived that every eye was turned on me. There were only six or seven present, and the room could not have contained as many more; yet it was, to my panic-stricken imagination, as if I were the central object in nature, and assembled millions were gazing upon me in breathless expectation. I became dismayed and dumb. My friends cried, 'Hear

him!’ but there was nothing to hear.” He was nicknamed “Orator Mum,” and well did he deserve the title, until he ventured to stare in astonishment at a speaker who was “culminating chronology by the most preposterous anachronisms.” “I doubt not,” said the annoyed speaker, “that ‘Orator Mum’ possesses wonderful talents for eloquence, but I would commend him to show it in future by some more popular method than his silence.” Stung by the taunt, Curran rose and gave the man a “piece of his mind,” speaking quite fluently in his anger. Encouraged by this success, he took great pains to become a good speaker. He corrected his habit of stuttering by reading favorite passages aloud every day, slowly and distinctly, and speaking at every opportunity.

“The more difficulties one has to encounter, within and without,” says Horace Bushnell, “the more significant and the higher in inspiration his life will be.”

A well-poised man or woman, one who, under ordinarily prosperous conditions, would not differ essentially from those about him, under stress of difficulty will be like that famous Æolian harp which a German knight undertook to make by stretching wires from tower to tower of his castle. When he finished the harp, it was silent; but, when the breezes began to blow, he heard faint strains like the murmuring of distant music. At length a tempest arose and swept with fury over his castle, and then soul-stirring music came from the wires.

Extraordinary experiences are sometimes necessary for the development of the finer qualities of men and women. It takes storms to call out the music of their lives.

“My earliest recollection,” says Booker T. Washington, in the “Atlantic Monthly,” “is of a small, one-room log hut on a large slave plantation in Virginia. After the close of the war, while working in the coal mines of West Virginia for the support of my mother, I heard in some accidental way of the Hampton Institute. When I learned that it was an institution where a black boy could study, could have a chance to work for his board, and at the same time be taught how to work and to realize the dignity of labor, I resolved to go there. Bidding my mother good-bye, I started out, one morning, to find my way to Hampton, though I was almost penniless and had no definite idea where Hampton was. By walking, begging rides, and paying for a portion of the journey on the steam-cars, I finally succeeded in reaching the city of Richmond, Virginia.

“I was without money or friends. I slept under a sidewalk, and by working on a vessel next day, I earned money to continue my way to the institute, where I arrived with a surplus of fifty cents. At Hampton I found an opportunity—in the way of buildings, teachers, and indus-



tries, provided by the generous — to get training in the class-room, and by practical touch with industrial life to learn thrift, economy, and push. I was surrounded by an atmosphere of business, Christian influence, and a spirit of self-help that seems to have awakened every faculty in me, and caused me for the first time to realize what it meant to be a man instead of a piece of property.

“While there, I resolved that, when I had finished the course of training, I would go into the far South, into the Black Belt, so called, and give my life to providing for others the same kind of opportunity for self-reliance and self-awakening that I had found provided for me at Hampton.”

How faithfully this benefactor of his race has fulfilled his early resolve is evidenced by the institution at Tuskegee, Alabama, which has won the praise of the leading educators of the world. The school, which started in a small shanty, in 1881, with one teacher and thirty students, has become a model industrial college, with a corps of nearly a hundred trained teachers, while, within the twenty years of its existence, its pupils have increased to thirty times the original number.

“I once knew a little colored boy,” said Frederick Douglass “whose mother and father died when he was but six years old. He was a slave, and had no one to care for him. He slept on a dirt floor, in a hovel, and in cold weather would crawl into a meal-bag, head-foremost, and leave

his feet in the ashes to keep them warm. Often

he would roast an ear of corn and eat it to satisfy his hunger, and many times did he crawl under the barn or stable and secure eggs, which he would roast in the fire and eat.

That boy did not wear pantaloons, but only a tow-linen shirt. Schools were unknown to him, and he learned to spell from an old Webster's spelling-book, and to read and write from posters on cellar and barn doors, while boys and men would help him. He would then preach and speak, and was soon well known. He became a presidential elector,

United States marshal, United States recorder, United States diplomat, and accumulated some wealth. He then wore broadcloth, and didn't have

to divide crumbs with the dogs under the table. That

boy was Frederick Douglass. What was possible for me is possible for you. Strive earnestly to add to your knowledge. So long as you remain in ignorance, so long will you fail to command the respect of your fellow-men.”



"Accustom yourself to master and overcome things of difficulty"; says Pliny, "for as you will observe, the left hand, for want of practice, is insignificant and not adapted to general business; yet, from constant use, it holds the bridle better than the right."

Young men and young women starting out in life, ay, even boys and girls at school, should look in the face the fact that obstacles are not only inevitable, but that they are an indispensable part of the training for honorable success. Their conquest measures the price of all achievement. "The gods," says Emerson, "sell anything and to everybody at a fair price." You can have what you rightfully desire, whatsoever will make you a better and more useful member of society, if you are willing to pay the price.

Do you long for an education? Would you, if necessary, wear threadbare clothes in college, and board yourself? Would you, like Thurlow Weed, study nights by the light of a camp-fire in a sugar-orchard? Would you walk two miles, through the snow, with pieces of rag carpet tied about your feet for shoes, that you might, like him, borrow a coveted book? Have you the determination that would hammer an education from the stone-quarry, like Hugh Miller; the patience that would spend a lifetime in tracing the handwriting of the Creator, down through the ages, in the strata of the rocks?

Would you bless your race by inventions and discoveries? Could you cheerfully earn the means to carry on your experiments by working in Richard Arkwright's barber-shop in a basement, with this sign over your door: "Come to the Subterraneous Barber—a Clean Shave for a Half-penny"? Could you plod on with enthusiasm after seeing a mob tear down the mill you had erected for the employment of your machinery? Is incessant labor for fifteen weary years too great a price to pay for George Stephenson's first successful locomotive?

Would your patience suffice to practise on Händel's harpsichord, in secret, until every key was hollowed by your fingers to resemble the bowl of a spoon? Could you endure the most bitter persecution, for years, to rank with William Lloyd Garrison as a benefactor of an unfortunate race? After acquiring a fortune, could you, like Cyrus W. Field, give up all your well-earned leisure, devote years of almost hopeless drudgery, and risk all your wealth, amid the scoffs of men, in a seemingly futile attempt to bind two continents together by an electric cord? Could you show the persistence of Isaac Newton, who, after spending long years on an intricate calculation, had his papers destroyed by his dog Diamond, and then cheerfully began to replace them? Would you excel in literature? Would not the dread of rejected manuscript, returned with thanks, dishearten you after you had given to your work years of your ripest thought at great sacrifice? Would you have laboriously



created and dictated "Paradise Lost," in a world you could not see, and then have sold it for fifteen pounds, in an age in which a learned London critic could say, "The blind schoolmaster has written a tedious poem on 'The Fall of Man,' and, unless length has merit, it has none"? Would not the grating of the jail door and the long nights in a dungeon dampen your ardor for the authorship of even the immortal "Pilgrim's Progress"? Have you the courage of Carlyle, who, after he had lent the manuscript of the "French Revolution" to a friend, whose servant carelessly used it to kindle the fire, calmly went to work and rewrote it?

Patience, perseverance, undaunted courage, loyalty to high ideals and the dominant purposes of life, are the tests of royal manhood and womanhood, the steps that lead to the accomplishment of the world's best work.

"Every condition, be it what it may, has hardships, hazards, pains," says W. E. Channing. "We try to escape them; we pine for a sheltered lot, for a smooth path, for cheering friends and unbroken success. But Providence ordains storms, disasters, hostilities, sufferings; and the great question whether we shall live to any purpose or not, whether we shall grow strong in mind and heart, or be weak and pitiable, depends on nothing more than on our use of adverse circumstances. Outward evils are designed to school our passions and to rouse our faculties and virtues to intenser action. Sometimes they seem to create new powers. Difficulty is the element, and resistance the true work of man. Self-culture never goes on faster than when embarrassed circumstances, the opposition of man or the elements, unexpected changes of the times, or other forms of suffering, instead of disheartening, throw us on our inward resources, turn us for strength to God, make clear to us the great purpose of life, and inspire calm resolution. No greatness or goodness is worth much unless tried in these fires."

The life of Schubert, the great composer, was one of humiliation, disappointment, and struggle. Poverty, few opportunities for general culture, and an unpleasing personal appearance, were all against him. But, though he exercised himself in every species of musical composition, he is best known by his exquisite songs and ballads, unrivaled of their kind, which were, so to speak, the products of his pain. Verily, as Phillips Brooks says, "the things which never could have made a man happy, develop a power to make him strong." Émile Zola's early manhood witnessed a bitter struggle against poverty and deprivation. Until he was twenty, he was a spoiled child; but on his father's death, he and his mother began the battle of life in Paris. Of this dark time, Zola himself says: "Often I went hungry for so long that it seemed as if I must die. I scarcely tasted meat from one month's end to another, and for two days I lived on three apples. Fire, even on the coldest nights, was an

undreamed-of luxury, and I was the happiest man in Paris when I could get a candle, by the light of which I might study at night."

The beautiful home for incurables at Richmond, Virginia, was founded by the individual efforts of a young girl after she had been assured by physicians that she would be an invalid for life. One day, as Charles M. Graves tells the story in "Success," Miss Mary T. Greenhow, while out riding, was thrown from her horse, receiving such severe injuries that for nine years she lay upon her bed, scarcely able to move herself. When gently told that she never would be well again, she bore up as bravely as she could, while the busy brain at once set itself to solve the problem as to what she, a helpless invalid, should do with her life. Suddenly, like an illumination from heaven, the thought flashed upon her that she would build a home for incurables in her native city. Then she made a vow that if God would raise her up and give back her strength, she would dedicate to Him and to this great work her whole life. She made the vow in good faith, and expected that, if she went about performing her part in the same spirit, God would not withhold His assistance. Lying upon her back, yet able to use her hands, she began to make small paper mats. Soon she began to grow better, and before long was able to be taken on a trip to Washington, where she sold her mats for five dollars. This was the first money ever earned for the home. She carried it to Richmond, and long ere such an institution seemed more than an idle dream to most people, this small sum was put in a bank to the credit of the Virginia Home for Incurables. A year or more rolled by, and Miss Greenhow was a wholly well woman, wrapped up completely in her work. She went over the entire city, making a house-to-house canvass, and thus secured about three hundred subscriptions of one dollar each. She would delay no longer. A small house was taken, at a rental of two hundred and seventy dollars out of the three hundred and five dollars. There were no chairs, no cots, no furniture of any sort,—nothing save thirty-five dollars to buy these things, to buy medicines, and to pay physicians for the eight patients who were at once admitted.

But the people of Richmond saw that this brave little woman was in earnest, and came to the rescue. The charter was granted to the home, March 1, 1894, and the corner-stone of the handsome new building was laid April 16, 1898. The building alone cost eight thousand dollars, and the grounds—half of which were donated,—are valued at seven thousand dollars. The institution has become so deeply rooted in the affections of the people of Richmond that the city council makes an appropriation for it every year, and philanthropic men give it a place in their wills, that, at their death, as well as in their lifetime, they may have a part in the good and the glory of its mission.



The existence of the great universe of stars and planets above us would never have been known but for the absence of the sun and the darkness of the night, which reveals to us the fact that our earth is one of the smallest of the heavenly bodies. So do clouds shadow our lives in order that we may discover and bring to light the higher qualities that otherwise might sleep forever in darkness.

We should come out of every struggle with a wider horizon and a more determined endeavor to rise superior to all that would hinder or hold us down. It is possible, under all circumstances, to be at one's best, and to do one's best. Angels can do no more.

To be beaten, but not broken; to be victorious, but not vainglorious; to strive and contend for the prize, and to win it honestly or lose it cheerfully; to use every power in the race, and yet never to wrest an undue advantage or win an unlawful mastery,—verily, in all this there is training and testing of character which searches it to the very roots, and this is a result which is worth all that it costs us.

Are you tempted to turn aside from the pursuit of an honorable ambition to make the most of yourself, because you are confronted by difficulties you did not anticipate? Then read Helen Keller's inspiring words:—

"I have, like other people, I suppose, made many resolutions that I have broken or only half kept; but the one which I send you, and which was in my mind long before it took the form of a resolution, is the keynote of my life. It is this,—always to regard as mere impertinences of fate the handicaps which were placed upon my life almost at the beginning. I resolved that they should not crush or dwarf my soul, but rather be made to blossom, like Aaron's rod, with flowers."

Do you say it is impossible for you to do what so many noble men and women, perhaps less well equipped than you, have done? Then hear the words of Carlyle, himself the son of poverty and toil, and a life-long martyr to dyspepsia:—

"It is not a lucky word, this same *impossible*; no good comes to those that have it so often in their mouth. Who is he that says always, 'There is a lion in the way'? Sluggard, thou must slay the lion, then; the way has to be traveled! Poetry demonstrated to be impossible, arises the Burns, arises the Goethe. Unheroic commonplace being now clearly all we have to look for, comes the Napoleon, comes the conquest of the world. It was proved by fluxionary calculus that steamships could never get across from the farthest point of Ireland to the nearest of Newfoundland; impelling force, resisting force, maximum here, minimum there,—by law of nature and geometric demonstrations,—what could be done? The 'Great Western,' could weigh anchor from Bristol Port; that could be done. The 'Great Western,' bounding safe through the gullets of the Hudson, threw her cable out on the capstan of New York, and left our still moist paper demonstration to dry itself at

leisure. 'Impossible?' cried Mirabeau to his secretary, '*Ne me dites jamais ce bête de mot*,—Never name to me that blockhead of a word!'

Surroundings which men call unfavorable cannot prevent the unfolding of your powers. From the plain fields and lowlands of Avon came the Shakespearean genius which has charmed the world. From among the rock-ribbed hills of New Hampshire sprang the greatest of American orators and statesmen, Daniel Webster. From the crowded ranks of toil, and from homes to which luxury is a stranger, have often come the leaders and benefactors of our race. Indeed, when Christ came upon earth, His early abode was a place so poor and so much despised that men thought He could not be the Christ, asking, in utter astonishment, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?"

Remember that, "between the thought and the success, God is the only agent." If your thought be right, the purpose of your life pure and unselfish, the forces of heaven will be enlisted in your cause.

WE TREAT adversity as an enemy, when it is our truest friend. It is a demonstration of the accurate operation of the laws of cause and consequence.

—C. B. NEWCOMB.

IN TIMES of great danger men develop unsuspected physical strength, and the force of the whole body seems to rush upward and compact itself with thumb or fist.

—N. D. HILLIS.

AT THE point of discouragement we are often nearest accomplishment.

—C. B. NEWCOMB.

THE heart is like a tree that gives balm for the wounds of man only when the iron has pierced it.

—CHÂTEAUBRIAND.

NATIONS are educated through suffering; mankind is purified through sorrow.

—MAZZINI.

BUT try, I urge,—the trying shall suffice; the aim, if reached or not, makes great the life.

—BROWNING.

WE'RE beaten back in many a fray,  
But newer strength we borrow,  
And, where the vanguard camps to-day,  
The rear shall rest to-morrow.

—GERALD MASSEY.



## THE ROCK OF SELF-RELIANCE

WHAT the superior man seeks is in himself; what the small man seeks is in others.  
—CONFUCIUS.

TO THINE own self be true, and it must follow as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man.  
—SHAKESPEARE.

I NEVER thrust my nose into other men's porridge. It is no bread and butter of mine. Every man for himself, and God for us all.  
—CERVANTES.

THE pious and just honoring of ourselves may be thought the fountainhead from whence every laudable and worthy enterprise issues forth.  
—MILTON.

NOTHING can work me damage, except myself; the harm that I sustain I carry about with me, and never am a real sufferer but by my own faults.  
—ST. BERNARD.

“THE first step to failure is the first doubt of yourself.”

YES, to this thought I hold with firm persistence;

The last result of wisdom stamps it true:

He only earns his freedom and existence

Who daily conquers them anew.

—GOETHE.

IN HIS poem of “The Lunkheads,” Sam Walter Foss gives a valuable lesson. There were three of these “lunkheads”; at least, so their neighbors and acquaintances agreed. But two of them never could be made to see their limitations, and felt and spoke, and aspired and worked, according to their strong belief in themselves, and came to occupy leading and important places in the nation and society. The third “lunkhead” accepted the verdict of others, and acted accordingly. After years of lonely toil, he is shown poor and unnoticed, wondering how it is that his companion “lunkheads” have so far outstripped him.

Outside of character, purity, and manliness or womanliness, there is nothing which it is more detrimental to kill or mutilate than one's self-confidence and self-respect; and yet, strangely enough, this virtue—for it is a virtue, and a great one—is one which parents, friends, teachers, and companions, who really wish to help and never to hinder, often think it wise to suppress or largely to check. A child should be taught to expect success, to believe that he is born to succeed, as the acorn is destined to become an oak. It should grow up in the firm belief that it will succeed. Teachers often lessen their pupils' faith in themselves by telling them they are going to fail in their recitations or examinations, instead of inspiring them with hope and confidence of success.

There is, of course, a blatant, empty conceit, which produces, and must produce, nothing but meaningless words and vainglorious acts. It is a bubble which cannot be too surely or quickly punctured, and

which bears no relation to the quiet, intense conviction of a soul's belief in itself.

"Self-conceit," it is said, "magnifies all its powers, minimizes all its weaknesses, cheats itself, and thinks it cheats the world. Self-conceit makes a man eclipse himself with himself. True self-confidence, through individual honesty and sincerity, feels all its weaknesses, sees the thin places in its armor for fighting the world, but does not on that account lose heart, nor accept the conditions as final."

In 1793 the French royalists surrendered Toulon to the English, who occupied the city with five thousand of their own men, and eight thousand allied soldiers. The revolutionary government of France determined to retake the stronghold at all hazards and sent two besieging armies for that purpose. After they had spent three months in ineffectual attempts, the supreme command was given to Dugommier, a battle-scarred veteran, and Napoleon was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general and given charge of the artillery. The latter, finding that some of the batteries were planted at twice their range from the enemy, and that "hot balls" were heated so far away that they cooled before they could be carried to the guns, at once began moving the batteries to close range. While this work was in progress, fifteen carriages arrived from Paris bringing sixty men, loaded with gold lace on their gaudy uniforms.

"Citizen-general," said their spokesman, "we come from Paris. The patriots are indignant at your inactivity and delay. The soil of the Republic has been violated. She trembles to think that the insult remains unavenged. She asks: 'Why is Toulon not yet taken? Why is the English fleet not yet destroyed?' In her indignation she has appealed to her brave sons. We have obeyed her summons, and burn with impatience to fulfil her expectations. We are volunteer gunners from Paris. Furnish us with arms. To-morrow we will march against the enemy."

Dugommier was disconcerted, but Napoleon stepped to his side, and whispered: "Turn those gentlemen over to me. I will take care of them."

At daybreak he gave them charge of several cannon which he had placed on the open seashore, during the night, and asked them to sink an English frigate which loomed through the haze.

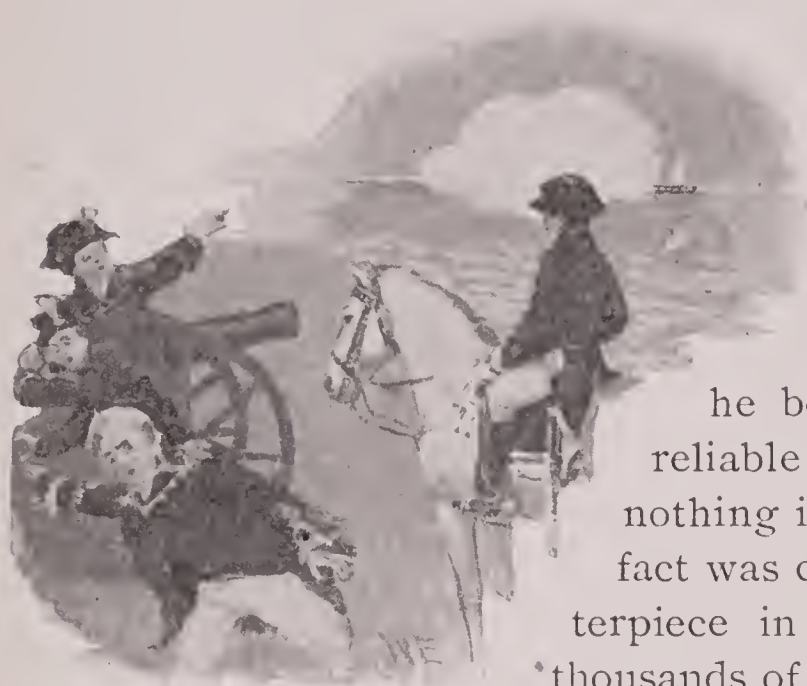
"But shall we not have some kind of shelter to fight behind?" nervously asked their spokesman.

"No; it will not be necessary," replied Napoleon, who sat like a statue on his horse, close by.

Just then a broadside from the frigate hurtled over their heads, and the gorgeous sixty fled precipitately. Napoleon still sat like a statue,



and did not even smile as he looked his last upon the vanishing braggarts. His calm self-reliance, scarcely less than the enemy's cannon, had overcome all their conceit.



It would, in thousands of cases, do away with years of uncertain groping, doubt, and fear, if children were, from their first days of understanding, made to feel that their parents and teachers respect their ideas and abilities, and expect important future work from them.

A person on whom another relies, and in whom he believes, is a thousand times more likely to be reliable and worthy of belief than the one from whom nothing is expected, and in whom no one believes. This fact was continually and conclusively proved by that masterpiece in instructors, the master at Rugby, who kept thousands of boys from disgraceful escapades because they "couldn't disappoint the old man," who believed in them as scholars and as gentlemen.

A poor Scotch weaver used to pray daily that he might have a good opinion of himself. Why not? Can I ask another to think well of me when I do not set the example? The Chinese say it never pays to respect a man who does not respect himself. If the world sees that I do not honor myself, it has a right to reject me as an impostor, because I claim to be worthy of the good opinion of others when I have not my own. Self-respect is based upon the same principles as respect for others. The scales of justice hang in every heart, and even the murderer respects the judge who condemns him; for the still small voice within says: "That is right." Justice never looks to see who is in the scales before she strikes the balance. King or beggar, it is all the same.

"You can fool all the people some of the time," said Lincoln, and "some of the people all the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time." We cannot deceive ourselves any of the time, and the only way to enjoy our own respect is to deserve it. What would you think of a man who would neglect himself, and treat his shadow with the greatest respect?

If we would succeed, we must expect success, and not create an unfavorable atmosphere and environment by constant distrust of ourselves and expressions of doubt. The fear of failure, and constant contemplation of its possibilities, has kept many a noble soul from succeeding. Believe firmly that if you do not find a way, you can make one, and you will triumph.

When an intelligent, forceful person voices a conviction of what he can and will do, it is the part of wisdom to give heed and credence to the word thus uttered, though no past acts stand sponsor for them.

"Good God, that I should have intrusted the fate of the country and of the administration to such hands!" exclaimed Pitt to Lord Temple, after listening in disgust to the egotistical boasting of General Wolfe, the day before his embarkation for Canada. The young soldier had drawn his sword, rapped upon the table with it, flourished it around the room, and told of the great deeds he should perform.

Little did the prime minister dream that this conceited young man would rise from his bed when sick with a fever, and lead his troops to glorious victory upon the Heights of Abraham. This apparent egotism was but a prophecy of his ability to achieve.

Napoleon I., when a sub-lieutenant, believed that he had within him that which would shake a world.

"Why, sir," said John C. Calhoun in Yale College, when a fellow-student ridiculed his intense application to study, "I am forced to make the most of my time, that I may acquit myself creditably when in Congress." A laugh greeted this speech, when he exclaimed, "Do you doubt it? I assure you, if I were not convinced of my ability to reach the national capital as a representative within the next three years, I would leave college this very day!"

"What does Grattan say of himself?" said Curran, repeating the question of the egotistical Lord Erskine; "Nothing. Grattan speak of himself! Why, sir, Grattan is a great man! Torture, sir, could not wring a syllable of self-praise from Grattan; a team of six horses could not drag an opinion of himself out of him! Like all other great men, he knows the strength of his reputation, and will never condescend to proclaim its march, like the trumpeter of a puppet show. Sir, he stands on a national altar, and it is the business of us inferior men to keep up the fire and incense. You will never see Grattan stooping to do either the one or the other."

What seems to us disagreeable egotism in others is often but a strong expression of confidence in their ability to attain. Great men have usually had great confidence in themselves. Wordsworth felt sure of his place in history, and never hesitated to say so. Dante predicted his own fame. Kepler said it did not matter whether his contemporaries read his books or not, "I may well wait a century for a reader, since God has waited six thousand years for an observer like myself." "Fear not," said Julius Cæsar to his pilot, frightened in a storm; "thou bearest Cæsar and his good fortunes."

"Ah! John Hunter, still hard at work!" exclaimed a physician on finding the old anatomist at the dissecting-table. "Yes, doctor, and you'll find it difficult to meet with another John Hunter when I am gone."

"Heaven takes a hundred years to form a great genius for the regeneration of an empire, and afterward rests a hundred years," said Kau-



nitz, who had administered the affairs of his country with great success for half a century. "This makes me tremble for the Austrian monarchy after my death!"

"My lord," said William Pitt, in 1757, to the Duke of Devonshire, "I am sure that I can save this country, and that nobody else can." He did save it.

"Isn't it beautiful that I can sing so?" asked Jenny Lind naively of a friend.

Louis XIV. said to his clergyman, "Ah! it's all very true; I am a sinner, no doubt, since you say so; but *le bon Dieu* will think twice before he casts out such a great prince as I."

"If a man possesses the consciousness of what he is," said Schelling, "he will soon learn what he ought to be; let him have a theoretical respect for himself, and a practical will soon follow. Levi said that a person under the firm persuasion that he can command resources, virtually has them. "Humility is the part of wisdom, and is most becoming in men," said Kossuth; "but let no one discourage self-reliance; it is, of all, the greatest quality of true manliness." Froude wrote: "A tree must be rooted in the soil before it can bear flowers or fruit. A man must learn to stand upright upon his own feet, to respect himself, to be independent of charity or accident. It is on this basis only that any superstructure of intellectual cultivation worth having can possibly be built."

When Professor Bell was struggling along in poverty, experimenting upon the telephone, people laughed at him for throwing his time away, and told him that the telephone would never be anything but a toy, and that it could not possibly be put to practical use; but he believed in himself and succeeded.

When Fulton was building the "Clermont," he was looked upon as a natural curiosity, and "Fulton's Folly" was a subject of general ridicule. The great crowd that gathered at the ferry in New York, at the time advertised for the first trip of the "Clermont" to Albany, was drawn there by curiosity to see what they thought would be an ignominious failure; but, when the vessel steamed off at the rate of sixteen miles an hour, they began to think that Fulton's great confidence in himself had some foundation.

Very few had any faith in James B. Eads when he claimed that he could span the Mississippi River at St. Louis with a bridge, but he was as firmly convinced before it was built, as afterward, that the bridge would be successful.

Elias Howe was ridiculed for neglecting his family and work, and for living in poverty and wretchedness while experimenting on the sewing-machine, but he had the utmost confidence in its final triumph; and, as a result, lived to give to the world one of the most useful implements of

labor. The list of those who have, amid unbelief, jeers, and discouragements, banked, so to speak, solely upon their belief in themselves when no one else would give them credit, is long. It includes Samuel F. B. Morse and Cyrus W. Field, and runs back to Columbus, and beyond him to many an ancient name. An inveterate euchre player, using the language of his cult, uttered a veritable truth when he said, "One who has back of him powerful friends, holds the right and left bowers,"—next to the best cards in the pack,—“but he who begins with an unshakable faith in himself and his own idea, holds the ‘joker,’ which captures any trick, that led by the right bower included.”

“Temptation,” says Rev. Dr. Hillis, “is a teacher of character. Protection gives innocence, but practice gives virtue. For ship-timber we pass by the sheltered hothouse, seeking the oak on the storm-swept hills. In that beautiful story of the lost paradise, God pulls down the hedge built around Adam and Eve. The government through a fence outside was succeeded by self-government inside.”

The only real foundation for self-reliance must be self-respect.

But for one who cannot thoroughly respect himself, high and abiding self-confidence, or the confidence of others, is impossible. A person may for a time deceive others, and, perhaps, actually deceive himself, but as meanness, or littleness, or unworthiness of any kind in another person cannot long escape one's notice, or fail to destroy one's confidence in him, so one cannot himself be unworthy and long lack the knowledge that he is so, or retain for himself that “self-reverence” which Tennyson truly names as one of the things which lead to “sovereign power.” You would not rely upon another whom you did not honor; and, if you cannot honor yourself, you will either never begin, or will very soon cease, to rely upon yourself; and there lies the path of danger. Some one has truly said:—

“To think meanly of oneself, is to sink in one's own estimation as well as in the estimation of others. As the thoughts are, so will the acts be. A man cannot live a high life who grovels in a moral sewer of his own thoughts. He cannot aspire if he looks down; if he would rise, he must look up. The very humblest may be sustained by the proper indulgence of this feeling; and poverty itself may be lifted and lighted up by self-respect. It is truly a noble sight to see a poor man hold himself upright amid all his temptations, and refuse to demean himself by low actions.”

Self-respect is the root of the most of the virtues, especially of cleanliness, chastity, reverence, sobriety, and honesty.

Never do anything of which you will have cause to be ashamed. There is one good opinion which is of the greatest importance to you; namely, your own. “An easy conscience,” says Seneca, “is a continual feast.”



"People are accustomed," says Reading, "to treat a man much according to the respect which he shows for himself."

"One self-approving hour whole years outweighs  
Of stupid starers and of loud huzzas ;  
And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels  
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels."

We are all familiar with people who are constantly depreciating themselves, decrying their hard luck, and complaining that fate is against them. How can a man expect to succeed when he has lost faith in his own powers? A hypnotist can so deprive his subject of confidence in his strength that he cannot rise from his chair, even if he be an athlete. People who go through life bemoaning their luck, and thinking that success is for others but not for them, must expect failure, for self-confidence is the very foundation of all accomplishment.

"Well-matured and well-disciplined talent is always sure of a market," said Washington Irving; "but it must not cower at home and expect to be sought for. There is a good deal of cant, too, about the success of forward and impudent men, while men of retiring worth are passed over with neglect. But it usually happens that those forward men have that valuable quality of promptness and activity, without which worth is a mere inoperative property.

The world believes in the man who believes in himself, but it has little use for the timid man, the one who is never certain of himself, who cannot rely on his own judgment, who craves advice from others, and is afraid to go ahead on his own account.

It is the man with a positive nature, who feels that he is equal to the emergency, who believes he can do the thing he attempts, who wins the confidence of his fellow-man. He is beloved because he is brave and self-sufficient.

Those who have accomplished great things in the world have been, as a rule, bold, aggressive, and self-confident. They dared to step out from the crowd and act in an original way. They were not afraid to be generals. They took the high counsel, which Emerson gave when he said: "Insist on yourself; never imitate. Your own gift you can present every moment with the cumulative force of a whole life's cultivation; but of the adopted talent of another you have only an extemporaneous, half possession. That which each can do best, none but his Maker can teach him. No man yet knows what it is nor can tell what person has



exhibited it. Where is the master who could have taught Shakespeare? Where is the master who could have instructed Franklin, or Washington, or Bacon, or Newton? Every great man is unique.

There is little room, in this crowding, competing age, for the timid, vacillating youth. He who would succeed to-day, must not only be brave, but must also dare to take chances. He who waits for certainty never wins. The world has a right to look to me for my own rating. We stamp our own value upon ourselves and cannot expect to pass for more. When you are introduced into society, people look into your face and eye to see what estimate you place upon yourself. If they see a low mark, why should they trouble themselves to investigate to see if you have not rated yourself too low? They know you have lived with yourself a good while and ought to know your own value better than they.

"My success has always turned upon one maxim," said Nathan Rothschild to Thomas Buxton. "I said, 'I can do what *another* man can,' and so I am a match for all the rest of 'em. Another advantage I had was that I was always an off-hand man; I made a bargain at once. When I was settled in London, the East India Company had eight hundred thousand pounds in gold to sell. I went to the sale and bought the whole of it. I knew the Duke of Wellington *must* have it. I had bought a great many of his bills at a discount. The Government sent for me and said they must have it. When they had got it, they didn't know how to get it to Portugal, where they wanted it. I undertook all that, and sent it through France; and that was the best business I ever did in my life. It requires a great deal of boldness and a great deal of caution to make a great fortune; and, when you have got it, it requires ten times as much wit to keep it. If I should listen to one-half the projects proposed to me, I should ruin myself very soon."

Half the giant's strength is in the conviction that he is a giant. He knows that he can do the thing easily which others do with difficulty. The strength of a muscle is enhanced a hundredfold by the will-power. The same muscle, when removed from the giant's arm, when divorced from the force of the mighty will, can sustain but a fraction of the weight it did a moment before it was disconnected.

If you would succeed up to the limit of your possibilities, hold constantly to the belief that you are success-organized, and that you will be successful, no matter what opposes. Regard as a traitor every suggestion that your life may be a failure; that you are not made like those who succeed, and that success is not for you. Expel it from your mind as you would a thief from your house.

Oh, what miracles confidence has wrought! It took Napoleon over the Alps in midwinter; it took Farragut and Dewey past the cannon, torpedoes, and mines of the enemy; it led Nelson and Grant to victory;



it has been the great tonic in the world of discovery, invention, and art; it has helped to win a thousand triumphs in war and science which were deemed impossible.

In every walk and occupation, self-confidence, or the want of it, makes or mars the man. "A merchant deficient in this quality," wisely declares an observer, "is frequently led by the specious confidence of

weaker minds to yield up a deliberate judgment formed in his cooler hours, and discovers his error only when he experiences the injury resulting from his failing. A lawyer may be possessed of great erudition, un-

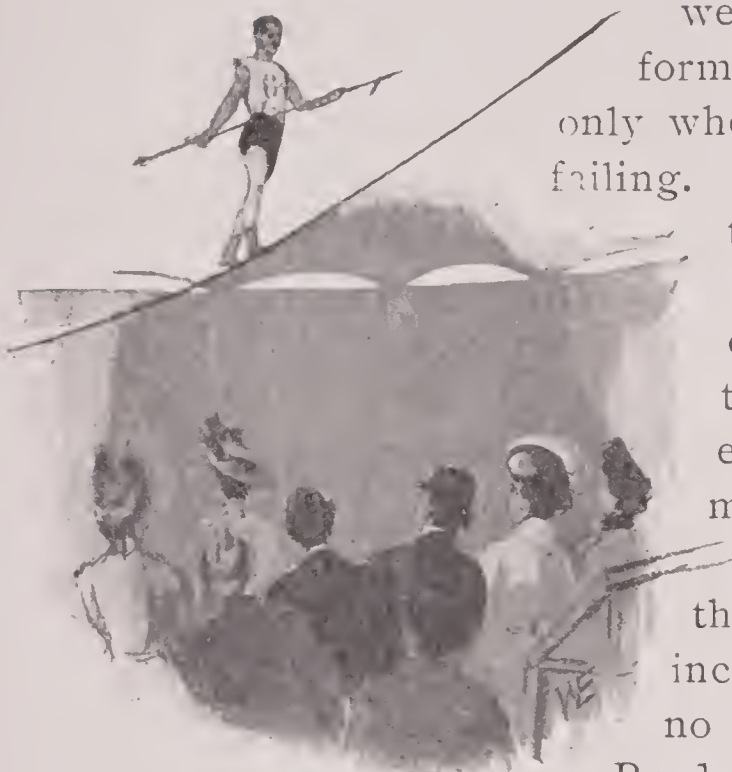
tiring industry and natural eloquence; yet, let him be wanting in respect for his own ability, or in confidence in his powers, and what follows? His talents in the crowded court are unavailable; he is eclipsed, perhaps, by some junior possessing little merit beyond that of assurance; and his client's

cause and his own reputation, are sacrificed at the shrine of modest diffidence. 'I am very much inclined to doubt the powers of those who will give no specimen of them,' is a remark of Sir Edgerton Brydges. The world carries the matter beyond a doubt;

and, in such instances, denies them all together. The simple truth is, self-confidence makes ability available; the want of it renders talent comparatively useless. Nor is the display of it necessarily injurious."

Another observer declares: "He who is always crouching in a corner, and cannot ask for his due, or who goes about, as Robert Hall said, 'with an air of perpetual apology for the unpardonable presumption of being in the world'; who never puts himself forward, or, if he does, does so with the forlorn hope with which *Snug*, the joiner, begs the audience to take him for a lion; who cannot *say* that he wants anything, or cannot say it with sufficient loudness and pertinacity; who cannot make himself prominent at the right time, though he knows it *to be* the right time, may be a beautiful object of creation, very lovable, and very much to be admired, but must expect to be not only outstripped, but knocked, crushed, and trampled underfoot, in the rush and roar of this nineteenth century."

The Uriah Heep style of "'umbleness" awakens more contempt than admiration, even when it does not arouse our gravest suspicions. It was one of Dickens's every-day working rules "Never to affect a depreciation of his work, whatever it might be." If it possessed defects, he left them for others to point out. One who constantly undervalues himself in his speech will soon find, to his chagrin, that the world coincides with his opinion.



More men fail through ignorance of their strength than through knowledge of their weakness. They are like a man who gathers scanty harvests all his life from fields covering rich deposits of ore which, would he but work them, would enrich him. The fear of falling often hinders them from climbing.

In order to succeed in life, it is just as necessary to have self-trust as to have ability; and, if you do not possess the former, one of the best means of acquiring it is to assume that you already have it. Carry yourself with a self-confident air, and you will not only inspire others with a belief in your ability, but you will come to believe in it yourself.

But self-confidence, however, must be accompanied by self-conquest, or our strong feelings may prove but runaway horses. He who would command others must first learn to obey, and he who would control his own powers must learn to be submissive to the still small voice within. Shame and its consequent degradation follow the loss of our own good opinion rather than the esteem of others. Too many yield in the conflict between temptation to gratify the coarser appetites and their aspirations for the good, the true, and the beautiful. Voices unheard by those around us whisper "Don't;" but too often self-respect is lost, the will lies prostrate and the debauch goes on. Such battles must be fought by all; be ours the victory born of self-control, aided by that heaven which always helps him who prays while putting his own shoulder to the wheel.

Believe in yourself. You may succeed when others do not believe in you, but never when you do not believe in yourself.

"Be free—not chiefly from the iron chain,  
But from the one which passion forges—be  
The master of thyself. If lost, regain  
The rule o'er chance, sense, circumstance.  
Be free."

"I call that mind free," says Channing, "which escapes the bondage of matter, which, instead of stopping at the material universe and making it a prison wall, passes beyond it to its author, and finds in the radiant signatures which it everywhere bears of the Infinite Spirit, helps to its own spiritual enlargement."

"Believe in yourself, not with a selfish egotism that decries all around you, but with such reverence for the 'good that is within you' as to render failure impossible," and take heed of Bailey's noble words:—

"Let each man think himself an act of God,  
His mind a thought, his life a breath of God;  
And let each try, by great thoughts and good deeds,  
To show the most of Heaven he hath in him."



## METHOD AS A SUCCESS WINNER

So WORK the honey-bees,  
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach  
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.

—SHAKESPEARE.

IT is only dislocated minds whose movements are spasmodic.

—WILMOT.

THERE is no other time-saver like good order.—MCCONAUGHY.

ORDER and system are nobler things than power.—RUSKIN.

FOR the world was built in order,  
And the atoms march in tune;  
Rhyme the pipe, and Time the warder,  
The sun obeys them, and the moon.

—EMERSON.

METHOD is not less requisite in ordinary conversation  
than in writing, provided a man would talk to make himself  
understood.

—ADDISON.

LARGE elements in order brought,  
And tracts of calm from tempests made,  
And world-wide fluctuation swayed,  
In vassal tides that followed thought.

—TENNYSON.

METHOD is like packing things in a box; a good packer will  
get in half as much again as a bad one.

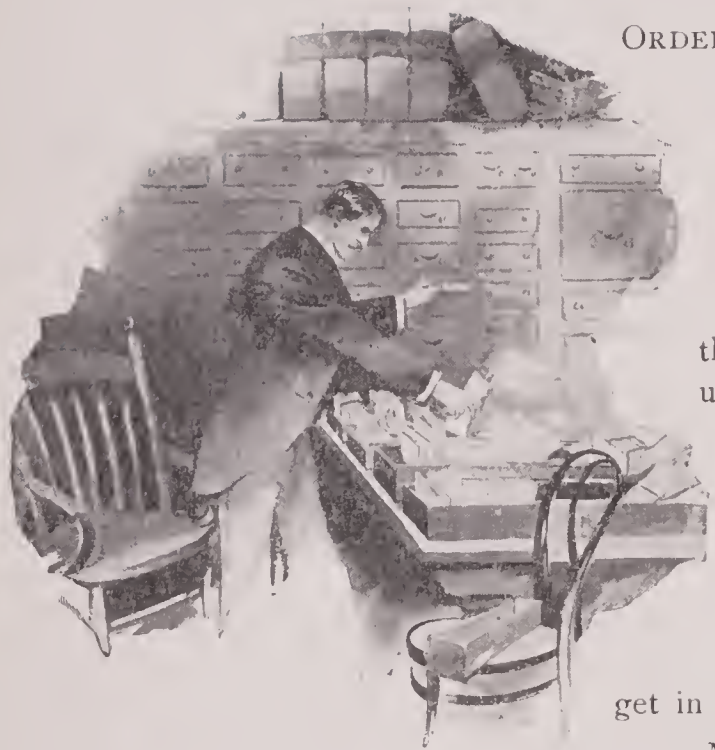
—CECIL.

MARSHAL thy notions into a handsome method. One will carry  
twice more weight trussed and packed up in bundles, than when it lies untowardly  
flapping and hanging about his shoulders.

—FULLER.

“ I RISE a little before five, walk an hour, then practise on the piano  
until seven; we breakfast; next I read French — Sismondi’s ‘Liter-  
ature of the South of Europe’ — till eight, then two or three lec-  
tures in Brown’s ‘Philosophy.’ About 9:30, I go to Mr. Perkins’s school,  
and study Greek till twelve; when, the school being dismissed, I recite,  
go home and practise till dinner, at two; then, when I can, I read Italian  
for two hours.”

This methodical arrangement of study, recorded by Margaret Fuller  
Ossoli at the age of fifteen, is evidence that, even then, she had grasped  
the significance of reducing her work to a system. The force of charac-  
ter, the depth and grasp of mind, the wide and profound range of knowl-  
edge, and the strength of intellect, which distinguished her beyond all  
other women of her time, are, to an equal extent with natural ability and  
application, the results of organized methods of study and work. Her  
rare conversational power and fine literary style were the reflection of  
an orderly mind and symmetry of thought.



"He who every morning plans the transactions of the day," says Victor Hugo, "and follows out that plan, carries a thread that will guide him through the labyrinth of the most busy life. Such an orderly arrangement of time is like a ray of light which darts itself through all his occupations. But where no plan is laid, where the disposal of time is surrendered merely to the chance of incidents, all things lie huddled together in chaos, which admits of neither distribution nor review."

Order is heaven's first law. Lives modeled in conformity with the divine law of order gather to themselves, in large measure, the strength, harmony, and beauty that run through all nature. They are working in unity with the Power that "guides the planets in their course" and brings the seasons in their turn, and in proportion to the regularity of their movements will they gather fruits.

It has been said that the difference between a man of capacity and one of no capacity is, in the main, a question of method. The methodical man, by an orderly, systematic arrangement of his work, conserves the energy of mind and body that is frittered away unconsciously, and without adequate return, by the unmethodical man. The former accomplishes far more than the latter within the same time, and with a sense of enjoyment in his labor unknown to the man who works without a plan.

Some people think that, if they "keep everlastingly at it," they will succeed, but this is not so. Working without a plan is as foolish as going to sea without a compass. A ship which has broken its rudder in mid-ocean may "keep everlastingly at it," may keep on a full head of steam, driving about all the time, but it never arrives anywhere,—it never reaches any port unless by accident.

The student who works at haphazard, devoting himself assiduously to his books for several hours to-day, trying to make up for the time lost yesterday, because he was not in the mood for study, or because he could not resist some social allurements, will never reach the front rank either in school or in life. Musicians declare that the pupil who practises regularly two hours a day will make far more rapid progress than the one who, filled with ardor one day, works six or eight hours, and does not apply himself again, perhaps, for two or three days. He may give more time in the aggregate to practice than does the methodical pupil; but, because his efforts are without system, they are robbed of half their value. Even musical geniuses like Paderewski, great singers like Nordica and Sembrich, must practise daily in order to keep themselves "up to concert pitch." An operatic star once remarked to an intimate friend: "If I neglect practising one day, I notice a falling off in my voice myself; if I do not practise for two days, my friends notice it; and if I fail to practise for three days my audience notices it."



Who has not felt the difference between a home ordered by a practical, methodical woman, and that of one who gets her work in "anyhow." The former has the routine of each day planned and everything moves with clockwork regularity. There is no hurry, no confusion, no waste of energy. The house is always in order, the mistress calm and collected, neat in appearance, and ready, when the day is done, to enjoy the evening with her husband and children. She retires to rest happy in the consciousness that her work has been well done, and rises refreshed and strengthened in mind and body to meet the duties of the new day. The unsystematic woman, on the contrary, after working hard from early morning till late at night, goes to bed tired, worried, and exhausted, wondering how in the world she will ever get "caught up" with her work. She rises next morning unrefreshed, doubtful whether she will have her washing done that day or the next, or whether it would not be better to put off the sweeping until later in the week. She compromises by doing a little now and postponing the rest. Then, remembering some sewing that should have been done the day before, she puts aside washing and sweeping to take up the neglected work. So, in the midst of hurry and confusion, she toils from week's end to week's end, wondering why she can never have a moment's leisure when her neighbor has so much, and feeling aggrieved because her husband and children prefer to spend their evenings away from home.

So high a value did Ruskin place upon order and system that he rated them "as nobler things than power." Their influence in modeling successful lives can hardly be exaggerated. The men and women who have become distinguished in various walks of life owe more than half their success to the habit, cultivated in childhood, of arranging their work in such a way as to extract from every moment of time its utmost value. If parents would teach their children, from their earliest years, to be methodical and orderly in their habits, and would insist that the well-worn maxims, "A place for everything and everything in its place," and "A time for everything and everything in its time," are not mere parrot expressions, but basic principles of right living, there would be fewer failures to record. Disorder, confusion, and a lack of method or system, breed mental and moral discord, and a discontented, unhappy life results.

How many a man who is now in the penitentiary, in the poor-house, among tramps, or living out a miserable existence in the slums of our cities, bent over, uncouth, rough, and slovenly, has possibilities slumbering beneath his rags, from which had he only been fortunate enough, early in life, to have come under efficient and syste-



matic training, he might have developed into a magnificent man, an ornament to the human race instead of a foul blot and scar.

We often wonder how it is that some men, with mediocre ability, accomplish so much more than others with greater ability. Inquiry will show that the difference is due to the better application of time and to more methodical habits. A methodical man, with moderate ability, may, for instance, build up a great business, while a man with great ability, without the habit of system and order, can never get beyond a small business. No important establishment can be built up without rigid system and order. Men like John Wanamaker, Marshall Field, and Philip D. Armour, institute large establishments simply because they have a genius for organization and understand the might of method.

"All my life," said Armour, "I have been up with the sun. The habit is as easy at sixty-one as it was at sixteen. I have my breakfast by half past five or six. I walk down town to my office, and am there by seven, and I know what is going on in the world without having to wait for others to come and tell me. At noon, I have a simple luncheon of bread and milk, and, after that, usually, a short nap, which freshens me again for the afternoon's work. I am in bed again at nine o'clock every night."

Who shall estimate how large a part this systematic plan of living played in the success of the founder of the Armour Institute, one of Chicago's greatest schools?

"Everything in this establishment is run by system," said the managing inspector of one of America's largest stores; "it couldn't be run successfully in any other way. A great store is like a great army, and must be conducted just as carefully. A false step may mean a loss of thousands of dollars, just as a false move in battle may cause a great loss of life. Every move must be carefully planned in order to avoid mistakes. We employ about twenty-two hundred people. Every one knows his or her place, and things move as easily as if we had but twenty-two employees."

"Different affairs are arranged in my head," said Napoleon, "as in drawers. When I wish to interrupt one train of thought, I close the drawer which contains that subject, and open that which contains another. They do not mix together, and do not fatigue or inconvenience me. I have never been kept awake by an involuntary preoccupation of the mind. If I wish repose, I shut up all the drawers, and I am asleep. I have always slept when I wanted rest, and almost at will."

Success in any line of work or study, for the average man or woman, is dependent to a great extent on order and method.

Irregularity and want of method are supportable only in men and women of great learning, who are often too busy to be exact, and there-



fore choose to throw down their pearls in heaps before the reader or hearer rather than be at the pains of stringing them. But even genius without order, Buffon says, loses three-fourths of its power. "Genius alternates periods of frantic application with spells of idleness in which spent forces recover tone; but talent proceeds more steadily and smoothly. Its rests are regular and its work more methodical."

It was a matter of astonishment to Europe, that Luther, amid all his travels and active labors, could present a perfect translation of the Bible. But a single word explains it. He had a rigid system of doing something every day. "*Nullo dies*," says he in answer to the question how he accomplished so great an undertaking,—"*nullo dies sine versu*,"—"no day without a verse." Without an exact system it would have been impossible for him in addition to his labor in other lines, to have written seven hundred volumes during his life. John Wesley, traveled and preached much of his time, yet found leisure to write thirty-two octavo volumes before his seventieth year. Longfellow, by working regularly a short time each morning, within a comparatively short time translated Dante's "Divine Comedy."

Anthony Trollope has said: "It is my custom to write with my watch before me, and to require from myself two hundred and fifty words every quarter of an hour, and I have found that the two hundred and fifty words have been forthcoming as regularly as my watch went."

One of the most popular of our writers and orators was once asked how he managed to get through such a prodigious amount of work. "Simply by organizing my time," he replied. It is by this valuable habit of organizing your days that you will be able to "wrest from life its uses and gather from it its beauty."

Even if Alfred the Great had not made himself famous as one of the best and wisest of England's kings, he would have been distinguished as a scholar and author. He became one of the most learned men of his age by so systematically arranging his time that no moment was without its appointed task. Historians tell us that he divided the twenty-four hours of the day into three equal portions: one of these he appropriated to public business and affairs of state; another to reading, study, and religious duties; and the third to bodily exercises, riding, hunting, various sports and recreations, repasts, and sleep. Clocks were not then invented, so he continued to measure time by means of six tapers of a certain length, which placed in lanterns, at the entrance to his palace, lasted four hours each; his chaplain gave him notice when one of them was consumed.

Punctuality and method, it has been truly observed, are the right and the left hand of time. The man who possesses them is always on time. He enjoys his work because everything he does is systematic, orderly,

and complete. There is no hurry or confusion. He makes his plans and carries them out with perfect ease and regularity.

McConaughy tells of an old merchant in New Orleans who was so methodical in his ways that the neighbors told the time of day by his movements, and set their clocks by him. Men who dealt with him received returns so promptly that they were glad to go again, and so a large business was built up, and Judah Touro became one of the most successful merchants and ship-owners in the city.

Many young men and women fail to do good work in school or college, or in business, because they have never learned the importance of system.

There is a volume of meaning in the following lines from George Herbert:—

“Slight those who say, amidst their sickly healths,  
Thou liv'st by rule. What doth not so but man?  
Houses are built by rule, and commonwealths.  
Entice the trusty sun, if that you can,  
From the ecliptic line; beckon the sky.  
Who lives by rule, then, keeps good company.

“Who keeps no guard upon himself is slack,  
And rots to nothing at the next great thaw.  
Man is a shop of rules, a well-trussed pack,  
Whose every parcel underwrites a law.  
Lose not thyself, nor give thy humors way:  
God gave them to thee under lock and key.”

One who was intimately associated with the editor of the “Missionary Herald,” Jeremiah Evarts, writes of him:—

“I have never known a man whose habits of every-day industry were so good. During years of close observation in the bosom of his family, I never saw a day pass without his accomplishing more than he expected; and so regular was he in all his habits, that I knew to a moment when I should find him with his pen, and when with his tooth-brush in his hand; and so methodical and thorough that, though his papers filled many shelves, when closely tied up, there was not a paper among all his letters, correspondence, editorial matter, and the like, which was not labeled and in its place, and upon which he could not lay his hand in a moment. I never knew him search for a paper; it was always in its place. I have never yet met with another man whose industry was so great, or who would accomplish so much in a given time.”

Some people do not seem to have any order or system in their make-up. They are always hunting for something. Instead of putting things away carefully in their places, they tuck papers and letters into any pigeonhole, or between the leaves of books, or lay them on a shelf until they get time to arrange them properly, which time never comes.



Kitto, the great Biblical scholar, who from his student days was one of the most methodical of men, insisted that his daughter should put his study in order according to the following written rules:—

1. Make one pile of religious books.
2. Make another of books not religious.
3. Make another of letters.
4. Put written papers other than letters, by themselves.
5. Put all printed papers together.
6. Put these piles upon the floor.
7. The table being now clear, dust and scour it.

"You would be the greatest man of your age, Grattan," said Curran, "if you would buy a few yards of red tape and tie up your bills and papers."

Rufus Choate laid up no money till he was past forty years of age. He earned a great deal, but collected little. He was always in want of money, and always under the harrow. He kept no books, and, if a man came to pay a bill, he charged him just what he happened to need at the moment. If a man expected to pay a thousand dollars, Choate would let him off for three hundred. He had no system, and never knew how his affairs stood.

Method and order are not only conservers of energy, but they are the surest means to the attainment of a healthy, happy life. "Order," says Southey, "is the sanity of the mind, the health of the body, the peace of the city, and the security of the state. As the beams to a house, as the bones to the body, so is order to all things."

Imprisoned within the icebergs of the Arctic region, with no prospect of release for months to come, Dr. Kane sustained the failing energies of the remnant of his crew, and, enfeebled though the men were by disease and privations, maintained discipline by adhering strictly to the regular performance of the duties of each day. Of that time he remarked: "It is the experience of every man who has either combated difficulties himself or attempted to guide others through them, that the controlling law shall be systematic action. Nothing depresses and demoralizes so much as a surrender of the approved and habitual forms of life. I resolved that everything should go on as it had done. The arrangement of hours, the distribution and details of duty, the religious exercises, the ceremonials of the table, the fires, the lights, the watch, the labors of the observatory, and the notation of the tides and the phenomena of the sky,—nothing should be intermitted that had contributed to make up the day."

Few things are more demoralizing or disastrous to success than a habit of doing one's work without method or order. When once allowed to get a hold upon a young life, this habit is almost sure to lead to unfortunate results. The boy or girl who does his or her work anyhow, at

any time, who always throws things down wherever they have been used, and leaves them lying about in confusion, is starting on the road to failure.

The owner of a valuable farm had these rules framed, and hung up where the farm hands could see them daily:—

1. Perform every operation in the proper season.
2. Perform every operation in the best manner.
3. Complete every part of an operation as you proceed.
4. Finish one job before you begin another.
5. Secure your work and tools in an orderly manner.
6. Clean every tool when you leave off work.
7. Return every tool and implement to its place at night.

No matter what you are, employer or employee, in business or out of it, arrangement simplifies the execution of anything that has to be done. By it a business, no matter how large, will go on as smoothly and regularly as a well-constructed machine; without it, all is confusion and disorder. Successful men possess the great gift of methodical, well-balanced minds; they are men who cannot work in disorder, but will have things straight and know all the details, which enables them so to arrange the machinery of their affairs that they are fully cognizant alike of its strength, weakness, and capability, and they judiciously and discreetly exercise all its power to the uttermost.

"What Christian experience wants," says Henry Drummond, "is thread, a vertebral column, method." That is what we need in the secular as well as in the religious life,— "a vertebral column,"— the order and method that will give it coherence, harmony, and strength.

"God is a God of order. Everything is arranged upon definite principles, and never at random." If we do not work with Him we work against Him; and a life without plan or system is contrary to all law and order.

THE heavens themselves, the planets, and their center,  
Observe degree, priority, and place,  
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,  
Office, and custom, in all line of order.

—SHAKESPEARE.

SET all things in their own peculiar place,  
And know that order is the greatest grace.

—DRYDEN.

DISPATCH is the soul of business; and nothing contributes more to dispatch than method. Lay down a method for everything, and stick to it inviolably, as far as unexpected incident may allow.

—LORD CHESTERFIELD.

WHAT Thou hast in store  
This coming year, I do not stop to ask;  
Enough if day by day there dawns before  
Me my appointed task.

—O. E. FULLER.



## TACT AND COMMON SENSE

SOMETHING there is more needful than expense,  
 And something previous even to taste,—'tis sense:  
 Good sense which only is the gift of heaven,  
 And, though no science, fairly worth the seven.  
 —POPE.

WITHOUT tact you can learn nothing. Tact teaches you when to be silent.  
 Inquirers who are always inquiring never learn anything. —DISRAELI.

A MAN who knows the world will not only make the most of everything he does know, but also of many things he does not know; and will gain more credit by his adroit mode of hiding his ignorance, than the pedant by his awkward attempt to exhibit his erudition. —COLTON.

COMMON sense in an uncommon degree is what the world calls wisdom.  
 —COLERIDGE.

THERE is nothing useless to men of sense: clever people turn everything to account. —LA FONTAINE.

A MAN may have not much learning, nor any wit; but, if he has common sense, and something friendly in his behavior, it will conciliate men's minds more than the brightest parts without this disposition. —ADDISON.

A LITTLE management may often evade resistance, which a vast force might vainly strive to overcome. —ANON.

"WHO is stronger than thou?" asked Brahma; and Force replied "Address." —VICTOR HUGO.

**D**URING the French Revolution, an excited mob was surging through the streets of Paris, bent on violence. A detachment of soldiers finally blocked its way, and the commanding officer was about to order his men to fire, when a young lieutenant begged permission to appeal to the people. It was granted. Riding out in front of the soldiers, he doffed his cocked hat, and said: "Gentlemen will have the kindness to retire, for I am ordered to shoot down the rabble." The mob melted away as if by magic, and in a few minutes the street was cleared without the shedding of a single drop of blood.

This was certainly Christian tact; and similar opportunities are constantly arising for the wise, helpful, consecrated use of this delicate art of persuasion and conviction in the smaller, as well as the larger, affairs of life.

Even genius often misses its mark; tact never. Tact is a mysterious quality, hard to define,—a combination of good temper, ready wit, quickness of perception, and ability to take in the exigency of the situation instantly. It is never offensive, but is a balm allaying suspicion; is soothing, and is appreciative, and plausible, without being dishonest; apparently consults the welfare of the second party, and does not manifest

any selfishness. It is never antagonistic, never opposes, never strokes the hair the wrong way, and never irritates.

The kindly element of humor almost always enters into the use of tact, and sweetens its mild coercion. We cannot help smiling, oftentimes, at the deft way in which we have been induced to do what we afterward recognize as altogether right and best. There need be no deception in this use of tact, only such a presentation of rightful inducements as shall most effectively appeal to a hesitating mind. It is the fine art of getting the right thing done in the nick of time.

It is related that, in the early Abolition days, two men went out preaching, one an old Friend, and another a young man full of fire. When the Friend lectured, everything ran along very smoothly, and he carried the audience with him. When the young man lectured, there was a row, and stones and eggs were thrown at him. It became so noticeable, that the young man spoke to the other about it. He said: "You and I are on the same mission, and preach the same things; and how is it that, while you are received cordially, I get nothing but abuse?" The Quaker replied: "I will tell thee. Thee says, 'If you do so and so, you shall be punished,' and I say, 'My friends, if you will not do so and so, you shall not be punished.'"

The two meant exactly the same thing. The difference of results came from the different ways of expressing the thought.

An anecdote, somewhat similar, is told of Dr. Bellamy, a prominent preacher in his day. He conducted a private theological school, at the beginning of the century, in the town of Litchfield, Connecticut, where Henry Ward Beecher first saw the light. He was accustomed to send out his students on Sundays to practise in the surrounding churches. On one occasion he assigned a student named Robinson to a church in Goshen. At the close of the day, the young student returned very much depressed in spirit. He had not made any impression upon the people. Said he to Dr. Bellamy: "Tell me what the difference is, and why you have such success in your preaching." "I will explain," replied the doctor. "When I go trouting, I get a nice, slender pole, a fine, silk line, and a sharp hook, baiting it with the fattest worm I can find. Then I creep up to the brook and drop the line in cautiously. It floats down the stream, and when the trout discovers it he is sure to bite, and I am sure of him. Now, when you go trouting you get an old bean pole, put a clothesline on it, with a codfish hook, baiting it with salt pork. Then you stride along the brook, shouting out: 'Now bite or be damned!'" Mr. Beecher must have heard this story when a boy, and the lesson from it was never lost during his life.

What, in a word, in both these instances was the secret of success or failure? The answer is obvious. It was tact, or the want of it. Possible friends have been offended, influential patrons lost, through want



of tact. A discerning writer has declared: "Talent is power, tact is skill. Talent knows what to do; tact knows how to do it. Talent makes a man respectable; tact makes him respected." Talent is wealth; tact is ready money. Tact knows when —

"To take  
Occasion by the hand."

Tact is something more than manner, yet manner enters largely into it. "Every fish has its fly," says a moralist, "but even the right fly is not enough; you must play it nicely at the right spot." That is just what tact does.

Shuter, the celebrated English comedian, was once in disgrace with an audience, in consequence of some irregularities, and an apology was demanded. Shuter was somewhat tardy, and a lady was going on with her part, when the audience called out, "Shuter! Shuter!" The arch comedian peeped out from behind the curtain, and said, "Pray do not shoot her; the lady is innocent, the fault is entirely my own." This put the house in good humor, and Shuter was received with applause.

A little eight-year-old Irish boy, in one of the Buffalo public schools, was reproved by his teacher for some mischief. He was about to deny his fault, when she said: "I saw you, Jerry."

"Yes," he replied, as quick as a flash, "I tells them there ain't much you don't see wid dem purty black eyes o' your'n."

"One of the greatest social powers," it is said, "is that of drawing out other people. Some persons have this power in a high degree. By some strange tact they discover what is the best thing in us, and by some subtle attraction they put us on our good behavior. We do not see how it is done. We merely find ourselves very comfortable, very contented, and talking our very best."

Emerson, referring to the charming influence exerted by a person of this sort, says: "When you come into the room, I think at once how I may make humanity seem beautiful to you." How truly has Steele, too, portrayed the influence of this admirable quality! Speaking of one who thus makes himself "welcome to everybody," he says: "He does not seem to contribute anything to the mirth of the company; and yet, upon reflection, you find it all happened by his being there."

"What are your favorite topics of conversation?" was once asked of Charles Kingsley. His answer was: "Whatever my companion happens to be talking about."

The successful conversationalist is not always he who talks the most. As Eliza Cook has said,—

"He'll suit his bearing to the hour,  
Laugh, listen, learn, or teach."

Tactful people make friends rapidly because they have the secret of drawing people out, and inducing them to express the best that is in them.

We all admire people who interest themselves in our affairs, and are not forever trying to talk about themselves and their own interests. It is truly a great art to be able to throw one's whole interest into the affairs of another, especially if he be a stranger, and try to find out his preferences and talk upon the subjects which interest him most; but nothing else will win one so quickly and completely as the appearance of showing great interest in his welfare and of sinking one's own self for the time being.

Tact may well be called a royal quality, since rulers of all ages have succeeded by its exercise, and their delicate tasks have called for its use at every turn. Some of the most pleasing instances of tactful presence of mind have been related of crowned heads.

King Edward of England, when he was Prince of Wales, "the first gentleman in Europe," invited an eminent man to dine with him. When coffee was served, what was the consternation of the others to find that the guest drank from his saucer. An open titter of amusement went around the table. The prince lifted his eyes; and, quickly noting the cause of the untimely amusement, gravely emptied his cup into his saucer and drank after the manner of his guest. Silent and abashed, the other members of the princely household took the rebuke and did the same.

Queen Victoria sent for Carlyle, who was a Scottish peasant, offering him the title of nobleman, which he declined, feeling that he had always been a nobleman in his own right. He understood so little of the manners at court that, when presented to the queen, after speaking to her a few minutes, being tired, he said: "Let us sit down, madame;" whereat the courtiers were ready to faint. But the queen was great enough for the occasion, and gave a gesture that seated all her attendants in a moment.

When William Penn went to pay his respects to Charles II., true to his Quaker principles, he kept on his beaver hat. The merry monarch, instead of showing anger, respectfully doffed his own.

"Prithee, Friend Charles, put on thy hat," said the great Friend, as polite as he was steadfast to his religious principles.

"No, Friend Penn," replied the king, "it is usual for only one man to stand covered here."

A public speaker of any kind has constant demand for tact and ready wit. It is related that when "Long John" Wentworth, as he was familiarly called, of Chicago, was stumping his district, as a candidate for Congress, he made an eloquent speech, intending to close by quoting Bryant's well-known lines: —

"Truth crushed to earth, will rise again;  
The eternal years of God are hers."



But, unfortunately, he could remember only the opening words, which he repeated thus: "‘Truth crushed,’—how is that? It’s by Bryant, you know,—that beautiful poem of his,—‘Truth crushed to earth,’ ‘Truth crushed to earth will rise again,’—Well, boys, I don’t remember the rest of it; but, if any of you doubt it, I’ll just bet you a hundred dollars that she will!"

Some years ago, at a great banquet given in honor of Grant, at Delmonico’s, Chauncey M. Depew, that prince of after-dinner speakers, was on the list, but had been unavoidably delayed. When he arrived, the speech-making had begun. He had hastily planned his speech before his arrival at the hall. As he entered, Grant, himself, was on his feet, in response to persistent demands for "just a word." As every one knows, Grant was preëminently a man of deeds, and after-dinner speaking was not his forte.

Passing along the table toward the place assigned him, Depew’s quick ear caught these words: "If I were in Chauncey Depew’s shoes just now, and he were in mine, I should be a far happier man than I am." The words came like an inspiration. Instantly his decision was made. He threw aside all he had intended saying, and planned, on the spur of the moment, an entirely new speech.

When his turn came, he began by calling attention to the modesty of their illustrious guest, and the wish just expressed that another might stand in his shoes. "But," he continued, "Who can stand in Grant’s shoes?" He next proceeded to enumerate some of the brilliant achievements of the hero of Appomattox. Then, paus-

ing, and glancing around, he asked impressively: "Who can stand in Grant’s shoes?" Then came the enumeration of further victories. Again the speaker paused, and at each succeeding interval came the refrain: "Who can stand in Grant’s shoes?" The effect was magical; and, before the gifted speaker sat down, the hall echoed and reëchoed with the wildest and most tumultuous

applause. The felicitous phrase, and its application, had scored a great victory. It was a triumph of tact.

Many people fail from a lack of this rare quality—the power to adapt oneself quickly and perfectly to the situation, whatever it may be.

Thousands of people of great ability somehow never manage to get along in the world, because they are always undoing their work,—always putting their foot in it, so to speak; they never do a thing quite at the right time, or in the right way. They seem to be ill-timed, and not quite in tune with their environment.



Many of these people are good-hearted and well-meaning; but they have no tact; they lack a fine appreciation of the situation, they are powerless to do just the right thing at just the right time.

Tact is an extremely delicate quality, difficult to cultivate, but absolutely indispensable to one who wishes to get on in the world rapidly and smoothly.

Some people possess this exquisite sense in such perfection that they never offend, and yet they seem to say everything they wish to,—things which, if said by many others, would give offense.

On the other hand, certain people — no matter what they say — cannot seem to avoid hurting the sensitiveness of others, although they mean well. They go through life misunderstood,—for they cannot quite adjust themselves to circumstances.

"What color shall the frame be, ma'am?" inquired a shopman of a lady who had called to have her prospective husband's picture framed. "Well, you ought to know better than I," was the lady's reply. "I want a frame that will match the picture." "Oh, of course, ma'am," said the dealer, selecting one from the large assortment; "how would a green one do?" That man has never discovered to this day why the woman went out so quickly, leaving the door wide open.

These unfortunate people go through life never learning the cause of their unpopularity or failure to get on. They cannot please customers; they are always causing offense, always uncovering blemishes or sore spots. Many people have a genius for making themselves disagreeable. They appear at the wrong time, and do the wrong thing. As some people are color-blind, and have not the slightest appreciation of delicate tints, so many are tact-blind.

A lack of tact is one of the greatest stumbling-blocks in the road to success. Everywhere we see bright young men and young women blundering, and failing to get on, from lack of this mysterious and exquisite quality. We see opportunities wasted, and people of excellent character and great ability handicapped by this deficiency.

Merchants are constantly losing good customers; lawyers, influential clients; physicians, wealthy patients; editors are sacrificing subscribers; clergymen losing their pulpits; teachers and professors their situations; and politicians are obliged to resign — all because of their lack of tact. The author has known many a wealthy customer driven away from a bank by the lack of tact of a cashier, or a teller; in fact, the president of one of the largest banks in the world says that their business has been built up largely upon the manners and fine tact of their employees.

Those so fortunate as to possess tact can in the most unlikely situations turn everything to their own or their employers' advantage. In a certain large hotel, a room clerk has an extraordinary salary. He is



polite, attentive, and cordial. He can stow away more people in the nooks and corners of the house and make them feel comfortable than can any other living man. He came down one morning and found a well-known customer pacing the office in evident bad temper. To his cheery good morning the clerk received a gruff reply. "When did you come in?" "Last night." "I hope you have a good room." "I have not. They sent me up to thunder, and there is not room in my quarters to swing a cat." "Oh, that stupid night-clerk did not know that you brought your cat with you. I'll manage it after breakfast. You shall have a room big enough to swing half a dozen cats." With a hearty laugh the customer turned off to breakfast.

Much of the success won by the prominent colored statesman, Senator Bruce, came through his tact. The captain of a Mississippi River steamer, on which he was to make part of the trip to Washington, announced in advance that he would "teach the black senator manners," if he attempted to put on any airs. As soon as he arrived on board, Senator Bruce went directly to the captain and said: "Captain Leathers, I am going to Washington, and part of the way as a passenger on your steamboat. My name is Bruce, and you possibly may have heard of me. What I wanted to say is, that I know perfectly well what the feeling is of many of the people who are passengers regarding persons of my color. They cannot help it, and I cannot help it, and I am going to give them no occasion for annoyance while I am a passenger on your boat. I simply ask that you see to it that I am made as comfortable as possible, and I assure you that you will have no reason for complaint."

The hostile captain was completely won over. Stepping back and looking over the black man he had despised, he said: "You shall sit at my table; you shall sit at my right hand on the entire trip; and, if any man objects, he will have to fight me. A man who can talk as you have and who is as fair as you are, is better fitted to be a United States senator than some of the white senators that I have carried on this boat." He kept his word. The negro senator was the honored passenger of that trip. If Bruce had not known how to approach the bluff captain, what a difference there would have been!

It is not astonishing that tact gets on so fast. "The secret is, that it has no weight to carry; it makes no false steps; it hits the right nail on the head; it loses no time; it takes all hints; and it is ready to take advantage of every wind that blows. It seems to know everything without learning anything. It has all the air of commonplace, and all the force and power of genius." Take this out and a man's life soon "abounds in shallows and in miseries." Nothing is more reassuring than its presence. It is always finding the happy issue out of life's inevitable complications.

Tact enables one to keep his temper, and thus escape what might prove disastrous to his best interests. It also avoids the evil results of temper in others.

Thomas Fowell Buxton's secretary, Mr. Nixon, on his own showing, could not refrain from blurting out just what he felt at the moment, when differences arose between the two. This used to vex Sir Thomas, who, however, would say nothing till the next day, and then, when the secretary thought that the whole matter had passed off, having perhaps received great kindness in the meantime, the remonstrance would come out: "What a silly fellow you were, Nixon, to put yourself in such a passion yesterday! If I had spoken then, we should most probably have parted. Make it a rule never to speak when you are in a passion, but wait till the next day."

With tact, one woman, even with mediocre ability, is able to be a leader in society, and wield great influence over statesmen and brilliant men in all vocations; while another woman, very much her superior in other intellectual endowments, is obliged to remain in obscurity, and comparatively without influence, because she lacks the desirable quality called tact. A young politician with mediocre ability, sometimes sweeps everything before him, and is sent to Congress, perhaps, when others more stable, and of greater ability, simply from lack of tact cannot get on.

Tact enabled Lincoln to extricate himself from a thousand unfortunate and painful situations with politicians during the Civil War; in fact, without it, the result of that war might have been entirely different.

When Chesterfield was in the ministry, he once went to the king to beg his signature to the nomination of a person who was no great favorite with his majesty. The importunities of Chesterfield seemed not likely to be successful, when, in despair, he said: "Well, here is a vacancy,—what name shall I insert?" "The name of Beelzebub," answered the king, angrily. "Yes, your Majesty. I must write before it the usual protocol,—'to our loyal and well-beloved cousin, etc.' " This put the king in such a good humor that he permitted Chesterfield to insert the name of his friend, and signed the document.

It was said of Hercules that, whatever things he did, he conquered. The same is true of some men. Their tact has made them simply irresistible, and has enabled them to carry their point in the face of prejudice, envy, hatred, and all sorts of opposition, and seemingly even in spite of themselves has transformed their enemies into friends. "I have known men," says South, "grossly injured in their affairs, depart pleased, at least silent, only because they were injured in good language, ruined in caresses, and kissed while they were struck."

A gentleman, dying, left all his estate to a monastery, on condition that, on the return of his only son, who was then abroad, the worthy



fathers should give him "whatever they should choose." When the son came home he went to the monastery, and received but a small share, the monks choosing to keep the greater part for themselves. A barrister, to whom he applied, on hearing the case, advised him to sue the monastery, and promised to gain his case for him. In arguing before the court the ingenious lawyer said: "The testator has left his son that share of the estate which the monks should choose; these are the express words of this will. Now, it is plain what part they have chosen by what they keep for themselves. My client, then, stands upon the words of the will. 'Let me have,' says he, 'that part they have chosen, and I am satisfied.'" This plea gained the suit.

When Lincoln was waited on by a delegation of western men who protested against the policy of the administration and urged immediate changes, he said, after listening patiently, as usual: "Gentlemen, suppose all the property you are worth was in gold, and you had put it into the hands of Blondin to carry across the Niagara on a rope; would you shake the cable or keep shouting out to him, 'Blondin, stand up straighter; Blondin, stoop a little more; go faster; lean a little to the north; lean a little more to the south?' No, you would hold your breath, as well as your tongue, and keep your hands off until he was safely over."

Nothing was more striking in Mr. Lincoln's character than his tact and common sense. It manifested itself when he was a candidate for the legislature the first time, on the platform of the improvement of the Sangamon River. He went out to secure the votes of thirty men who were cradling a wheatfield. These men seemed to care very little about internal improvements, but were simply curious to know if he had muscle enough to represent them in the legislature. With characteristic common sense, Lincoln took up a cradle and led the gang around the field. Every man of them voted for him.

Thurlow Weed earned his first shilling by carrying a trunk on his back from a sloop in New York Harbor to a Broad Street hotel. He had very few chances such as are now open to the humblest boy, but he had tact and intuition. He could read men as an open book, and mold them to his will. He was unselfish. By three presidents whom his tact and shrewdness had helped to elect, he was offered the English mission, and scores of other important positions, but he invariably declined.

Lincoln selected Weed to attempt the reconciliation of the New York "Herald," which had a large circulation in Europe, and was creating a dangerous public sentiment abroad and at home by its articles in sympathy with the Confederacy. Though Weed and Bennett had not spoken to each other before for thirty years, the very next day after their interview the "Herald" became a strong Union paper. Weed was then sent

to Europe to counteract the pernicious influence of secession agents. The emperor of France favored the South. He was very indignant because Charleston Harbor had been blockaded, thus shutting off large supplies of cotton from French manufacturers. But the rare tact of Weed modified the emperor's views, and induced him to change to friendliness the tone of a hostile speech prepared for delivery to the national assembly.

"Common sense," said Wendell Phillips, "bows to the inevitable and makes use of it."

In a remarkable letter written by General Sherman to General Grant occur these words:—

"I knew that, wherever I was, you thought of me, and that if I got into a tight place, you would help me out if alive. My only point of doubt was of your knowledge of grand strategy and of books of science and history; but I confess that your common sense seems to have supplied all these."

Want of tact is a frequent source of unhappiness in the household. Husbands, as every one knows, are proverbially forgetful; but if all wives were as tactful as the one mentioned in the following incident, all difficulties in the way of "managing" husbands would vanish forever.

A merchant's wife, smarting from experience, one morning handed her husband a sealed letter as he was going to his office, begging him not to open it until he had reached his place of business.

With some solicitude, he broke the seal at the proper time, and read:—

"I am forced to tell you something that I know will trouble you, but it is my duty to do so. I am determined you shall know it, let the result be what it may. I have known for a week that it was coming, and kept it to myself until to-day, when it has reached a crisis, and I cannot keep it any longer.

"You must not censure me too harshly, for you must reap the results as well as myself. I do hope it will not crush you."

Here he turned the page, his hair slowly rising.

"The flour is out. Please send me some this afternoon. I thought that by this method you would not forget it."

The flour was sent.

An encouraging thing about tact is that, unlike talent, if one is born without it, it may be acquired. The fundamental rule for its acquisition is that one shall forget himself and minister unto the temperaments, tastes, likes, and leanings of others. Tact might be defined as utter unselfishness, self-forgetfulness in action.

To become and to appear interested in what others know, rather than to try to interest them in what you know, is a masterly and effect-



ive feat of tact. "Tact," it is said, "is that nice diplomatic art which enables one, without deception or hypocrisy, to be seemingly the same to all men, yet varying with each according to his peculiarity, and according to the mind of the man at the time, ready to see and to seize any opportunity that offers to forward the end in view in every transaction."

Tact is really the highest essence of true politeness. The real tactician is he who does a disagreeable duty in the most pleasant manner, robbing it of its sting.

"The secret of all success," says a clever writer, "lies in being alive to what is going on around one; in adjusting oneself to one's conditions; in being sympathetic and receptive; in knowing the wants of the time; in saying to one's fellows what they want to hear, or what they need to hear, at the right moment; in being the sum, the concretion, the result of the influences of the present time. It is not enough to do the right thing *per se*; it must be done at the right time and place."

"Science," says Holmes, "is a first-rate piece of furniture for a doctor's upper chamber, if he has common sense on the ground floor. But, if a doctor hasn't plenty of good, common sense, the more science he has, the worse for his patient."

We all talk of the battle of life. It is "a struggle in which we go forth, armed and equipped, to contend with our fellows. No matter how friendly the competition, it is a competition." Let it be remembered that, "though not exceptionally bright, if one has hard common sense and unflinching tact, he possesses two of the most important factors which contribute to success." On the other hand, it is no less true that the highest virtues fail of their errand, if the homely qualities of common sense and discretion are lacking.

Blessed are they who possess tact! Let them rejoice and be glad in the possession of an inestimable gift, and let those who have it not, bend all their energies to its acquisition.

COMMON sense is the measure of the possible: it is composed of experience and prevision: it is calculation applied to life. — AMIEL.

FINE sense and exalted sense are not half so useful as common sense. — POPE.

## THE POWER OF PURPOSE

CHILDHOOD may do without a grand purpose, but manhood cannot.

—J. G. HOLLAND.

THERE is no action so slight, nor so mean, but it may be done to a great purpose, and ennobled therefore; nor is any purpose so great but that slight actions may help it, and may be so done as to help it much.

—RUSKIN.

A MAN'S longest purposes will be his best purposes. It is true that life is short and uncertain; but it is better to live on the short arc of a large circle than to describe the whole circumference of a small circle.

—CHARLES H. PARKHURST.

LET a broken man cling to his work. —BEECHER.

I'M PROOF against that word "failure." I've seen behind it. The only failure a man ought to fear is failure in cleaving to the purpose he sees to be best.

—GEORGE ELIOT.

EVERY man must patiently bide his time. He must wait,—not in listless idleness,—but in constant, steady, cheerful endeavor, always willing, and fulfilling and accomplishing his task, that, when the occasion comes, he may be equal to the occasion.

—LONGFELLOW.

THE magic of a single aim has changed the face of the world. It has bridged rivers, tunneled mountains, built cities; it has accomplished everything of great value that has been accomplished.

Napoleon saw that what was called the balance of power was only an idle dream, that unless some constructive mind, a master of the situation, a match for events, could be found, the millions would rule in anarchy. He knew that there were plenty of men in France, but that they did not know the mighty power of an unwavering aim, by which he was changing the destinies of Europe. His iron will grasped the situation, and, like William Pitt, he did not loiter around, balancing the probabilities of failure or success, but went straight to his goal. There was no turning to the right or to the left; no dreaming away time or building air-castles; but one look, one purpose, forward, upward, onward, straight as an arrow. In the might of a settled purpose, he was like a burning-glass, which focuses the rays of the sun upon a single spot; he burned a hole wherever he went. The world stood aside to let this giant pass, because he knew the power of a mighty purpose. He knew how to concentrate. His ability, in many respects, was no greater than that of some of his generals, or other men in France, but he knew better than they how to focus every grain of his energy upon one plan.

There is no grander sight in the world than that of a young man, fired with a great purpose, dominated by one unwavering aim. He is bound to win. The world stands aside to let him pass. He does not



have half as much opposition to overcome as the nerveless, undecided man, who, like driftwood, runs against all sorts of snags, to which he must sooner or later yield because he has not sufficient momentum to force them out of his way. Defeat, to the determined man, is nothing. Like a gymnasium, it only gives him new power.

It is of no use to oppose him; this only doubles his determination and trebles his exertions. Dangers and hardships only increase his courage. No matter what comes to him,—sickness, poverty, imprisonment even,—he never turns his eye from his mark.

A strong purpose holds one down to his task and shuts out a thousand temptations to wander away from his legitimate sphere. A strong purpose does not wait for opportunities; it makes them. It

has a magnetic power that draws to itself whatever is kindred, and enlists the support of all the faculties. It helps one to become master of himself; and, "if he once gets control of his powers, he can work the entire machinery of his being to the best advantage."

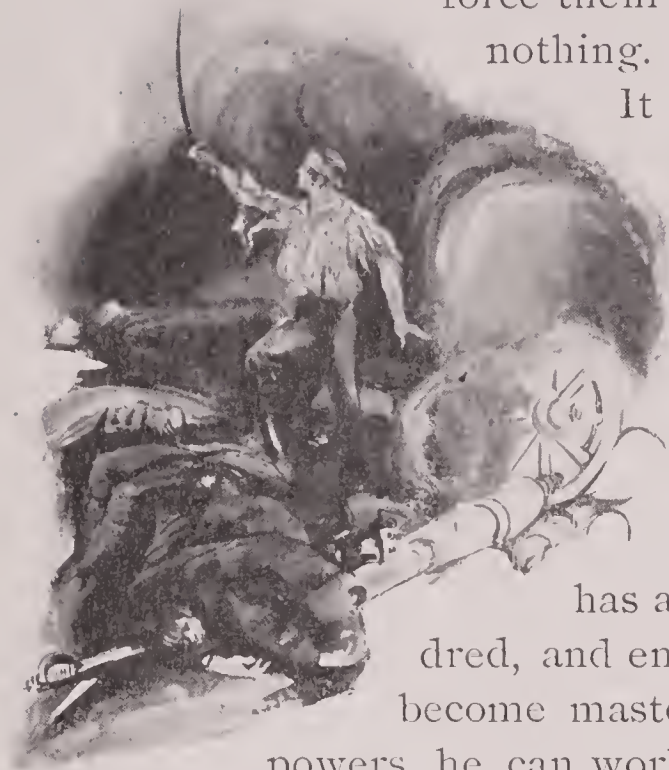
Many men remind one of the doctor who declared he "had no idea what made that baby [his patient] die," as he had given it "everything he knew the name of." They do, for a while, everything they can think of; and the end of their endeavors, like that of the doctor, is disaster.

A boy said of a donkey engine, "It puffs like a locomotive, it whistles like the steam-cars, but it doesn't go anywhere." The world is full of donkey engines, of people who can whistle and puff and pull, but don't go anywhere, as they have no definite aim, no controlling purpose.

We all know plenty of men who seem to have great resources; they are alert and active, they excite great promise, and we look for great things from them. They form great plans, project great schemes, and are always "just going to do something"; but somehow they disappoint expectations, there is some screw loose, and they are always running to waste. They are hard workers and great planners, but they do not "pan out."

The fact is that they lack balance and have no definite aim, no all-absorbing purpose to bring to a focus the rays of their scattering abilities. "Mental shiftlessness" could be written over the graves of these failures.

One talent concentrated will do far more than ten talents scattered; a thimbleful of powder behind a ball in a rifle will do infinitely more execution than a carload of powder unconfined. The rifle barrel is the purpose that gives direction and aim to the powder, which otherwise, no matter how good it might be, would be powerless.



The poorest scholar in school or college often far outstrips the class leader or the senior wrangler in practical lines, simply because what little ability he has he brings to a focus in a definite aim, while the other, who looks upon him with contempt, depending upon his general ability and brilliant prospects, never concentrates his forces into a definite purpose. Concentration is the secret of all great execution in explosives, and, in fact, in all science, and it is equally the secret in the law of success.

"The undivided will,  
'Tis that compels the elements and wrings  
A human music from the indifferent air."

S. E. Busser gave as one of the important elements of success, a master motive. "No man will succeed," says he, "who has not a grand purpose in life. You must have some object to live for. It must be definite and distinct, and must command your admiration. Our young men in this age are too much given to building air-castles. Success is not to be found in the dice box. It is not the result of luck."

"I committed one fatal error in my youth, and dearly have I bewailed it," says Robert Dale Owen; "I started in life without an object, even without an ambition. My temperament disposed me to ease, and to the full I indulged the disposition. I said to myself, 'I have all that I see others contending for,—why should I struggle?' I knew not the curse that lights on those who have never to struggle for anything. Had I created for myself a definite purpose,—literary, scientific, artistic, social, political,—no matter what, so there was something to labor for and overcome,—I might have been happy. I feel this now,—too late! The power is gone. Habits have become chains. Through all the profitless years gone by I seek vainly for something to remember with pride, or even to dwell on with satisfaction. I have thrown away my life, and I feel, sometimes, as if there were nothing remaining to me worth living for. I am an unhappy man."

"There is more hope of a man with a bad purpose than of a man with none," says Rev. Arthur T. Pierson in "Life-Power." "The torrent from the mountain, leaping over rugged rocks, plunging into deep chasms, in its madness tearing up trees by the roots and hurling huge boulders into the plain, at least represents *force*; even in its destructive fury there is still the divine majesty of power.

"Look in contrast at the stagnant pond, without inlet or outlet, lying motionless, thick, and slimy beneath the sun, breeding malaria and venom. Do what you will, the pond is still a pool of poison, giving forth to the air miasmatic vapor more destructive than the violence of the torrent. But you may so control that rushing flood that it shall move along the valley, a deep, broad river, a minister of plenty and of peace, turning



the desert into a garden, and bearing on its bosom the barges of pleasure and the vessels of commerce, till it loses itself in the serene sea.

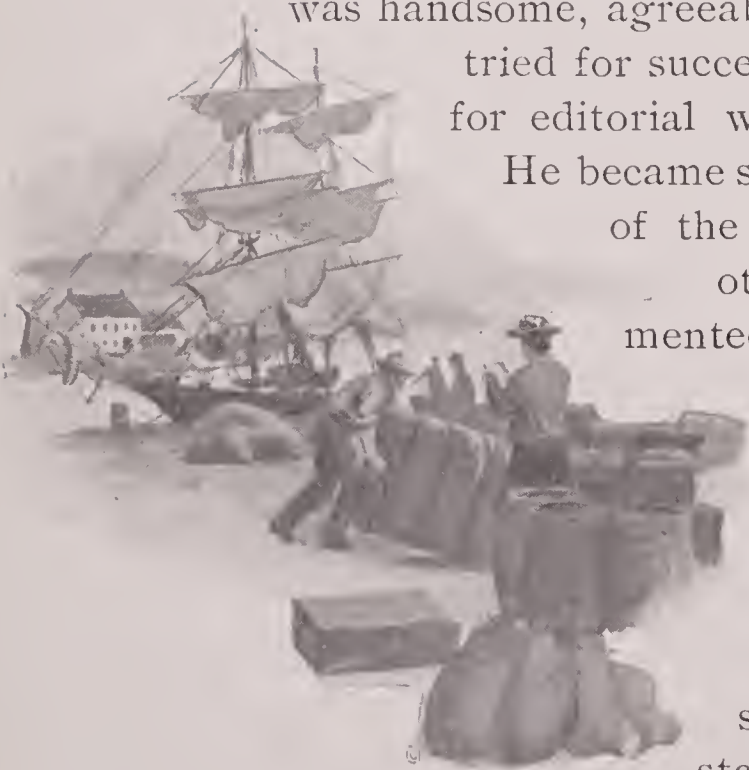
"Even in the life that works harm, like that of Saul the persecutor, 'breathing out threatenings and slaughter,' there is the sublimity of energy and force, which, once rightly restrained and wisely directed, take a noble channel and become a source of blessing to man. But a purposeless man must undergo a double transformation before he yields anything but hurtful stagnation. In some way activity must be put into him and then brought out of him. He must be electrified into life. Like Pygmalion's statue, lifeless, and motionless as marble, he needs a soul, and God only can give it. He is in himself a valley of dry bones,—very dry. Who but the Creator can breathe upon these slain and make them live?"

"What is your friend, young Tompkins?" one man asked of another. "A tramp," was the reply. "A tramp!" exclaimed the first speaker. "Surely you don't mean that he goes on the road!" "Oh, no," was the answer. "He's a thought-tramp. He is, he believes, capable of doing a number of things, and he cannot, or will not, determine which of these things he will adopt as a life-work. He sometimes dips into one thing for a day, a week, or a month, and then leaves it for something else, which, in turn, is abandoned for a third thing, and so on. Often he is altogether idle, because he does not force himself to fix upon something as a steady pursuit. He is called a brilliant and versatile young man, and I'm afraid his very brilliancy and versatility will ruin him. If he had only one talent, or the power of making up his mind and sticking to his decision, I should have large hopes of him."

A certain young man was graduated with honors from Harvard. He was handsome, agreeable, magnetic, and full of vigor and vitality. He tried for success in the lecture field, but soon abandoned that for editorial work, which was soon replaced by a teachership.

He became superintendent of schools in one place, took charge of the advertising department of a publication in another, opened a school of his own in a third, experimented in mining in a fourth, and so on. He traveled thousands of miles, while engaged in these different pursuits, spending many hundred dollars. After passing twelve years in this way, he has no settled pursuit, no sure position or salary, and is often hard pushed to pay his weekly bills.

New Jersey has many ports, but they are so shallow and narrow that the shipping of the entire state amounts to but little. On the other hand, New York has but one ocean port, and yet it is so broad, deep, and grand that it leads America in its enormous shipping trade. She sends her



vessels into every port of the world, while the ships of her neighbor are restricted to local voyages.

A man may starve on a dozen half-learned trades or occupations; he may grow rich and famous upon one trade thoroughly mastered, even though it be the humblest.

Even Gladstone, with his ponderous yet active brain, said he could not do two things at once; he threw his entire strength upon whatever he did. The most intense energy characterized everything he undertook, even his recreation. If such concentration of energy is necessary for the success of a Gladstone, what can we common mortals hope to accomplish by "scatteration"?

All great men have been noted for their power of concentration, which made them oblivious to everything outside of their aim. Victor Hugo wrote his "Notre Dame" during the Revolution of 1830, while the bullets were whistling across his garden. He shut himself up in a room, locking up his clothes, lest they should tempt him to go out into the street, and spent most of that winter wrapped in a big, gray comforter, pouring his very life into his work.

Genius is intensity. Abraham Lincoln possessed such power of concentration that he could repeat quite correctly a sermon to which he had listened in his boyhood. Oliver Wendell Holmes, when a student at Andover, riveted his eyes on the book he was studying, as if he were reading a will that made him heir to a million dollars.

A New York sportsman, in answer to an advertisement, sent twenty-five cents for a sure receipt to prevent a shotgun from scattering, and received the following reply: "Dear Sir: To keep a gun from scattering, put in but a single shot."

It is the men who do one thing in this world that come to the front. Who is the favorite actor? It is a Jefferson, who devotes a lifetime to a "Rip Van Winkle"; or a Booth, an Irving, or a Kean, who plays one character until he can play it better than any other man living; not the shallow player who impersonates all parts. It is the man who never steps outside of his specialty or dissipates his individuality. It is an Edison, a Morse, a Bell, a Howe, a Stephenson, or a Watt. It is an Adam Smith, spending ten years on "The Wealth of Nations." It is a Gibbon, giving twenty years to "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." It is a Hume, writing thirteen hours a day on a "History of England." It is a Webster, spending thirty-six years on a dictionary. It is a Bancroft, working twenty-six years on a "History of the United States." It is a Field, crossing the ocean fifty times to lay a cable, while the world ridicules. It is a Newton, writing sixteen times "The Chronology of Ancient Nations." It is a Grant, who proposes to "fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." It is such men



as these who have written their names prominently in the history of the world.

"Strike the knot!" said a man to his son, who, tired and discouraged, was leaning upon his ax over a log which he had been for some time trying in vain to split, hitting it in different places, but instinctively avoiding the tough obstacle. The father took the ax, and struck a few sharp blows straight at the knot, when he split the log without difficulty.

If young men could but realize, at the outset, that more energy is frittered away in trying to get around the "knot" which obstructs their path than would ultimately be expended in boldly forcing their way through it, the number of failures would be greatly reduced.

Chiseled upon the tomb of a disappointed, heartbroken king, Joseph II. of Austria, in the Royal Cemetery at Vienna, is this epitaph: "Here lies a monarch who, with the best of intentions, never carried out a single plan."

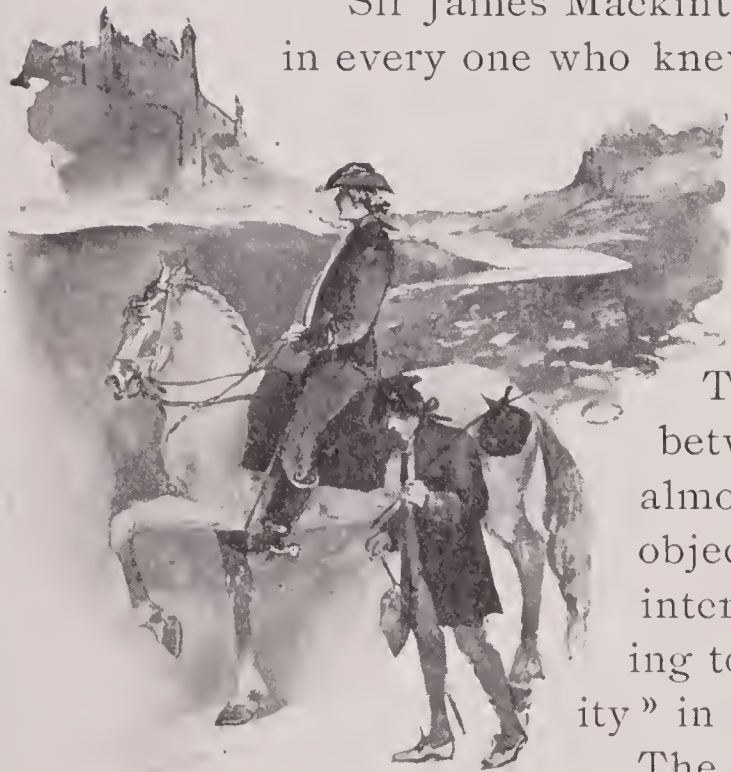
Sir James Mackintosh was a man of remarkable ability. He excited in every one who knew him the greatest expectations. Many watched his career with much interest, expecting that he would dazzle the world. But there was no purpose in his life. He had intermittent attacks of enthusiasm for doing great things, but his zeal all evaporated before he could decide what to do.

This fatal defect in his character kept him balancing between conflicting motives; and his whole life was almost thrown away. He lacked power to choose one object and persevere with a single aim, sacrificing every interfering inclination. He vacillated a long time, trying to determine whether to use "usefulness" or "utility" in a composition.

The following poem by T. H. Winton, points out the danger of dalliance and vacillation: —

"Two friends set out on a journey once, oh, many years ago,  
The one bestrode a mettled steed, the other trudged below;  
And he that rode raced everywhere, save to the place he should,  
'Because,' said he, 'there's time enough, and this, my mount, is good.'  
Time journeyed, too, and when, at last, the limit's hour did toll,  
The one that pleasure's bubble sought was still far from the goal,  
While he that came with tedious pace was at his travel's end,  
With but this shadow on his heart,—the failure of his friend."

"What a difference there is," says D. H. Platt, "between a drift-log, tossed now this way and now that, with every shift of wind and wave, and a steamer that keeps a steadfast course in spite of gales and currents! This would be an expression of the difference between a pur-



poseless and a purposeful man. Where will the drift-log land? This is an inquiry no more difficult to answer than the question, 'What will become of the aimless man?'

"Why do the average boy and girl go to school? 'Just because pa and ma send me, and the other boys and girls go, and we have lots of fun,' says one. Why do they study after they have entered the schoolroom? In exceptional cases, it is the determination to make the best possible preparation for life's responsibilities; but, ordinarily, it is because it is inconvenient and unpopular to be a dunce. In choosing a profession, how many young men sit down and carefully examine their own capabilities, make a decision, and then with unremitting persistency bend every energy to the accomplishment of their purpose? Where one young man does this, perhaps ten slip, or slide, or stumble into the occupation that is nearest, easiest, and most convenient, thinking only of immediate pleasure or necessity, and with no well-defined plans for the future. Most people do not make a deliberate choice of the society in which they mingle, but fall into whatever comes along, and are as well satisfied as they would be in any other company. The average voters scamper here and there in flocks after some purposeful man, like sheep that follow a bell-wether. It is an occurrence much more infrequent than it ought to be for a young person entering upon an active career to sit down and thoughtfully consider the relation of the life that now is to the life that is to come, and then to form a purpose to invest every moment of time in such a way that it will make for him the largest possible return in time and in eternity.

"Men drift into business. They drift into society. They drift into politics. They drift into what they fondly but vainly imagine is religion. If winds and tides are favorable, all is well; if not,—and in this world they are not always so,—all is wrong. So prevalent is this vice of aimlessness that Stalker says: 'Most men merely drift through life, and the work they do is determined by a hundred different circumstances; they might as well be doing anything else, or they would prefer, if they could afford it, to do nothing at all.' In view of this tendency, W. T. Ellis has said: 'Youth to-day needs to hear a ringing prophet message, crying, "Beware of crowds!" Half the evils that curse young womanhood and manhood are the consequence of doing as the crowd does. The spirit which gets its code of conduct from what "everybody does" is most pernicious, and is opposed to all true nobility and growth. Go with the multitude and you will go nowhere worth the going. Follow the crowd and you will be led astray. Drift with the common current and you will drift into danger, defeat, and death.'

"The longer one drifts, the harder it is for him to bend his back to the oar and steer his bark against wind and wave. It is so easy just to



let oneself go, and so hard to hold a steady course amidst life's storms, that one who has become accustomed to drifting cries out: —

“‘Let us alone! What pleasure can we have  
To war with evil? Is there any peace  
In ever climbing up the climbing wave?’

“There is no place or work for the man without a purpose. The world needs lifters, not leaners. It does not need those who will add to life's burdens, but rather those who will help to carry them. It needs doers, not shirkers. It needs those who will take hold and help, not those who will stand around in the way, while they are trying to make up their minds what to do.

“‘The busy world shoves angrily aside  
The man who stands with arms akimbo set  
Until occasion tells him what to do.’

“The crying need of the present age is not for weather-vanes, always being flapped about with every gust of popular opinion. The demand, and it is an urgent one, is for men, high-minded men, stanch-hearted men, that dare to stand for the right and to work with a purpose unmoved by popular clamor.

“A ship without chart or compass on an unknown sea may encounter as much danger from reckless steering as from drifting. A ship without an engine in working order may be compelled to drift because it has not within itself the power to stem the waves and to advance against the winds. A ship without a captain or a helmsman may as well drift; for chart and compass in themselves have no power, and the power of the engine may do more harm than good, if it is not properly directed. A ship without a destination may as well drift; for it is headed nowhere in particular. But we have not been put on the sea of life at the mercy of the winds and waves. Each may have chart and compass, and steer his bark.

“‘All who will,’ says a certain writer, ‘may make a good harbor with their lives. If we drift onto the rocks, or idly decay as we rest on the moving tides, the fault is entirely with ourselves.’

“Drifting, wherever else it may carry one, is sure to bring him to procrastination.

“‘Procrastination is the thief of time;  
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,  
And to the mercies of a moment leaves  
The vast concerns of an eternal state.  
At thirty, man suspects himself a fool;  
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;

At fifty, chides his infamous delay,  
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;  
In all the magnanimity of thought,  
Resolves, and re-resolves, then dies the same.'

"Eventually, it can never land one this side of disappointment and ruin. It has been truly remarked: 'No soul ever drifted into heaven; purpose alone enters there.' There are many ways that lead to destruction; just drifting with the current of affairs is one of these. What must I do to be saved, in this world or the next? Make a decision, and abide by it. What must I do to be lost? Nothing, absolutely nothing. Indecision, hesitation, infirmness of purpose, failure to act when nothing but vigor of action will avail; these will ruin a man as surely and effectually as deliberate and outbreking sin. It is not necessary to say: 'I will go to ruin.' The way to ruin is by no means so hard as that. Take life easy, shirk every disagreeable duty; avoid every responsibility; get into the popular swim; make it your supreme ambition to have a good time;—you are already drifting rapidly down the stream that carries many a soul to perdition. 'The majority of men,' says W. J. Dawson, 'are lost, not because they are criminals, but fools; not because they sought wickedness, but drifted into it; not because they purposed folly, but simply because they never had a wise and enduring purpose.'

"But drifting is dangerous to others than those who are drifting. The drifting hulk may collide with a vessel that is keeping her course, and cause a disaster. It is said: 'One great danger to shipping comes from the derelicts or hulks abandoned to the mercy of the winds and waves. A careful watch is kept for these, that they may not bring ruin to any other craft. A person may surrender his own life to be driven hither and thither by pleasure's currents and passion's gusts, but the loss will not be his alone; his course will wantonly imperil hundreds of other lives that may be making heroic struggles for better things.'"

It is decidedly better to have even an unimportant purpose than none at all; but a small purpose, which will consume as much time as a great one, will also bring forth small or unimportant results.

The Harleian manuscript quaintly mentions "a rare piece of work brought to pass by Peter Bales, an Englishman, a clerk of Chancery: this was the whole Bible contained in a large English walnut, no bigger than a hen's egg: the nut holdeth the book; there are as many leaves in his book as in the Great Bible, and he hath written as much on one of his leaves as is written on a great leaf of the Bible." In the "Philosophical Transactions," there is an account of a cherry-stone on which were carved one hundred and twenty-four heads, the portraits of kings and popes. In both of these instances great labor was bestowed upon com-



paratively trivial objects, producing neither private nor public advantage: a sort of labor-dissipation, or ingenious trifling. Occasionally, at picture-sales there are to be met what are termed "poker pictures"; so called from being produced by tracing on a panel a figure or a landscape, with a red-hot poker. The producers of that sort of trumpery should remember this answer of Michelangelo, when a picture was shown to him which had been painted with the artist's fingers: "The foolish man would better have used his brushes."

"The difference between genius and mediocrity," it is said, "lies chiefly in this matter of purpose; for true genius has, what mediocrity usually wants, ability and inclination *to labor*. Work and Purpose will be found to be the moral of every heroic life. It has been well and justly said that whatever we wish, that we are; for such is the force of our will joined to the Divine, that, whatever we wish to be, seriously, and with a good intention, that we become."

How often do we see persons with commanding abilities, with grand characters, apparently, who are constantly disappointing our expectations of their great promise! Magnificently educated and apparently well equipped for life's great work, they are like a chronometer which lacks only a little screw or a slender hairspring or mainspring to make it perfect. They have a fatal lack of decision, and are always disappointing the high hopes which they are constantly raising in all who know them. They almost succeed, but not quite. Their vacillating purposes ever disappoint the sanguine expectations of their friends, and ruin their own plans.

Indecision is fatal to self-respect; the man who never knows his own mind, and is always at the mercy of circumstances, can never respect himself, and must always distrust his own stability and purpose. Loss of respect for oneself is always followed by loss of the respect of others and by loss of their confidence also. Self-confidence is as necessary to success as is self-respect, and one usually accompanies the other or is lost with it.

It is humiliating, indeed, for a man to have to acknowledge to himself that he practically cannot tell what he will do or what he will be in the world, because he does not know how his plans and opinions will be modified by others' opinions, and because he cannot tell to-day what he will think to-morrow; for he cannot go ahead and form plans and deliberately lay out a course of action, because he has no mind of his own but has to borrow his opinions from others, and merely takes on the color of his surroundings, as some insects assume the hue of the tree they happen to be on at the time. It is debasing for a man not to feel that he belongs to himself, and that he cannot exult in the joy of that self-possession and independence, which are the birthright of every human being.

You never know what picture will be on the mental canvas the next time you meet such characters. This fatal changeableness of purpose is destructive of all lofty character-building, all manhood.

Such persons never carry any weight in their community; they are known to have no opinions of their own, and are never trusted with responsibilities or put in positions of trust. There is a vital connection, too, between decision and integrity of character. No matter how honest a man's intentions may be, if he is ever at the mercy of other people's opinions, if he is sensitive to other people's judgment, if he lacks confidence in his own purpose, he is not a safe man to trust with great interests. Many embezzlements and defalcations are committed by men who are thought to be honest and who mean to be honest, but who do not have strong minds of their own; for they are practically the property of any stronger mind which may capture them.

"Why are you not hammering away at something?" asked an old friend of a young man. "You've been out of college two years."

"I really cannot decide what my forte is," was the reply. "There are several things I might probably do well, but what the thing is I don't seem able to decide."

"Then bring all your wits to bear," advised the friend. "I already know no less than twenty-five men who were graduated before me or with me whose lives at middle age are aimless and whose hearts and pockets are empty, because they spent years finding out, or not finding out, what their fortes were. Look at all the circumstances, the environment, and the inclinations of your life, and begin; for only in this lies your salvation, to pitch earnestly into something."

"Every man has got a Fort," said Artemus Ward. "It's some men's fort to do one thing, and some other men's fort to do another, while there is numeris shiftless critters goin' round loose whose fort is not to do nothin'.

"Twice I've endeavored to do things which they wasn't my Fort. The first time was when I undertook to lick a owdashus chap who cut a hole in my tent and krawled threw. Sez, I, 'My jentle sir, go out, or I shall fall onto you putty hevvy.' Sez he, 'Wade in, Old Wax Figgers,' whereupon I went for him, but he cawt me powerful on the hed and knockt me threw the tent into a cow pastur'. He pursood the attack and flung me into a mud puddle. As I aroze and rung out my drencht garmints I concluded fightin' wasn't my fort. I'le now rize the curtain upon seen 2nd. It is rarely seldum that I seek consolation in the Flowin' Bole. But in a certain town in Injianny in the Faul of 18—, my orgin grinder got sick with the fever and died. I never felt so ashamed in my life, and I thought I'd hist in a few swallers of suthin' strenghtnin'. Konsequents was, I histed so much I didn't zackly know whereabouts I



was. I turned my livin' wild beasts of Pray loose into the streets, and spilt all my wax works. I then Bet I cood play hoss. So I hitched myself to a kanawl bote, there bein' two other hosses behind and anuther ahead of me. But the hosses bein' unused to such a arrangemunt, begun to kik and squeal and rair up. Konsequents was I was kiked vilently in the stummuck and back, and presently I found myself in the kanawl with the other hosses, kikin' and yellin' like a tribe of Cusscaroorus savajis. I was rescood, and as I was bein' carried to the tavern on a hemlock bored I sed in a feeble voice, 'Boys, playin' hoss isn't my Fort.'

"MORAL: *Never don't do nothin' which isn't your Fort, for ef you do you'll find yourself splashin' round in the kanawl, figgeratively speakin'.*"

Life is so short that we have no time to experiment with occupations and professions. The reason we have so many failures is that parents decide for children what they shall do; or children themselves, wrought on by some whim or fancy, decide for themselves without careful thought. So we have in pulpits men preaching sermons who ought to be in blacksmith shops making horseshoes; in the law those who, instead of ruining the cases of their clients, ought to be pounding shoe lasts; doctors who are the worst hindrances to their patients' convalescence; and artists trying to paint landscapes who ought to be white-washing board fences. Others are making bricks who ought to be remodeling constitutions, or shoving planes when they should be molding the minds of men.

This lack of purpose, this dawdling about waiting to find one's forte,—as if all heaven and earth could show it to one who is not determined to settle the question for himself,—is a great time-waster. It squanders the years, the brain tissues, and the habit of continuance, in a disastrous degree. People who are always trying different schemes, trades, and professions, are, after years thus spent, nothing more or better than "tinkers" at any one of them.

A Yankee can splice a rope in many different ways; an English sailor knows only one way, but that is the best one. It is the one-sided man, the sharp-edged man, the man of single and intense purpose, the man of one idea, who turns neither to the right nor to the left, though a paradise tempt him, who cuts his way through obstacles, and forges to the front. The time has gone forever when a Bacon can span universal knowledge; or when, absorbing all the knowledge of the times, a Dante can sustain arguments against fourteen disputants in the University of Paris, and conquer in them all. The day when a man can successfully drive a dozen callings abreast is a thing of the past. Concentration is the keynote of the century.

Scientists estimate that there is energy enough in less than fifty acres of sunshine to run all the machinery in the world, if it could be concentrated. But the sun might blaze out upon the earth forever in scattered rays without setting anything on fire, although these same rays focused by a burning-glass would melt solid granite, or even change a diamond into vapor.

"Girls, you cheapen yourselves by lack of purpose in life" says Rena L. Miner. "You show commendable zeal in pursuing your studies; your alertness in comprehending and ability in surmounting difficult problems have become proverbial; nine times out of every ten you outrank your brothers thus far; but, when the end is attained, the goal reached, whether it be the graduating certificate from a graded school, or a college diploma, to nine out of every ten it might as well be added, 'dead to further activity,' or, 'sleeping until marriage shall resurrect her.'"

"Crocheting, painting, dressing, visiting, music, and flirtations, make up the sum total for the expense and labor expended for your existence. If forced to earn your own support, you are content to stand behind a counter, or to teach school, term after term in the same grade, while the young men who were graduated with you walk up the grades as up a ladder, to professorships and good salaries, from which they swing off into law, physics, or, perhaps, the legislative firmament, leaving difficulties and obstacles like *nebulæ* in their wake. You girls, satisfied with mediocrity, have an eye mainly for the 'main chance'—marriage. If you marry a wealthy man,—which is marrying well according to the modern popular idea,—you dress more elegantly, cultivate more fashionable society, leave your thinking for your husband and your minister to do for you, and become, in the economy of life, but a sentient nonentity. If you are true to the grand passion, and accept with it poverty, you bake, brew, scrub, train the children, and talk with your neighbor over the back fence for recreation; spending the years literally like a horse in a treadmill, all for the lack of a purpose,—a purpose sufficiently potent to convert the latent talent into a gem of living beauty, a creative force which makes all adjuncts secondary, like planets to their central sun. Choose some one course or calling, and master it in all its details; sleep by it, swear by it, work for it, and, if marriage crowns you, it can but add new glory to your labor."



NO LIFE

Can be pure in its purpose or strong in its strife  
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby.

—OWEN MEREDITH.



## THE ECONOMY OF THOROUGHNESS

WHATEVER is worth doing at all is worth doing well.

—CHESTERFIELD.

LET a man take time enough for the most trivial deed, though it be but the paring of his nails.

—H. D. THOREAU.

IT is better to write one word upon the rock than a thousand on the water and sand.

—W. E. GLADSTONE.

THERE is large difference between indolent impatience of labor and intellectual impatience of delay,—large difference between leaving things unfinished because we have more to do or because we are satisfied with what we have done.

—JOHN RUSKIN.

YOU cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself one.

—J. A. FROUDE.

BE TRUE to your word, and your work, and your friend.

—JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

EASE and speed in doing a thing do not give the work lasting solidity or exactness of beauty.

—PLUTARCH.

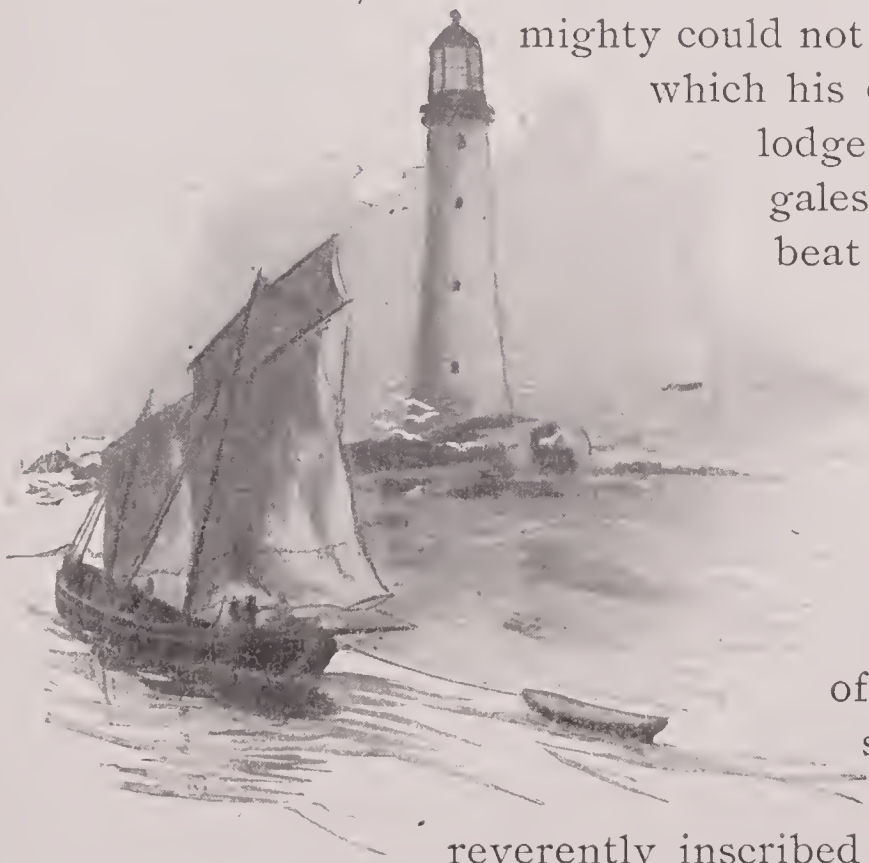
GENUINE work alone, what thou workest faithfully, that is eternal, as the Almighty Founder and World-builder.

—CARLYLE.

WHEN the Eddystone Lighthouse was to be rebuilt, Winstanley, the engineer, contracted to rear a structure which should withstand the assaults of time and tempest. With blasphemous presumption, he declared that he would build a lighthouse which even the Almighty could not blow down. A lighthouse he did build, in which his confidence was so great that he offered to lodge in it with the keeper through the autumn gales. But the first tremendous tempest which beat upon the flimsy structure hurled both building and builder into the foamy sea.

Then the great Smeaton, a master of his art, and a devout Christian as well, was called upon. He built upon the model of the trunk of a tree, and the new structure was made broad at the bottom, tapering gradually as it rose. The huge blocks of masonry were dovetailed into the reef itself, and then, course after course, into each other. At length, upon the apex were

reverently inscribed the words, "*Laus Deo!*" That lighthouse has withstood the fiercest onset of wind and wave on that fearful Cornish coast for more than a hundred years.



While at the military school at Brienne, Napoleon buried himself in the midst of his books and maps. He soon became eminent in mathematics. He read eagerly all books on history, government, and science. The poetry of Homer and Ossian, and the "Lives" of Plutarch, he read again and again. "All the thrilling scenes of Grecian and Roman story," says a biographer; "the rise and fall of empires, and deeds of heroic daring, absorbed his contemplation. So great was his ardor for intellectual improvement that he considered every day as lost in which he had not made perceptible progress in knowledge. By this rigid mental discipline he acquired that wonderful power of concentration by which he was ever enabled to simplify subjects the most difficult and complicated."

"Believe me," says Longfellow, "the talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, without a thought of fame."

To work successfully, you must do what you can do,—what, in other words, you have been trained to do,—what you know how to do and to do well.

There is a man of my acquaintance of whom it is said that he can do "just anything he has a mind to turn his hand to." He is commonly supposed to be a positive genius, and yet he does not seem to get on in the world. It is often the occasion of remark that so gifted a man should be no better off.

I was for a long time one of those who held to the belief that John Doane—which is not his real name—could "do anything," but I am not sure of it now. I have had him to repair a clock for me two or three times, and have finally taken the timepiece to a regular clockmaker, because it never kept very good time after all of John Doane's "turning his hand to it."

I have engaged him to do some carpentry work for me. The work would look very well at a glance, but it would not bear close inspection. When compared with the work of a trained carpenter, its defects were plainly apparent. His doors did not hang true and one could not always raise or lower the window frames he had set. He was regarded as wonderfully "handy" with shoemaker's tools, although he had never served an apprenticeship with a shoemaker. He has repaired shoes for me, but the work was rather bungling, and I long ago found out that it pays better to send my shoes to Joe Lane, who is a bootmaker by trade and does not pretend to do anything else.

John Doane laid a brick foundation-wall for a friend of mine. It looked very well, but in about a year a part of it came tumbling down, and the experienced bricklayer who was called to rebuild the wall said, the moment he saw it, that it had not been properly built in the first place.



A lady called John Doane in to see if he could discover why her sewing-machine did not work properly. He said he could fix it "in a jiffy," and that he had "fixed more machines than you could shake a stick at." No one ever heard John Doane admit that there was anything that he could not do. He set about repairing the machine, and in less than ten minutes had broken a certain part of the complicated machinery and she was compelled to send the machine to the factory to be repaired. They said at the factory that a skilled machinist could have repaired the original break in ten minutes, without the least injury to the other parts.

John Doane repairs furniture, and I once sent him a chair to re-cover with quite expensive material. The next day he came around to tell me that he had made a mistake in cutting the cloth, and that I would have to get another yard.

This jack-at-all-trades paints signs and houses, lays out lawns, prunes and grafts fruit trees, does tailoring, is a stone-mason and blacksmith. Indeed, he can "do anything." But he can do nothing well,—nothing exactly as it should be done. There are defects in all of his finished work.

It is better to know how to do one thing well than to have an imperfect knowledge of many things. Nature does not expand wisely in all directions in one and the same person. God never intended that one man should be a doctor, a lawyer, a pianist, a carpenter, a machinist, a stenographer, and a dozen other things besides. The men who have risen to the highest places in life have kept close to a single line of effort.

"What you want, more than anything else, is to know how to do something well," said President McKinley, addressing the pupils of an industrial school in Texas. "If you will just learn how to do one thing that is useful better than anybody else can do that one thing, you will never be out of a job."

"If a man can write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mouse-trap than his neighbor," said Emerson, "though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door."

"If you make a good pin," said a successful manufacturer, "you will earn more than if you make a bad steam-engine."

"We have no secret," said Manager Daniel J. Morrill, of the Cambria Iron Works, employing seven thousand men at Johnstown, Pennsylvania. "We always try to beat our last batch of rails. That is all the secret we've got, and we don't care who knows it." There is no room in the world for bad rails.

"I hate to see a thing done by halves," said Gilpin; "if it be right, do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it undone." Half-heartedness never

wins in this world — whether in the making of a steam-engine or of the rails for the engine to run upon.

“Nearly half a century ago,” said a railroad man, “I was put upon the world to make a living. I was stout, willing, and able, for my years, and secured a place in a hardware store, to do odd jobs, at seventy-five dollars a year. When I had been at work some three months, a customer bought a large bill of shovels, tongs, sad-irons, pans, buckets, scuttles, etc., for he was to be married the next day and was supplying his household in advance, as was then the custom. The articles were packed on a wheelbarrow, making a load heavy enough for a mule. But, more willing than able, I started off, proud that I could move such a mass, and got along finely until I reached the “mud road” which is now Seventh Avenue.



The wheel sank half its depth, and I could not budge the load. A good-natured Irishman, however, passing on a dray, took my barrow and its load on his vehicle and landed me at the house of the customer.

“I counted the articles carefully, as I delivered them, and then trudged back with the empty wheelbarrow, whistling with pleasure at my triumph. But my employers did not refund the piece of silver I had paid to the drayman.

“The next day, however, a merchant sent for me, and told me that he had witnessed my struggles and noted my zeal, especially the care with which I counted the pieces as I delivered my load. As a reward for my cheerful persistence under difficulty and my thoroughness, he offered me a five-hundred-dollar clerkship. With the consent of my employers, I accepted, having literally wheeled myself into the road to fortune.”

You may wonder why you are not advanced, or why some one else is promoted above you when you feel that you are more worthy. But are you really in line of promotion? Have you studied every detail of your business, as an artist studies his canvas? Have you read books which bear upon your vocation, in order to broaden your knowledge and make you of more value to your employer in the event of your promotion? Are you the best man or woman in your department?

If you cannot answer these questions in the affirmative,—if you are not better qualified than any one around you,—then you cannot expect to be advanced.

Whatever you undertake, go to the bottom of it, and do not allow any employee to know more about your business than you do. Determine that you will master the subject, and be able to give points to everybody



under you. The very reputation of being a master in your calling, of knowing it from A to Z, will be of untold advantage to you, and may save you, not only from many embarrassments, but also from utter failure in some great panic or emergency. Nothing in the line of your

effort is too trivial or too small for your attention. Let this be your motto: "I will be master of whatever I undertake."

"Why, Jack," said a young man in a machine-shop to his friend, who was a newcomer, "you learned more about that machine at school than the old man knows, but you listened to him and asked questions as if you were learning something."

"Well, suppose I did!" was the reply.

"He didn't care to hear about my knowledge, and I did about his, for the man who has handled certain tools for years in actual business is very likely to have something to say about their use that's worth saying, and a fellow never loses anything by being a good listener. It didn't diminish my knowledge to keep it to myself, and it did diminish my chances of being considered an egotistical bore. I'll have a chance to show what I know *by my work*."

"How is it that you do so much?" asked one in astonishment at the efforts and success of a great man. "Why, I do but one thing at a time, and try to finish it once for all."

Perhaps there is no other country in the world where so much poor work is done as in America. Half-trained masons and carpenters throw buildings together to sell, which sometimes, fortunately, fall before they are occupied. Half-trained medical students perform bungling operations and sacrifice their patients, because they are not willing to take time for thorough preparation. Half-trained lawyers stumble through their cases and make their clients pay for experience which the law school should have given. Half-trained clergymen bungle away in the pulpit and disgust their intelligent and cultured parishioners. In fact, many an American youth is willing to stumble through life half-prepared for his work, and then to blame society because he is a failure. There is nothing more needed in our public institutions than the teaching of thoroughness. Nature works for centuries to perfect a rose or a fruit; but an American youth is ready to try a difficult case in court after a few months' desultory law reading, or to undertake a critical surgical operation, upon which a precious life depends, after listening to two or three courses of medical lectures.



When Louis XIV. of France came to the throne and found himself with an uncultivated mind in the midst of the accomplished society of the age, he bitterly reproached the guardians of his childhood because they had suffered him to grow up in such ignorance. "Was there not birch enough in the forests of Fontainebleau?" he exclaimed.

What a misfortune it is to grow up to manhood and womanhood and to be conscious of possessing superior native ability, and yet be unable to fill positions of honor and trust because of defective application during one's childhood! How many people have failed in life simply because they were not taught in their youth to do things accurately, properly, carefully.

If a youth once forms a habit of half doing things, or of doing them in a half-hearted, slovenly manner, never quite finishing anything he undertakes, never quite working out his problems and lessons, relying upon his skill and sharpness and deceit to get through or to deceive his teacher, he will find that these defects will mar his whole career. If he goes to college, he will be known there as the boy with half-learned lessons and poor recitations, who barely "skins" through his examinations and gets his diploma, perhaps, by special favor. If he gets into business, there are always some defects in his transactions; he lacks system, order, thoroughness; is slovenly in his habits, never quite knows how he stands. He is not of much importance in the community, for nobody has confidence in his business methods and judgment. He is always blundering; he is a little late at the bank, and his notes are protested; he misses his engagements, and disappoints those with whom they were made. He never thinks it worth while to be exacting in little things. His books are inaccurate; his papers and letters are never filed; his desk is loaded with papers and letters, and confusion reigns everywhere. Such a man is always a failure in life, and is demoralizing to his associates. His example is infectious. Every one who works for him catches the contagion; and, knowing that their employer is not exacting, accurate, careful, thorough, employees come to see things as their master does, and these defects and weaknesses are perpetuated in their own careers.

If a general going through a country with an army should leave, here and there, forts which he found it difficult to take, and push on, he would soon find that the enemy entrenched in these uncaptured fortresses would harass him perpetually. "Skipped points" in business or in life are sure to give endless trouble and mortification.

Many a man or woman with superior aptitude for teaching, has been unable to obtain a merited position because of skipped places way back in the primary or common school work. We know of a gentleman of excellent reputation as a scholar who was nominated for a professorship



in one of our New England colleges. There was no doubt of his superior fitness for the position, but there were so many misspelled words in his correspondence that his name was dropped.

This is truly a crutch age. Helps and aids are advertised everywhere. All sorts of schemes are resorted to in order to make a school or college course easy for the student. His problems are worked out in "explanations" and "keys." Everywhere the most ingenious devices

are adopted to take drudgery out of study. Short roads and abridged methods are characteristic of the century.

Go to our great colleges and universities immediately before examinations, and you will see robust, healthy youths, lounging upon sofas, while private tutors (who have made a special study of the hobbies of the different professors) are trying by means of blackboards and books, to cram enough information into their pupils' heads, within a few hours, to enable them

to get the required percentage to "pass." These students, who have been "cutting" recitations and

lectures, dissipating, lounging about town, or spending their time in athletic pursuits, until within a few days of the close of the term, expect to do in a few hours, with the aid of tutors, the work which other boys who have studied faithfully, have taken months to accomplish.

In this way, many students manage to get through school and college with very little downright hard work, and, when they go out into the world, wonder why they are failures, while they marvel at the "good luck" of the dull boy in their class, whom perhaps they despised because he was obliged to wait upon the table and to do all sorts of things in order to pay his way, but who has gone rapidly to the front while they have been vegetating.

A few years ago, in Boston, a high granite block was built which, when completed, was considered one of the best in the city. To all appearance it was as lasting as the granite of which it was built. The builders had the utmost faith in it, boasting that they could safely "pile it full of pig lead." But before it was half stocked with goods it went down,—filling the street with stone, bricks, broken timbers, and bales of goods, and burying several persons in the ruins. Why did it fall? Down in the cellar were a few feet of an old wall, which, to save expense, had been left. When the enormous weight of the structure began to bear upon this old wall, it could not stand the pressure, and the entire



block fell in ruins. More than a hundred thousand dollars of loss and the sacrifice of priceless human lives resulted from saving a hundred dollars' worth of work in the foundation.

Not a day goes by but fresh instances arise to prove, in things little and great, that lack of thoroughness is, in the end, the falsest kind of economy.

A man who, knowingly, does a poor job when receiving pay for a good one, is as much a thief as one who abstracts money from another's pocketbook. This carelessness, this disregard for the rights of others, grows out of the failure to recognize the law of human brotherhood; and also from a failure to understand clearly that the one who thus refuses to do his duty really hurts himself and shadows his own soul, in a way for which no money gained for the moment can at all compensate.

A young lady engaged in newspaper work once said that she did not try to do very good work for her employers, because they "did not pay much." This doing poor work because it does not pay much is just what keeps thousands and thousands of young people from getting on in the world. The pay which one receives should have nothing to do with the quality of his work.

"I want this fence mended," said a judge to a carpenter whom he had employed. "There are some unplaned boards—use them. You need not take time to make it a neat job. I will only pay you a dollar and a half."

Later, the judge found the man carefully planing each board. Supposing that he was trying to make a costly job, he ordered him to nail them on just as they were, and continued his walk. When he returned, the boards were all planed and numbered, ready for nailing.

"I told you this fence was to be covered with vines," he said, angrily; "I do not care how it looks."

"I do," said the carpenter gruffly, carefully measuring his work. When it was done, there was no other part of the fence as thorough in finish.

"How much do you charge?" asked the judge.

"A dollar and a half," said the man, shouldering his tools.

The judge stared. "Why did you spend all that labor on that fence, if not for money?"

"For the job, sir."

"Nobody would have seen the poor work on it."

"But I should have known it was there. No; I'll take only a dollar and a half." He took it, and went away.





Ten years afterward, the judge had a contract to give for the erection of several magnificent public buildings. There were many applicants among the master-builders, but the face of one caught his eye.

"It was my man of the fence," he said. "I knew we should have only good, genuine work from him. I gave him the contract, and it made a rich man of him."

Character is a very great factor in success, and the personal impression you make on your employer will tell. If not, it will attract the attention of others.

A millionaire in New York told the writer that, when he was a boy, he let himself out by verbal contract for five years, at seven dollars and fifty cents a week, in a large dry goods store in New York. At the end of three years, this young man had developed such skill in judging goods that another concern offered him three thousand dollars a year to go abroad as its buyer. He said that he did not mention this offer to his employers, nor even suggest the breaking of his agreement to work for seven and a half dollars a week, although verbal, until his time was up. Many people would say he was very foolish not to accept the offer mentioned, but the fact was that his firm, in which he ultimately became a partner, paid him ten thousand dollars a year at the expiration of his seven-and-a-half-dollar-a-week contract. They saw that he was giving them many times the amount of his salary, and in the end he was the gainer. Supposing he had said to himself, "They give me only seven and a half dollars a week, and I will earn only seven and a half dollars a week; I am not going to earn fifty dollars a week when I am getting only seven and a half!" This is what many boys would have said, and they would have wondered why they were not advanced.

Young people should start out with the conviction that there is only one way to do anything, and that is the best it can be done, regardless of remuneration.

It is not merely a question of cheating an employer; it is a question of cheating yourself, when you do poor work. The employer is not injured half as much as you are by half-done work. It may be a loss of a few dollars to him, but to you it is loss of character and self-respect, loss of manhood or womanhood. These are woven from the warp and woof of daily work and thought. No one can afford to weave rotten or sleazy threads into the fabric of life.

"There are women," said Fields, "whose stitches always come out, and the buttons they sew on fly off at the mildest provocation; there are other women who use the same needle and thread, and you may tug away at their work on your coat, or waistcoat, and you can't start a button in a generation."

"These buttonholes, Sally," said Benjamin Franklin to his daughter, "are good for nothing. They will not wear. If you make a buttonhole, child, make the best buttonhole possible."

Not content with rebuking her, he went down the street and sent up a tailor, who had orders to instruct Miss Sarah in the art of properly making a buttonhole.

A great-granddaughter of the American philosopher told this anecdote recently, adding, with pride, "Since then the Franklin family have made buttonholes that will last."

Gladstone's children were taught to accomplish to the end whatever they might begin, no matter how insignificant the undertaking might be.

Michael Faraday was coming out of a lecture-room, one evening, after the lights were out, when he dropped something he carried in his hand. As he was groping about in the dark for it, a student remarked, "Never mind, if you don't find it to-night, to-morrow will do as well, I suppose." "That is true," said Faraday, "but it is of the gravest consequence to me, as a principle, that I be not foiled in my determination to find it."

"Either never attempt, or else accomplish," was the motto of the Duke of Dorset.

Francis Wayland used to tell of a student who kept school in vacation, and kept a very poor one. His excuse was, that he intended not to be a schoolmaster, but a lawyer. The poor schoolmaster made a very poor lawyer.

When he was a young lawyer, Daniel Webster once looked in vain through all the law libraries near him, and then ordered at an expense of fifty dollars the books necessary to obtain authorities and precedents in a case in which his client was a poor blacksmith. He won his cause, but, on account of the poverty of his client, charged only fifteen dollars, thus losing heavily on the books bought, to say nothing of his time. Years afterward, as he was passing through New York City, he was consulted by Aaron Burr on an important and puzzling case then pending before the supreme court. He saw in a moment that it was just like the blacksmith's case, an intricate question of title, which he had solved so thoroughly that it was to him as simple as the multiplication table. Going back to the time of Charles II., he gave the law and precedents involved, with such readiness and accuracy of sequence that Burr asked, in great surprise, if he had been consulted before in the case. "Certainly not," he replied, "I never heard of your case till this evening." "Very well," said Burr, "proceed;" and, when he had finished, Webster received a fee that paid him liberally for all the time and trouble he had spent for his early client. But it was not alone in the fee that he received his reward. He stood higher in his profession for the thoroughness of his work.



An eminent English lawyer studied years to gain a position at the bar. He had little success. He rode several circuits without a brief. At length, a friend gave him a case, because it was hopeless. An immense amount of property was involved in the suit. The whole case depended on the date of the establishment of a borough; the date could not be found. The young lawyer went to work as if his life depended upon winning. He remembered that it was the custom of Sir Christopher Wren to place the dates of his churches on the keystone. This borough had in it one of Wren's churches. All efforts to discover the date had been in vain. The young counselor, having a strong impression that the date must be behind the inscription of the commandments and the creed, persuaded the sexton, worked nights, chipped away the plaster, and found the date. He won the case, and in time worked his way up to the woolsack. He used to say humorously that his success began with the breaking of all the commandments on one night.

Rufus Choate would plead before a shoemaker justice of the peace, in a petty case, with all the fervor and careful attention to detail with which he addressed the United States Supreme Court.

The great French surgeon, M. Bourdon, was sent for one day to perform a critical operation upon Cardinal Du Bois, the prime minister under the old monarchy.

"You must not expect, sir," remarked the cardinal upon the surgeon's entrance, "to treat me in the same rough manner in which you treat the poor, miserable wretches at your hospital of the Hotel Dieu."

"My lord," replied M. Bourdon, proudly, "every one of those miserable wretches, as your Eminence is pleased to call them, is a prime minister in my eyes."

The demand for perfection in the nature of Wendell Phillips was wonderful. Every word must exactly express the shade of his thought; every phrase must be of due length and cadence; every sentence must be perfectly balanced, before it left his lips. He was easily the first forensic orator America has produced. The rhythmical fulness and poise of his periods are remarkable.

"Where on earth," Jeffrey once said to Macaulay, "did you pick up that English style?"

"When a boy," said Macaulay, "I began to read very earnestly, but at the foot of every page I stopped, and obliged myself to give an account of what I had read on that page. At first I had to read it three or four times before I got my mind firmly fixed; but now, after I have read a book through once, I can almost recite it from beginning to end." He also said that he heard only good English spoken, when a boy, and took great pains to imitate it. He owed much, too, to the advice of his mother, who once wrote to him:—

"I am very happy to hear that you have so far advanced in your different prize exercises, and with such little fatigue. I know you write with great ease to yourself, and would rather write ten poems than prune one; but remember that excellence is not attained at first. All your pieces are much mended after a little reflection; and, therefore, take some solitary walks, and think over each separate thing. Spare no time or trouble to render each piece as perfect as you can, and then leave the event without one anxious thought. I have always admired a saying of one of the old heathen philosophers. When a friend was condoling with him that he so well deserved of the gods, and yet that they did not shower their favors on him as on some others less worthy, he answered, 'I will, however, continue to deserve well of them.' So do you, my dearest."

Even Sheridan, who is commonly regarded as one of those marvelous geniuses who never open their mouths without dropping pearls of wit and wisdom, took good care to make a careful preparation, a close study of his subject, whenever any great effort was to be made. When the world gave him credit for being asleep, he was sitting up in his bed, early in the morning, preparing his witty sayings for the evening. It is known that he wrote and rewrote, over and over again, several, if not all, of his brilliant comedies; hence their rare polish and abundance of sparkling wit.

There is hardly a bar in Beethoven's music of which it may not be said with confidence that it has been rewritten a dozen times. Of the air, "*O Hoffnung*," in "*Fidelio*," the sketch-books show eighteen attempts, and of the concluding chorus, ten. Of many of the brightest gems of the opera, says Thayer, the first ideas are so trivial that it would be impossible to admit that they were Beethoven's if they were not in his own handwriting. And so it is with all his works. His favorite maxim was: "The barriers are not erected which can say to aspiring talent and industry, 'Thus far, and no farther.'"

Twenty things half done do not make one well done. Work which is not finished is merely a botch, an abortion. All the great masters have been workers who have really mastered their work.

"How did you attain such excellence in your profession?" was asked of Sir Joshua Reynolds. "By observing one simple rule," he replied; "namely, to make each picture the best."

When asked how he accomplished such wonders, Raphael replied, "From my earliest childhood I have made it a principle never to neglect anything."

Michelangelo made every tool he used in sculpture, such as files, chisels, and pincers. In painting, he prepared all his own colors, and would not allow servants or students to mix them. From beginning to end, he performed the whole of his own work. Taking the marble as it



came from the quarry, seldom making a model beyond a wax one, he immediately set to work with chisel and mallet on the figure, which was already perfected in his imagination. A French writer says of him: "I can say that I have seen him, when he was about sixty years of age, and not then very robust, make the fragments of marble fly about at such a rate that he cut off more in a quarter of an hour than three strong young men could have done in an hour,—a thing almost incredible to any one who had not seen it; and he used to work with such fury, with such an impetus, that it was feared he would dash the whole marble to pieces, making at each stroke chips of three or four fingers' thickness fly off;" with a material in which, if he had gone only a hairbreadth too far, he would have totally destroyed the work, which could not be restored like plaster or clay. He could trust his own hands. He knew that what he did himself was well done.

Every difficult exploit and every successful man is an object lesson in the science of success. The study of these lessons emphasizes the fact, over and over again, that brilliant and uncommon endowments are not necessary for great achievements. Distinguished men and distinguished deeds usually depend upon very old-fashioned and homely virtues. One thing always prominent in the record is thoroughness.

"The situation that has not its duty, its ideals," says Carlyle, "was never yet occupied by man. Yes, here, in this poor, miserable, hampered, despicable actual, wherein thou even now standest, here or nowhere is thy ideal; work it out therefrom, and, working, believe, live, be free. The ideal is in thyself!"

"Tack it on, Jimmy, the clobber'll hide it," said a horseshoer, as he shambled out of his shop, leaving his stepson to shoe a pony. The boy looked after his stepfather, then at the ill-fitting shoe he was told to put on the horse, depending on the mud of the road to hide its defects. He shook his head sadly. Then a determined look came over his face. "I'll not tack it on the way it is. It'll be a shoe, and a good one, before it goes on."

He went over to the fire, and, when he was through with the bellows and the anvil, the shoe was perfectly fitted to the foot. Yet it always puzzled Billy Farrell, "the horseshoer" below the bridge, who had all the soldiers' horses from the barracks, why John Shea, "the shiftless botch, the poorest mechanic in all Ireland," could "keep the shoein' o' Lady Forbes's pony."

He did not know of the little stepson who was working out his ideal.

A lady once crossed a street where a small boy was busily sweeping the crossing. She noticed with pleasure the care with which he did his work, and smiled as she said to him:—

"Yours is the cleanest crossing I pass."

He lifted his cap with a gallant air, and quickly said, "I am doing my best."

All day long the words rang in her ears, and for many days afterward, and, when a friend, a rich, influential man, inquired for a boy to do errands and general work for him, she told him of the little fellow at the crossing.

"A boy who would do his best at a street crossing is worth a trial with me," said the man; and he found the boy, engaged him for a month, and, at the end of that time, was so pleased with him that he sent him to school and fitted him for a position, which he filled with honor.

"Doing my best at the street crossing made a successful man of me," he often said in after years.

"I tell you what, Billy Gray," exclaimed a mechanic, when reprimanded for slovenly work by a merchant-prince of Boston, "I shan't stand such words from *you*. Why, I can remember when you were nothing but a drummer in a regiment!" "And so I was," replied Mr. Gray, "so I was a drummer; but didn't I drum *well*, eh? — didn't I drum well?"

When Andrew Johnson, in a great speech at Washington, said that he had begun his political career as an alderman, and had held office through all the branches of the Legislature, a man in the audience shouted, "From a tailor up." "Some gentleman says I have been a tailor," said the President; "that does not disconcert me in the least; for, when I was a tailor, I had the reputation of being a good one, and making close fits. I was always punctual with my customers, and always did good work."

It is no disgrace to be a shoemaker, but it is a disgrace for a shoemaker to make bad shoes.

"Labor," said William Ellery Channing, "may be so performed as to be a high impulse to the mind. Be a man's vocation what it may, his rule should be to do its duties perfectly, to do the best he can, and thus to make perpetual progress in his art. In other words, perfection should be proposed; and this I urge not only for its usefulness to society, nor for the sincere pleasure which a man takes in seeing a work well done. This is an important means of self-culture. In this way the idea of perfection takes root in the mind, and spreads far beyond the man's trade. He gets a tendency toward completeness in whatever he undertakes. Slack, slovenly performance in any department of life is more apt to offend him. His standard of action rises, and everything is better done for his thoroughness in his common vocation."

Many years ago, a college student was appointed to survey a tract of land in western Nova Scotia. It was a barren region, covered mainly with granite boulders, and impassable except on foot. There was little

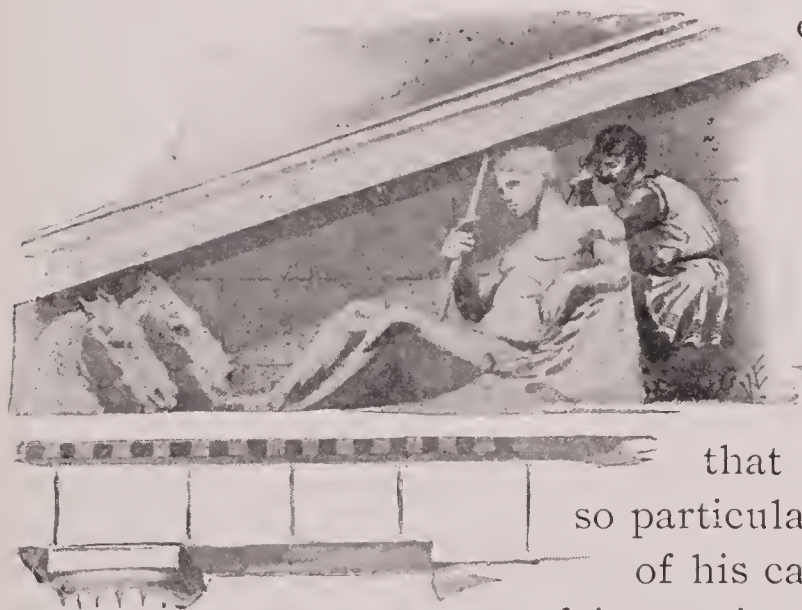


fertile soil or valuable timber. The whole tract seemed not worth the cost of even a rough survey; and there seemed little prospect that any test would ever come to the work which this student might do. But the young man was true to his profession, and equally true to the idea that he must do his best. It is said that, even ten years ago, in the whole area of this survey of 1,350 square miles, there were only twenty-six residents. Since then, gold has been discovered in that rough territory; the "leads" being such that the successful finding of the gold depends upon the accuracy of the surveyor's calculations. Experts have followed in the path of that young student, seeking by trial and retrial to locate the veins of gold. After their most careful work has been done, the government's best surveyors declare that their work was unnecessary, and that every one of the lines laid down by that college student has been proven as true as human knowledge can make it.

Do you ask what has been the life of this young man since he thus carefully surveyed the barren land of Nova Scotia? He is Sir William Dawson, who for many years filled out a grand life at McGill University, Montreal.

The artisan is he who strives to get through his work,—the artist, he who strives to perfect it.

"This is the culture of the imagination," said James Freeman Clarke, "first, to learn to see the beauty and grace which God has poured out on sky, on land, and sea; on body and soul; on life and conduct; on society and art; then to be a creator of beauty as God creates it, carrying this idea of the perfect into all that we do, learning continually to think more exactly, speak more accurately, live more truly, and finish well all we undertake."



The men who have worked for immortality have done their work as well as it could be done. The Athenian architects of the Parthenon finished the upper side of the matchless frieze as perfectly as the lower side, because the goddess Minerva would see

that side also. When remonstrated with for being so particular about them, an old sculptor said of the backs of his carvings, which were out of all possible chance of inspection, "But the gods will see them." Every one of the five thousand statues on the cathedral at Milan was as faithfully done as if God's eye were upon the sculptor.

"Build it well, whate'er you do;  
Build it straight, and strong, and true;  
Build it clean, and high, and broad;  
Build it for the eye of God."

If I do not bear in mind the sense of the Persian proverb: "Doing well depends upon doing completely"; if I do not acquire the habit of doing everything well, I shall have my labor for my pains, so far as the true worth of my work is concerned. Taking time and taking pains go a long way toward establishing the value of my work. Craving for perfection of workmanship goes far toward the making of a master workman. I owe it to myself, as well as to my employer, to perform the duties of my position faithfully, efficiently, to the very best of my ability. The world wants no careless, indifferent, or half-hearted workers. It wants the best; and the slipshod, don't-care, happy-go-lucky young man or woman will be tolerated only until a more competent person appears. The world expects, society demands, and my own highest self calls upon me to do my best. I should feel that the universe is not quite complete without my work well done.

George Eliot expresses this thought finely in her poem, "Stradivarius," about the famous old violin-maker, whose violins, some of them two hundred years old, are now worth from \$5,000 to \$10,000 each, or several times their weight in gold. She makes Stradivarius say:—

"If my hand slacked,  
I should rob God,—since he is fullest good,—  
Leaving a blank instead of violins.  
He could not make Antonio Stradivari's violins  
Without Antonio."

Make it a rule of your life, under all circumstances, to do whatever is given you to do, carefully, conscientiously, thoroughly, be it ever so trifling; for he only who is painstaking in small things will be intrusted with larger responsibilities. To do your best; to put your whole heart into your work; to fill your place as it never was filled before; to make yourself abundantly worthy of better things; this is to follow the path that leads to great achievement.

"Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings." Be faithful and diligent in performing the duties of to-day, and to-morrow the larger opportunity will come and find you ready. There is only one means to success in life,—honest, painstaking labor; there is no other way to build up a noble character, to attain to the highest manhood or womanhood. Make up your mind at the outset that you will be your own most rigid taskmaster; that, even in the smallest things, you will accept nothing but your best, and your life will grow broader, richer, and more useful day by day.

"The first great work is that yourself may to yourself be true," and only by constantly putting forth your highest powers, by always being and doing your best, can you accomplish this supreme end.



## IDLENESS

THERE is a firefly in the southern clime  
Which shineth only when upon the wing;  
So it is with the mind:  
When once we rest, we darken.  
—BAILEY.

WHAT is a man,  
If his chief good, and market of his time  
Be but to sleep and feed? A beast, no more.  
Sure, He that made us with such large discourse,  
Looking before and after, gave us not  
That capability and godlike reason  
To rust in us unused.

—SHAKESPEARE.

A MAN who has nothing to do is the devil's playfellow. He has no choice in the matter. He can find no sympathy anywhere else. Good men find nothing in him congenial.  
—J. G. HOLLAND.

IDLENESS is paralysis.—ROSWELL D. HITCHCOCK.

IDLENESS is emptiness; the tree in which the sap is stagnant remains fruitless.  
—HOSEA BALLOU.

THERE is no remedy for time misspent;  
No healing for the waste of idleness,  
Whose very languor is a punishment  
Heavier than active souls can feel or guess.

—AUBREY DE VERE.

“WILL be sold by Public Vendue, Friday, the eighteenth of August, at the house of Lemuel Poorsoul, in Nopenny Township, in the County of Lackthrift, a litter of Pups, two Gamecocks, three Jugs, one Checkerboard, and a Euchre Pack.”

This printer's squib surely suggests a member of the Idle Family. Who does not know some member of this family?

Lands run to waste, fences dilapidated, crops chiefly of weeds and brambles; a shattered house, the side leaning over as if wishing, like its owner, to lie down to sleep; the chimney tumbling down, the roof breaking in, with moss and grass sprouting in its crevices; the well without pump or windlass, a trap for the children,—is not this the very castle of Indolence, the abode of the Lord of Never-Do-To-day-What-You-Can-Put-Off-Until-To-morrow-And-Don't-Do-It-Then-If-You-Can-Help-It?

“The loafer,” says Josh Billings, “iz a human being who occupies all grades in sosisety, from the judge on the bench klean



down to the ragged thing in britches who leans against a lamp-post and fites flies in August.

"He haz hiz big circle ov friends, whare hiz koarse jests are re-echoed, and whare tew be in hiz konfidence iz konsidered an honor.

"He iz not alwus destitute ov kommon sense, and quite often iz the author ov jests which pass upon the unwary for humor and even wit.

"He haz no pride that iz worthy, and haz no delikasy that enny boddy kan hurt.

"During hiz boyhood he kills kats and sells their hides to the hatters, and robs all the hen's nests and arly apple-trees in the naborhood.

"During hiz middle life he begs all the tobacco he uses, and drinks all the cheap whisky he kan at sumboddy else's expense.

"During hiz old age he winters in the almshouses, and summers in the sugar hogsheds, and, when he comes tew die, he iz buried in a ditch, like an omnibus hoss, with hiz old shoes on.

"This iz a trew ackount ov the life and adventures ov the ordinary loafer, and yet thare are thousands ov human kritters coming onto the platform ov life every six months whoze only ambishun iz tew be succesful loafers.

"The loafer kares nothing for publik opinyun, and this, alone, will make enny man a loafer.

"The loafer rather covets disgrace ov all kinds, and, when a man gits az low down az this, he haz got az low down az he kan git without digging."

"So George is going to give up his place again, is he? What is the trouble this time?" asked the father of a son, long afflicted with the disease of laziness.

"He complains that the hours are too long," the mother answered.

"H'm! I guess George would like to work from twelve to one, with an hour off for luncheon."

"The first external revelation of the dry rot in men," says Dickens, "is a tendency to lurk and lounge; to be at street corners without intelligible reasons; to be going anywhere when met; to be about many places rather than any; to do nothing tangible but to have an intention of performing a number of tangible duties to-morrow or the day after."

It is well for every youth to post up in his study or room a list of "thieves" or "time wasters," such as dawdling, half working, listless working, working without energy, aimless working, oversleeping, late rising, loafing, useless visiting, fooling, working merely for the sake of working, overworking, studying with jaded, weary mind and flagging energies, useless letter writing, idle calling, amusements which are not necessary for health or recreation, callers and visitors who steal away



precious hours and minutes, dreaming, talking nonsense, building air-castles, killing time, traveling without a purpose, reading foolish stories, procrastination, sloth, half doing things which never amount to anything because not finished.



Idleness is a sly thief; she snatches a minute here and a few minutes there; she clips a quarter of an hour from your music lesson, or your other duties. How many precious moments a day she has stealthily snatched from many a life! We determine every morning that she shall have none of that day, but every night we have to confess, with chagrin, a similar loss. She holds you just a minute till your train has gone, till the bank has closed; she induces

you to get your house insured to-morrow, but it burns to-night; to apply for the situation to-morrow, but it is taken to-day. She makes you tardy at school, just a little late for your engagements, until you have lost your reputation for promptness and injured your credit. "Idleness is emptiness,"—get a starling to cry this in your ear forever.

"Nothing is worse for those who have business than the visits of those who have none," was the motto of a Scotch editor. "Thousands of honest people who would cut their hands off sooner than steal a penny from me do not hesitate to drop in on me and steal an hour of my time which no money can replace." Lost wealth may be restored by industry, the wreck of health regained by temperance, forgotten knowledge restored by study; but whoever looked on a vanished hour, or recalled his neglected opportunities—Heaven's record of wasted time?

There is no one thing which will sooner wreck a young man and utterly ruin all his future prospects than the reputation of being lazy, shiftless.

Doing nothing is an apprenticeship to doing wrong. "If you are idle," said Henry Ward Beecher, "you are on the way to ruin, and there are few stopping places upon it. It is rather a precipice than a road."

"No trade" is the open sesame to our jails. It is said that ninety per cent. of the convicts in the Massachusetts State Prison at Charleston entered by the password, "No trade."

While a criminal was exchanging his own for a prison suit in the penitentiary of Connecticut, he remarked, "I never did a day's work in my life." No wonder that he reached the state prison. "The recent anti-contract prison law keeps the majority of prisoners confined within their cells, without occupation, twenty-two out of twenty-four

hours daily. This is working disastrously to their mental condition. Nineteen prisoners have already become maniacs,—an unusual and alarming percentage. It is believed that, unless the law is revised, or some legal occupation is quickly invented, this percentage will greatly increase, and that the responsibility of having made mental wrecks for life of many whom it undertook simply to punish for a term of years will rest upon the state. It is something more serious than a blunder, that the New York legislature should have disregarded one of the first principles in penology,—that enforced idleness invites mental collapse.”

Neither heaven nor earth has any permanent place for the drone; he is a libel on his species. No glamour of wealth or social prestige can hide his essential ugliness. It is better to carry a hod or wield a shovel in honest endeavor to be of some use to humanity than to be nursed in luxury and be a parasite.

“The necessary thing in our world,” says Lyman Abbott, “is industry; nothing else is as irreligious as idleness. There are idle rich and idle poor. While something can be said for the idle poor man, who has made a failure of life while struggling, there is absolutely nothing which can be said for the idle rich. Equipped with an education, wealth, and social position, he is ready to use for his own selfishness the money which his father has probably accumulated for him by honest labor. Gladstone’s caustic opinion, which is very applicable here, is full of truth: ‘There is a place in life for labor which is honorable, but there is no place for the idle rich man.’”

One thing that keeps young men down is their fear of work. They aim for genteel occupations, so that they can dress well, and not soil their clothes, and they wear gloves when they handle things. They do not like to get their shoulders under the wheel, and they prefer to give orders to others, or figure as masters, and let some one else do the drudgery. There is no doubt that indolence and laziness are the chief obstacles to success; the world is full of people who bemoan their hard luck and are constantly pitying themselves because fate is against them; because they cannot succeed as other people do. The real cause of their failure is lack of heart. They do not throw their whole souls into their work. They touch their employment with only the tips of their fingers. They lack energy, push, perseverance; they have no ambition-fires to melt the obstacles in their pathways, to weld together, into one continuous chain, the links of their efforts.

Futile endeavor, half-hearted effort, never accomplished anything. It takes the fire of determination, energy, push, and good judgment to accomplish that which counts; or life will be a failure. It is the enthusiastic man, with fire in his blood and ginger in his brain, who makes things move, and pushes to the front.



We see the half-hearted floating aimlessly with every current. They have lost their grip, and are pushed aside by the more vigorous and determined; they lose heart and cease struggling, and then they become drifters, and are tossed about on the sea of life.

When we see a boy, who has just secured a position, take hold of everything with both hands, and "jump right into his work," as if he meant to succeed, we have confidence that he will prosper. But, if he stands around, and asks questions when told to do anything; if he tells you that this, or that, belongs to some other boy to do, for it is not his work; if he does not try to carry out his orders in the correct way; if he wants a thousand explanations, when asked to run an errand, and makes his employer think that he could have done the whole thing himself,—one feels like discharging such a boy on the spot, for he is convinced that he was not cut out for success. That boy will be cursed with mediocrity, or he will be a failure. There is no place in this century for the lazy man. He will be pushed to the wall.

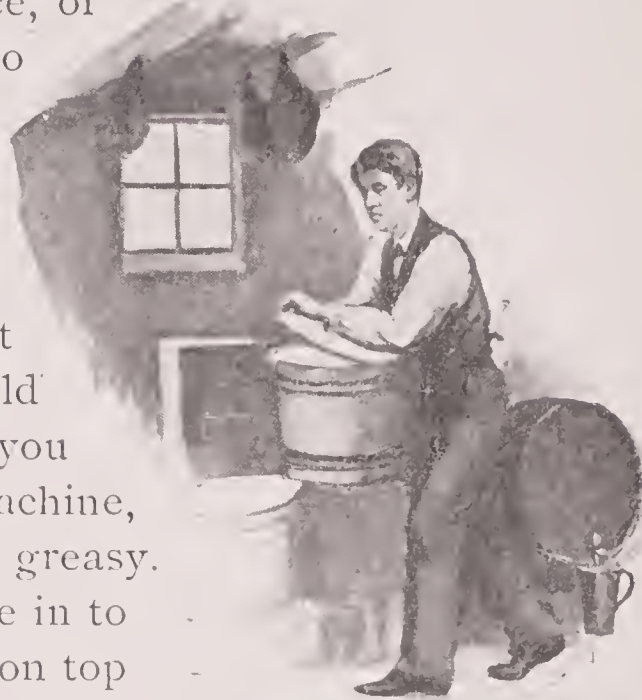
"I have had to quit school in order to earn something to help support our family, as my father is not very well and does not earn enough to live on. I have tried three different places, but they put me at the hardest, most menial work, and I have been accustomed to doing the easy work around the house, and it hurts me to have to do dirty work."

This letter was received by the genial, boy-loving editor of "Peck's Sun," George W. Peck, whose answer is a masterpiece of humor and good sense:—

"Well, boy," replied the genial correspondent, "you have a good deal to learn. There is nothing that would be better for you than to get a place in a milliner's shop, where you could wear a shirt-waist, and ribbons in your hair, and go to picnics. If you are going to learn a trade, you have got to begin at the bottom and do the dirty work. You cannot go to work in a bank, and sit in the president's office and cut off coupons the first week, but you will have to sweep out the bank and pick up the cigar stubs the clerks leave, and work up from the cuspidor to the bank vault, and all this will take time. You seem the kind of a boy who, if you took a position in a grocery store, would want to put up nothing but granulated sugar, and raisins, and candy, and trade with pretty girls, but you would have to carry firkins of butter around, and knock the tops off, and dig into the butter with a wooden spud and get out some for a customer, and probably get frowy butter on your sleeves; and you would have to dig pickles out of a sour barrel and get vinegar on you, and if any customer asked for molasses, you would want the proprietor to go and draw it, but you would have to do it, and be mighty careful and get the dead flies out of the quart measure before you opened

up, or you might lose a customer for the old man. If you thought you were going to have an easy time in the grocery, you would make the mistake of your life, for you would have to roll barrels of sugar in the basement, and cut cheese, and sort out rotten cabbages, and sprout potatoes in the cellar, and grind coffee. You act as if, if you went to work in a livery stable, you would want to sit in the office, or drive for the crowned heads, but you would have to wash off horses and wash and grease buggies, and grind fodder and polish harness. You could not drive the omnibus the first day, and that is the ambition of all boys. If you went to work in a meat market, you would want to do nothing but weigh out sirloin steaks that the boss had cut off, and you would probably handle them with gloves, or with a fork, but you would find that you would have to turn the sausage machine, and fry out the scraps, and make yourself useful and greasy. If you were in a meat market, and a poor woman came in to buy a pound of pork, you would take the first piece on top of the brine and insist that she should take it, but she would insist that you roll up your sleeve and dig away down to the depths of the barrel of brine, into the rock salt on the bottom, to find the piece she wanted, and if you had a raw place on your hand it would smart so you would want to be mustered out of the meat market and draw a pension. Oh, you will never find an easy place to work, where you can keep well dressed and clean, until you learn your trade.

“Many boys see the typesetters in a country printing-office sitting on stools, doing nice clean work, and they want to learn the printing trade right off. The first day, they put you distributing ‘pi,’ and you think you have struck a snap, but the next day you get the second degree and have to wash the rollers, and wash the forms, carry dirty water down three flights of stairs and carry clean water up; and you do the rolling; and when you are ready to go home the second night, there is ink on your white shirt and clear up to your hair, and when you get home your mother will not own you. You want to quit the printing business right off. The ‘Sun’s’ advice to you, boy, would be to pick out some trade that you think you are fitted for, put on some old clothes, and tell them that you want to begin at the bottom and learn it clear to the top, and then don’t you ever miss a note or shirk anything, and when you are graduated, you are in a position to teach others. There is no trade that you can learn that will let you remain at the top, and keep you clean and make you easy, except that of inheriting a fortune, but that trade is already overrun and there are few openings. Learn something, and learn it well.”





## THE JOY OF A LIFE OF LABOR

FROM labor health, from health contentment springs.—BEATTIE.

TASTE the joy  
That springs from labor.

—LONGFELLOW

O, THE toils of life!  
How small they seem when love's resistless tide  
Sweeps brightly o'er them! Like the scattered stones  
Within a mountain streamlet, they but serve  
To strike the hidden music from its flow  
And make its sparkle visible.

—ANNA KATHARINE GREEN.

LABOR is good for man, bracing up his energies to conquest,  
And without it life is dull, the man perceiving himself useless;  
For wearily the body groaneth, like a door on rusty hinges.

—TUPPER.

FREE men freely work;  
Whoever fears God, fears to sit at ease.

—MRS. BROWNING.

WE LIVE not to ourselves; our work is life. —BAILEY.

WORK is its own best earthly meed  
Else have we none more than the sea-born throng  
Who wrought those marvelous isles that bloom afar.

—JEAN INGELow.

WE ARE not sent into this world to do anything into which we cannot put our hearts. We have certain work to do for our bread, and that is to be done strenuously; other work to do for our delight, and that is to be done heartily; neither is to be done by halves or shifts, but with a will; and what is not worth this effort is not to be done at all.

—RUSKIN.

WHEREVER a ship plows the sea or a plow furrows the field; wherever a mine yields its treasure; wherever a ship or a railroad train carries freight to market; wherever the smoke of a furnace rises, or the clang of a loom resounds,—even in the lonely garret where the seamstress plies her busy needle,—there is industry.

—JAMES A. GARFIELD.

“**W**ORK is the one great law of the world,” said Zola, “which leads organized matter slowly but steadily to its own goal.” Outside of man there is not an idle atom in the universe; everything is working out its mission. “Work or starve,” is nature’s motto,—as it is written on the stars and the sod alike,—starve physically, starve mentally, starve morally. It is an inexorable law of Nature that whatever is not used, dies. “Nothing for nothing,” is her maxim. The moment activity ceases anywhere, a retrograde process sets in.

“If I rest, I rust,” was the old German inscription on a key; it is the motto which nature writes on more substances than iron.

Deprive a plant of water,—why does it die? It cannot do its work; its leaves, the laboratories where the food is made upon which its life depends, become so many closed workshops; all its vital processes come to a standstill. Work is the law of its life.

An ancient Greek thought to save his bees a laborious flight to Hy-mettus. He cut their wings and gathered flowers for them to work upon at home. But they made no honey; it was the law of their natures to cull from the east and from the west, and to bring their sweets from afar.

"Nature knows no pause," writes Goethe, "and attaches a curse upon all inaction,"—upon the inaction of iron, of plant, of bee, of man. For what is the law binding throughout all her kingdoms?—shall man alone be exempt from it? Ages and eons were nothing for Nature to spend in preparing for man's coming, or in making his existence possible. She rifled the centuries for his development, and placed the universe at his disposal. What is the world but man's kindergarten? What is every created thing but an object-lesson from the unseen universe? Nature resorts to a thousand expedients to develop a perfect type of manhood. Through them all she never allows him to lose sight of the fact that it is the struggle to attain which develops the man. She makes him fight his way up to his own loaf.

"Your powers are sufficient for your needs," says Nature; "even as the ant, go thou and be no sluggard. He who does not work shall not eat. Nothing belongs to thee but by right of conquest."

Are you idle and shiftless by choice? You will then be nerveless and powerless by necessity. Let your brain alone and you will become an imbecile. Let your land alone and you will become a pauper. Let your neighbor alone and you will become selfish. Let your soul alone and you will become devilish.

When asked the cause of his brother's death, Sir Horace Vere replied, "He died, sir, of having nothing to do." "Ah!" said the Marquis of Spinola, "that is enough to kill any general of us all."

"A useless life," said Goethe, "is but an early death."

"I cannot too much impress upon your mind," wrote Walter Scott to his son at school, "that labor is the condition which God has imposed on us in every station of life; there is nothing worth having that can be had without it." "If you want knowledge," says Ruskin, "you must toil for it; if food, you must toil for it; and if pleasure, you must toil for it; toil is the law." Labor is the only legal tender in the world in which to pay the price of success. The world does not owe anybody a living, but we owe the world the work of a true, honest, industrious life. We must make some returns for the space we occupy on this planet.



“To breathe, and wake, and sleep,  
 To smile, to sigh, to grieve;  
 To move in idleness through earth,  
 This, this is not to live!”

What is it to live? Phillips Brooks answers thus: “The man who knows what it is to act, to work, cries out, ‘This, this alone is to live!’”

Nor is it alone because he must work that one who has tasted to the full the cup of labor cries, in exultation: “This alone is to live.” “Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of service, the soul of man is composed into harmony the instant he sets himself to work. Doubt, desire, sorrow, remorse, indignation, despair itself, lie beleaguering the soul of every man; but, when he bends himself against his task, all these are stilled, and they shrink murmuring far off into their caves. The man becomes a man. The blessed glow of labor in him, is it not as purifying fire?”

Who goeth not forth to his labor until the evening is at variance with the law of his being. “No man is born into the world whose work is not born with him,” says Lowell; “there is always work, and tools to work withal, for those who will.”

“Man hath his daily work of body or mind  
 Appointed, which declares his dignity,”

sang the blind poet who wrote “Paradise Lost” and “Paradise Regained.”

“There is one plain rule of life,” said John Stuart Mill, “eternally binding, and independent of all variations in creeds, embracing equally the greatest moralists and the smallest. It is this: Try thyself unwearyingly till thou findest the highest thing thou art capable of doing, faculties and outward circumstances being both duly considered, and then do it.”

The source of life is closed to him who works not. To be at home in the world, to be at one with all the created world and its Creator, man must do with his might what his hand finds to do; for work is human destiny.

If it be our human destiny, even its disagreeable features will be found to have great compensations.

“Our reward is in the race we run, not in the prize.”

The wreath of laurel which crowned the victor in the athletic games of old took on its value not in and of itself, but as a symbol of the contest. So does the glory of the reward of our work, however desirable in and of itself, pale beside the glory of the struggle to obtain it. The privilege of running the race with patience is as great as the privilege of

wearing the wreath. "See only that thou work," said Emerson, "and thou canst not escape the reward."

Many a man, after acquiring a fortune by habits of industry and economy, has retired to enjoy the leisure to which he has so long looked forward as the goal of competence, only to find a life of idleness so intolerable that he must choose between a renewal of business activity or death from the lack of anything to keep the vital forces in motion. For the first time he learns that the command to live for a purpose is intended for our good, and that, without some purpose, we cannot long exist.

"Nothing ages like laziness," said Bulwer. For confirmation of his observation, look on the listless, jaded countenances of those who have nothing to do, and who can find nothing in this beautiful world to interest them or engage their energies.

"We have not a sinew whose law of strength is not action; not a faculty of body, mind, or soul, whose law of improvement is not energy."

"The poet, William Morris, who was a very hard worker," according to William Mathews, "said to a friend, not long before his death: 'I have enjoyed my life—few men more so.' When a friend remonstrated with him against the peril of such a life of intellectual tension as his, he laughed at the warning. 'Look at Gladstone,' he would say; 'look at those wise owls, your chancellors and judges! Don't they live all the longer for work? It is rust that kills men, not work.' To rust he might have added worry, which kills not less surely, and even more quickly, than rust. What is it that cuts down literary men prematurely, or ages them before their time? Not hard thinking, or arduous toil in celebrating and polishing their productions, but irregular hours, excessive haste, high pressure, anxiety, and consequent depression of mind. The brain is one of the toughest organs of the body; and, with proper bodily exercise, abundant sleep, and a regular supply of simple and nutritious food, brain labor is as healthful as any other kind of toil. Why was Gladstone, as he once said of himself, 'never in all his political life kept awake at night five minutes by any debate in parliament?' Because, though a prodigious worker, he stopped short of the point of extreme weariness,—of exhaustion. In his hours of leisure he turned the key upon his cares, shoved the bolt inexorably against the whole brood. 'The best way to live well,' says Mortimer Granville, in his 'How to Make the Most of Life,' 'is to work. Good work is the daily test and safeguard of personal strength. I firmly believe that one-half of the confirmed invalids of the day could be cured of their maladies, if they could be compelled to live busy and active lives, and had no time to fret over their miseries.' Men with fine organisms, 'whose quick thoughts, like lightning, are alive,' are the readiest to feel the



pernicious effects of indolence. How often do we hear of men dying just because they have given up the only work they could do, and found no other stimulus to exertion to replace it,—like the horse mentioned by Mr. Pickwick, which was kept up by the shafts of the carriage it drew, and collapsed when removed from them. When Charles Lamb's longing was gratified, as he was set free from the desk in the India Office, to which he had been chained for years, his exultation knew no bounds. 'I would not go back to my prison for ten years longer,' he exclaimed, 'for ten thousand pounds.' 'I am free—free as air!' he wrote triumphantly to Bernard Barton; 'I will live another fifty years. Positively the best thing a man can do is—nothing; and, next to that, perhaps, good works.' Two weary years passed, and Lamb's feelings had undergone a complete revolution. He had found that leisure, though a pleasant garment to look at, is a very shirt of Nessus to wear. He had found that his monotonous, humdrum task, the seemingly dreary drudgery of deskwork, was a blessing in disguise. 'I assure you,' he afterward wrote to Barton, 'no work is worse than overwork; the mind preys on itself, the most unwholesome of food. I have ceased to care for almost anything.' Who can doubt that, if this delightful humorist could have taken half-work, instead of being completely superannuated at the age of fifty, he would have been a far more productive writer, and a far happier man? In his case it needed the contrast between drudgery and literature, and the gentle tonic to his energies which fixed habits of work gave him, to bring out the full play of his humor and other exquisite gifts."

"The everyday cares and duties, which men call drudgery," said Longfellow, "are the weights and counterpoises of the clock of time; giving its pendulum a true vibration and its hands a regular motion; and when they cease to hang upon its wheels, the pendulum no longer swings, the hands no longer move, the clock stands still."

It is said of Lord Brougham, that he was ill at ease if, in the evening, he could not look back upon a faithfully discharged day's work. Duty well performed, he conceived, is the finest conservator, not only of the health of the mind, but also of the health of the body.

A man's business does more to make him than everything else. It hardens his muscles, strengthens his body, quickens his blood, sharpens his mind, corrects his judgment, wakes up his inventive genius, puts his wits to work, starts him on the race of life, arouses his ambition, makes him feel that he is a man and must fill a man's shoes, do a man's work, bear a man's part in life, and show himself a man.

Well has it been said that it is because we have to go, and go morning after morning, through rain and shine, through toothache, headache, heartache, to the appointed spot and do the appointed work; because we

have to stick to that work eight or ten hours, long after rest would be sweet; because the schoolboy's lessons must be learned at nine o'clock, and learned without a slip; because the accounts on the ledger must square to a cent; because the goods must tally exactly with the invoice; because good temper must be kept with the children, customers, neighbors, not seven, but seventy times seven times; because the besetting sin must be watched to-day, to-morrow, and the next day; in short, without much matter what our work may be, whether this or that, it is because, and only because, of the rut, plod, humdrum grind, in the work, that we at length get these foundations laid,—attention, promptness, accuracy, firmness, patience, self-denial, and the rest.

You may leave your millions to your son, but have you really given him anything? You cannot transfer to him the discipline, the experience, the power which the acquisition has given you; you cannot transfer the delight of achieving, the joy felt only in growth, the pride of acquisition, the character which trained habits of accuracy, method, promptness, patience, dispatch, honesty of dealing, and politeness of manner have developed. You cannot transfer the skill, the sagacity, the prudence, the foresight, which lie concealed in your wealth. It meant a great deal for you, but means nothing to your heir. In climbing to your fortune you developed the muscle, the stamina, and the strength, which enabled you to maintain your lofty position, to keep your millions intact. You had the power which comes only from experience, and which alone enables you to stand firm on your dizzy height. Your fortune was experience to you, joy, growth, discipline, and character; to him it will be a temptation, an anxiety which will probably dwarf him. It was wings to you, but it will be a dead weight to him; it was education to you and expansion of your highest powers, but to him it may mean inaction, lethargy, indolence, weakness, ignorance. You have taken the priceless spur—necessity—away from him; the spur which has goaded man to nearly all the great achievements in the history of the world.

You thought it a kindness to deprive yourself in order that your son might begin where you left off. You thought to spare him the drudgery, the hardships, the deprivations, the lack of opportunities, the meager education, which you had. But you have put a crutch into his hand instead of a staff; you have taken away from him the incentive to self-development, to self-elevation, to self-discipline, and self-help, without which no real success, no real happiness, no great character is ever possible. His enthusiasm will evaporate, his energy will be dissipated, and his ambition, not being stimulated by the struggle for self-elevation, will gradually die away. If you do everything for your son except to inculcate habits of work, you have left undone the one thing that can preserve him from being a weakling for life.



Labor is the great schoolmaster of the race. It is the grand drill in life's army, without which we are only confused and powerless when called into action.

"Work," says Dean Farrar, "is the best birthright which man still retains. It is the strongest of moral tonics, the most vigorous of mental medicines. All nature shows us something analogous to this. The standing pool stagnates into pestilence; the running stream is pure. The very earth we tread on, the very air we breathe, would be unwholesome but for the agitating forces of the wind and sea. In the balmy and enervating regions where the summer of the broad belts of the world furnishes man in prodigal luxuriance with the means of life, he sinks into a despicable and nerveless lassitude; but he is at his noblest and his best in those regions where he has to wrestle with the great forces of nature for his daily bread."

"Thank God every morning when you get up," cried Charles Kingsley, "that you have something to do that day which must be done, whether you like it or not. Being forced to work, and forced to do your best, will breed in you temperance, self-control, diligence, strength of will, content, and a hundred other virtues which the idle never know."

What but our hard habits of work, generation after generation, has given stability and meaning to our national life? It has been the salvation of our poorer classes. It has prevented thousands of premature deaths, especially suicides.

"Let a broken man cling to his work," urged Beecher; "if it saves nothing else, it will save him."

"How often have I found myself in a state of despondency, with a feeling of despair," exclaimed Professor Virchow, of Berlin. "What has saved me is the habit of work, which has not forsaken me even in the days of outward misfortune,—the habit of scientific work which has always appeared to me as a recreation, even after wearying and useless efforts in political, social, and religious matters."

"Labor is nature's physician," said Galen, the famous Greek physician.

"It is one of the precious compensations of hard work," says Mathews, "that there is a *vis medicatrix*, a healing power in it, which is a sovereign remedy for ailments both physical and moral. How often great trials are robbed of their sting by the interest and excitement of an engrossing occupation! But against imaginary grievances,—against hypochondria, low spirits, and *ennui*,—it is a coat of mail. Who, it has been well asked, ever knew a man wretched in his energy? A soldier in the full height of his courage and in the heat of contest is not conscious of a wound. An orator, in the full flow of his 'ignited logic,' is altogether exempt from the pitifulness of rheumatism or the gout. To be

occupied,—what, indeed, is it? Is it not, literally, to be possessed as by a tenant? When the occupancy is complete, there can be no entrance for any evil spirit. But idleness is emptiness; and, where that is, the doors of the soul are thrown wide open, and the devils of discontent, *ennui*, and melancholy troop in, ‘not in single spies, but in battalions,’ and, once in, they cannot easily be dislodged.”

Longfellow sings:—

“Ah! if thy fate, with anguish fraught,  
Should be to wet the dusty soil  
With the hot, burning tears of toil,—  
To struggle with imperious thought,  
Until the overburdened brain,  
Heavy with labor, faint with pain,  
Like a jarred pendulum, retain  
Only its emotion, not its power;  
Remember, in that perilous hour,  
When most afflicted and oppressed,  
From labor there shall come forth rest.”

“Work, work, work!” wrote Dinah Craik. “That is the grand panacea for sorrow; and, mercifully, there is no end of work to be done in this world, if anybody will do it.”

“Father, call home thy child! Let me die! I am weary of life!” exclaimed the convert in an Eastern legend, after spending years in solitary asceticism. In sleep he heard the voice of an angel, saying, “Cut down the palm-tree that grows beside yon spring, and of its fibers construct a rope!” The hermit had no ax, but he went far and found one. Returning, he felled the tree, separated its fibers, and made the rope. Again, the angel came, saying, “Dominie, you are now no longer weary of life, but you are happy. Know, then, that man was made for labor; and prayer also is his duty. Both are essential to his happiness. Go, therefore, into the world, with this rope girded upon thy loins. Let it be a memorial to thee of what God expects from man!”

The true doctrine is that labor—systematic, effective, congenial labor—is not only a necessity, but it is also the source of the highest enjoyment.

“To be employed,” said the poet Gray, “is to be happy.”

Men who have blessed their race by inventions and discoveries have done it at a great cost. Does incessant labor for fifteen weary years, seem too great a price for George Stephenson to pay for his first successful locomotive? Is thirty years too long for Watt to spend amid want and woe in perfecting the condensing engine?

“Judging by the standard of the ordinary man’s working-day,” said Edison, when forty-seven years of age, “I am much older than I look.



The average working-day is eight hours long. For twenty-one years I have averaged nineteen hours per day. That makes me eighty-two years old. Most of that time has been taken up in trying things that would not work. You see my hair is gray. I shall soon be one hundred.

"I have always kept strictly within the lines of commercially useful inventions. I have never had any time to put on electrical wonders, valuable simply as novelties to catch the popular fancy. *I like it.* I don't know any other reason. You know some people like to collect stamps. Anything I have begun is always on my mind, and I am not easy, while away from it, until it is finished.

"After I have completed an invention, I seem to lose interest in it. One might think that the money value of an invention constitutes its reward to the man who loves his work. But, speaking for myself, I can honestly say that this is not so. Life was never more full of joy to me than when, a poor boy, I began to think out improvements in telegraphy, and to experiment with the cheapest and crudest appliances. But, now that I have all the appliances I need, and am my own master, I continue to find my greatest pleasure, and so my reward, in the work that precedes what the world calls success."

Dearer to Watt was the moment when his steam engine stood before him, perfect, complete, a veritable living, moving thing, than the hours when he cast up the balance of his yearly profits. When Palissy saw the glaze upon the potsherd in his furnace, he felt a keener pleasure than all the gains of his later life procured him.

It is the testimony of young Rockefeller, the son and heir of the Standard Oil multi-millionaire, that not all the wealth he enjoys now and in prospect could purchase the pleasure he has found in hard work. He has sawed wood for fifteen cents an hour, and done other similar laborious work for modest hire. His greatest pleasure in life, he says, is work.

"I have found my greatest happiness in labor," said Gladstone, when nearing four score and ten. "I early formed the habit of industry, and it has been its own reward. The young are apt to think that rest means a cessation from all effort, but I have found the most perfect rest in changing effort. If brain-weary over books and study, go out into the blessed sunlight and the pure air, and give heartfelt exercise to the body. The brain will soon become calm and rested. The efforts of nature are ceaseless. Even in our sleep the heart throbs on. If these great forces ceased for an instant, death would follow. I try to live close to Nature, and to imitate her in my labors. The compensation is sound sleep, a wholesome digestion, and powers that are kept at their best; and this, I take it, is the chief reward of industry."

Bismarck urged hard work as the only safeguard for a true life. A few years before his death, when asked for a rule of life which would be simply stated and easily recommended, he said: "There is one word which expresses this rule, this gospel,—work; without work, life is empty, useless, and unhappy. No man can be happy who does not work. To the youth on the threshold of life, I have not one word, but three words of advice to offer,—‘work, work, work!’ ”

"Labor is God's education," says a quaint writer.

"Labor is life," wrote Carlyle; "from the inmost heart of the worker rises his God-given force, the sacred, celestial life-essence breathed into him by Almighty God." Elsewhere he says: "Thy life, wert thou the pitifulest of all the sons of earth, is no idle dream, but a solemn reality. It is thy own. It is all thou hast to comfort eternity with. Work, then, like a star, unhasting, yet unresting." Again he says: "Labor is everlastingly noble and holy; it is the source of all perfection; no man can accomplish, or become accomplished, without work; it is the purifying fire, burning up the poisoning and corrupting influences which are emasculating the manhood of the soul."

Ponder these other passages from this great apostle of work:—

"Work is the grand cure for all maladies and miseries that ever beset mankind."

"There is a perennial nobleness and even sacredness in work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man who honestly and earnestly works; in idleness alone is there perpetual despair."

"All true work is sacred; in all true work, were it but true hand-labor, there is something of divineness. Labor, wide as the earth, has its summit in heaven."

"Work is worship! He that understands this well understands the prophecy of the whole future; it is the last evangel, which has included all others."

"Two men I honor, and no third. First, the toilworn craftsman, that with the earth-made implement laboriously conquers the earth, and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard hand. A second man I honor, and still more highly; him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable; not daily bread, but the Bread of Life. If the poor and humble toil that we may have food, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return, that he have light, have guidance, freedom, immortality? These two in all their degrees I honor; all else is chaff and dust."

We go forth to our appointed tasks with stronger courage and pride, with Carlyle's gospel of the divinity of labor ringing in our ears. Yet a Greater than any among us has set the seal of his especial favor upon the



laborer, the heavy-laden. Henry Van Dyke has expressed in his own way Carlyle's phrase, "the sacredness of work:"—

"But I think the King of that country comes out from His tireless host,  
And walks in this world of the weary, as if He loved it the most;  
For here in the dusty confusion, with eyes that are heavy and dim,  
He meets again the laboring men who are looking and longing for Him.

"He cancels the curse of Eden, and brings them a blessing instead:  
Blessed are they that labor, for Jesus partakes of their bread.  
He puts his hand to their burdens, He enters their homes at night;  
Who does his best shall have as his guest the Master of Love and Light.

"This is the gospel of labor,—ring it ye bells of the kirk,—  
The Lord of Love came down from above to live with the men who work.  
This is the rose that He planted, here in the thorn-cursed soil,—  
Heaven is blessed with perfect rest, but the blessing of earth is toil."

## A BUNDLE OF IRON HABITS

How use doth breed a habit in a man!—SHAKESPEARE.

JUST as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined. — POPE.

Sow an act, and you reap a habit; sow a habit, and you reap a character;  
sow a character, and you reap a destiny. — G. D. BOARDMAN.

OUR second mother, habit, is also a good mother.—AUERBACH.

TO LEARN new habits is everything, for it is to reach the substance of life.  
Life is but a tissue of habits. — AMIEL.

INFINITE good comes from good habits, which must result from the common  
influence of example, intercourse, knowledge, and actual experience,—morality taught  
by good morals. — PLATO.

**A**N ENGLISH schoolmaster offered a prize for the best composition written in five minutes on "How to Overcome Habits." This essay won the prize, having been written by a lad of nine years:—

"Well, sir, habit is hard to overcome. If you take off the first letter, it does not change 'abit.' If you take off another you still have a 'bit' left. If you take off still another, the whole of 'it' remains. If you take off another, it is not wholly used up: all of which goes to show that, if you want to get rid of a habit, you must throw it off altogether."

It is hard to turn off a habit, since it is *built into the brain*. We are apt to overlook its physical basis. Every repetition of an act makes us more likely to perform that act, and discovers in our wonderful mechanism a tendency to perpetual repetition, whose facility increases in exact proportion to the repetition. Finally the original act becomes voluntary from a natural reaction. All through our lives the brain is constantly educating different parts of the body to form habits which will work automatically from reflex action, and thus is delegated to the nervous system a large part of life's duties.

"Habit," says Professor James of Harvard, "is thus the enormous fly-wheel of society, its most precious conservative agent. It dooms us all to fight out the battle of life upon the lines of our nurture, or our early choice, and to make the best of a pursuit that disagrees, because there is no other for which we are fitted, and it is too late to begin again. It keeps different social strata from mixing. Already, at the age of twenty-five, you see the professional mannerism settling down on the young commercial traveler, or the young doctor, or the young minister, or the young counselor at law. You see the lines of cleavage running through the character, the tricks of thought, the prejudices, the ways of the shop, in a word, from which a man can, by and by, no more escape



than his coat sleeve can suddenly fall into a new set of folds. On the whole, it is best he should not escape. It is well for the world that, in most of us, by the age of thirty, the character has set like plaster, and will never soften again."

Sir James Paget tells us that a practical musician can play on the piano at the rate of twenty-four notes in a second. For each note a nerve current must be transmitted from the brain to the fingers, and from the fingers to the brain. Each note requires three movements of a finger, the bending down and raising up, and at least one lateral, making no less than seventy-two motions in a second, each requiring a distinct effort of the will, and directed unerringly with a certain speed, and a certain force, to a certain place.

Some can do this easily, and be at the same time busily employed in intelligent conversation. Thus, by obeying the law of habit until repetition has formed a second nature, we are able to pass the technique of life almost wholly over to the nerve centers, leaving our minds free to act or enjoy.

In Nashville, Tennessee, according to Dr. James Vance in "Royal Manhood," the fire department has an engine-house located on the eastern side of the Cumberland River. To reach the city hall from this engine-house, it is necessary to go six blocks west, down Woodland street, cross the long bridge which spans the Cumberland, and turn into the public square. At the first alarm of fire, it is the duty of the crew of the East Nashville engine to go immediately to the city hall and wait there as a reserve. At a second alarm, they go into action. One night

the alarm sounded. Quickly the horses took their places, the fireman occupying his position in the rear of the engine; but as the horses dashed out at full gallop, the driver missed his step and was left behind. Down the street the noble team raced at full speed, the fireman in the rear blissfully ignorant that no hands were on the reins. Across the long bridge, around the curve, and to their appointed place in front of the city hall the horses galloped, and there they stopped, to await further orders. As the belated driver rushed up breathless to find all was well, he realized that trunk lines of habit could be laid in the body of a horse as well as in that of a man.

Resting his cheek against the faces of his dumb friends, he praised them and patted them, and was proud to be the driver of such a team. It is possible for a human being thus to make habit the friend of duty.

Huxley told of a practical joker who, seeing a discharged veteran carrying home his dinner, suddenly cried out, "Attention!" whereupon the man instantly brought his hands down and lost his mutton and pota-



toes in the gutter. The drill had been thorough, and its effects had become embodied in the man's nervous structure.

In Jefferson's play, "Rip Van Winkle," after he had "sworn off," at every invitation to drink, said: "Well, this time don't count." True, as Professor James says, he may not have counted it, as thousands of others have not counted it, and a kind heaven may not count it, but it is being counted none the less. Down among his nerve cells and fibers the molecules are counting it, registering and storing it up to be used against him when the next temptation comes. There is a tendency in the nervous system to repeat the same mode of action at regularly recurring intervals. Dr. Combe says that all nervous diseases have a marked tendency to observe regular periods. "If we repeat any kind of mental effort at the same hour daily, we at length find ourselves entering upon it without premeditation when the time approaches."

"The great thing in all education is to make our nervous system our ally instead of our enemy. It is to fund and capitalize our acquisition, and live at ease upon the interest of the fund. For this we must make automatic and habitual, as soon as possible, as many useful actions as we can, and guard against growing into ways that are likely to be disadvantageous to us, as we would guard against the plague."

Deep in the very nature of animate existence is this principle of facility and inclination, acquired by repetition, which we call habit. Man becomes a slave to his constantly repeated acts. In spite of the protests of his weakened will the trained nerves continue to repeat the acts even when the doer abhors them. What he at first chooses, at last compels. Man is as irrevocably chained to his deeds as the atoms are chained by gravitation. You can as easily snatch a pebble from gravitation's grasp as you can separate the minutest act of life from its inevitable effect upon character and destiny.

A man's entire life is spent in writing his own biography. Beyond his control is the phonograph of the soul, which registers faithfully every thought, however feeble; every act, however small; every sensation, however slight; every impulse, every motive, every aspiration, every ambition, every effort, every stimulus, on the cerebral tissue.

If a young man neglects his mind and heart,—if he indulges himself in vicious courses, and forms habits of inefficiency and slothfulness,—he experiences a loss which no efforts can retrieve.

Habit is like a seamstress "setting the stitch" on her sewing-machine, or a machinist "fixing the gauge,"—after this setting, the machine does the rest. Habit sets the stitch or fixes the gauge, and the man does the right or the wrong thing automatically.

Habit is practically, for a middle-aged person, fate; for is it not practically certain that what I have done for twenty years I shall repeat to-



day? What are the chances for a man who has been lazy and indolent all his life starting to-morrow morning to be industrious; or a spend-thrift, frugal; a libertine, virtuous; a profane, foul-mouthed man, clean and chaste?

"Habit a second nature? Habit is ten times nature," exclaimed the Duke of Wellington.

"Where the habits have been judiciously formed in the first instance," says Dr. Carpenter, "the tendency is an extremely useful one, prompting us to do spontaneously that which might otherwise require a powerful effort of the will. The author can speak from long and varied experience of the immense saving of exertion which arises from the formation of methodical habits of mental labor."

Any occupation is easiest to him who has familiarized himself with its processes by repeated practice, and he who has become familiar with those processes is most likely to succeed. As men acquire greater and greater skill in the various trades or professions, it becomes more and more difficult for one to do many kinds of work in a satisfactory manner, in competition with others. Jacks-of-all-trades are gradually becoming scarcer as we advance in civilization. We must concentrate our energies to definite purposes in proportion as we wish to excel. "I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided," said Patrick Henry, "and that is the lamp of experience."

"We scatter seeds with careless hand  
And dream we ne'er shall see them more:  
But for a thousand years  
Their fruit appears,  
In weeds that mar the land  
Or healthful store."

"You reap what you sow,—not something else, but that," said F. W. Robertson. "An act of love makes the soul more loving, a deed of humbleness deepens humbleness. The thing reaped is the very thing sown, multiplied a hundredfold. You have sown the seed of life; you reap life everlasting."

"In all the wide range of accepted British maxims," said Thomas Hughes, "there is none, take it all in all, more thoroughly abominable than the one as to the sowing of wild oats. Look at it on what side you will, and I defy you to make anything but a devil's maxim of it. What man, be he young, old, or middle-aged; sows, that, and nothing else, shall he reap. The only thing to do with wild oats is to put them carefully into the hottest part of the fire, and get them burnt to dust, every seed of them. If you sow them, no matter in what ground, up they will come with long, tough roots and luxuriant stalks and leaves, as sure as

there is a sun in heaven. The devil, too, whose special crop they are, will see that they thrive; and you, and nobody else, will have to reap them."

"Those who sow dunce seed, vice seed, or laziness seed," says an old adage, "usually get a good crop."

"Sown in darkness, or sown in light,  
Sown in weakness, or sown in might,  
Sown in meekness, or sown in wrath,  
In the broad world-field or the shadowy path,  
Sure will the harvest be."

"Habit is a cable," says an old motto; "we weave a thread of it each day; by and by it will become so strong that we cannot break it."

After a man's habits are well set, about all he can do is to sit by and observe which way he is going. Regret it as he may, how helpless is a weak man bound by the mighty cable of habit, twisted from the tiny threads of single acts which he thought were absolutely within his control.

Suppose you were compelled to wear an iron collar about your neck through life, or a chain upon your ankle; would it not be a burden every day and hour of your existence? You rise in the morning a prisoner to your chain; you lie down at night, weary with the burden; and you groan the more deeply, as you reflect that there is no shaking it off. But even this would be no more intolerable to bear than many of the habits of men; nor would it be more difficult to be shaken off.

The events which go to form the character, it is said, accumulate constantly to the end of life, determined by the choice that was made at first; like the accumulating waters of the river as it rolls on, augmenting its volume and its velocity, until life is lost in the broad ocean of eternity.

Drop a stone over a precipice. By the law of gravitation it sinks with rapidly increasing momentum. If it falls sixteen feet the first second, it will fall forty-eight feet the next second, and eighty feet the third second, and one hundred and forty-four feet the fifth second; and, if it falls for ten seconds, it will in the last second rush through three hundred and four feet till the earth stops it. Habit is cumulative. After each act of your life, you are not the same person as before, but quite another, better or worse, but not the same. There has been something added to, or deducted from your weight of character.

A community may be surprised and shocked at some crime. The man was seen on the street yesterday, or in his store, but he showed no indication that he would commit such a crime to-day. Yet the crime committed to-day is but a regular and natural sequence of what the man did yesterday and the day before. He is on the same road, only he has



arrived at another station. It was but a result of the fearful momentum of all his past habits.

In one year, not long ago, one hundred and forty-seven of the eight hundred and ninety-seven inmates of Auburn State Prison were there on a second visit. What brings the prisoner back the second, third, or fourth time? It is habit that drives him on to commit the deed which his heart abhors and which his very soul loathes. It is the momentum made up from a thousand deviations from the truth and right, for there is a great difference between going just right and a little wrong. It is the result of that mysterious power which the repeated act has of getting itself repeated again and again.

Experience shows that, quicker than almost any other physical agency, alcohol breaks down a man's power of self-control. But the physical evils of intemperance, great as they are, are slight compared with the moral injury it produces. It is not simply that vices and crimes almost inevitably follow the loss of rational self-direction, which is the invariable accompaniment of intoxication; manhood is lowered and finally lost by the sensual tyranny of appetite. The drunken man has given up the reins of his nature to a fool or a fiend, and he is driven fast to base or unutterably foolish ends.

"In the conduct of life," says a French writer, "habits count for more than maxims, because habit is a living maxim and becomes flesh and instinct. To reform one's maxims is nothing; it is but to change the title of a book. To learn new habits is everything, for it is to reach the substance of life."

"On the acquisition of a new habit, or in leaving off an old one," says Professor James, "we must take care to launch ourselves with as strong and decided an initiative as possible. Accumulate all the possible circumstances which shall reinforce the right motives; put yourself assiduously in conditions that encourage the new way; make engagements incompatible with the old; take a public pledge if the case allows; in short, envelop your resolution with every aid you know. This will give your new beginning such a momentum that the temptation to break down will not occur as soon as it might; and every day during which a breakdown is postponed adds to the chances that it will not occur at all."

"The second maxim is: Never suffer an exception to occur till the new habit is securely rooted in your life. Each lapse is like letting fall a ball of string which one is carefully winding up; a single slip undoes more than a great many turns will wind again."

"Refrain to-night," says Shakespeare, "and that shall lend a hand of easiness to the next abstinence; the next more easy; for use can almost change the stamp of nature, and either curb the devil, or throw him out with wondrous potency."

"When I was ten years old, I was with my foster-father on board a man-of-war," said Admiral Farragut. "I had some qualities that I thought made a man of me. I could swear like an old salt, could drink as stiff a glass of grog as if I had doubled Cape Horn, and could smoke like a locomotive. I was great at cards and fond of games in every shape. At the close of dinner one day, father turned everybody out of the cabin, locked the door, and said:—

"‘David, what do you mean to be?’

"‘I mean to follow the sea.’

"‘Follow the sea! Yes, be a poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast, to be kicked and cuffed about the world, and die in some fever hospital in a foreign land. No, David, no boy ever trod the quarter-deck with such principles as you have, and such habits as you exhibit. You’ll have to change your whole course of life, if you ever become a man.’

"My father left me and went on deck. I was stunned by the rebuke and overwhelmed with mortification. ‘A poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast, to be kicked and cuffed about the world and die in some fever hospital.’ ‘That is to be my fate,’ thought I. ‘I’ll change my life at once. I’ll never utter another oath, never drink another drop of liquor, and never gamble.’ I have kept these three vows ever since. Shortly after I had made them, I became a Christian. That act was the turning point in my destiny."

When the late John Sherman was Secretary of State, a young man, the son of one of Sherman’s schoolmates, wrote to him for assistance. He said that he had fallen so low in life that there was no place for him but the gutter; that existence had become a burden, and that he wanted to die. To-day, this same young man is a prosperous merchant, in New York City. He says that his position is due to the advice given him by John Sherman, in answer to his letter. He gave permission to publish the letter, which he guards more carefully than all his other possessions. Mr. Sherman wrote:—

You say that your life has been a failure, and that you are thirty years old, and ready to die. You say that you cannot find work, and that you see no hope in life. You say that your friends do not care to speak to you now.

Let me tell you that you have reached that point in life when a man must see the very best prospects for his future career. You, at thirty, stand on the bridge that divides youth, and manhood. The one is dying, perhaps, but the other will soon burst, young and hopeful, from the ashes,





and you will find in yourself a new being,—a man. Do not let your discontent kill this new life before it is born.

Unless you are physically deformed, go to work. Go to work at any honest work, if it brings you only a dollar a day. Then learn to live within that dollar. Pay no more than ten cents for a meal, and twenty cents for a bed, and save as much of the balance as you can, and with the same intensity as you would save your mother's life. Make the most of your appearance. Do not dress gaudily, but cleanly.

Abandon liquor as you would abandon a pestilence, for liquor is the curse that wrecks more lives than all the horrors of the world combined.

If you are a man of brains, as your letter leads me to believe you are, wait until you are in a condition to seek your level, and then seek it with courage and tenacity. It may take time to reach it; it may take years, but you will surely reach it,—you will turn from the workingman into the business man, or the professional man, with so much ease that you will marvel at it. But have one ideal, and aim for it. No ship ever reached its port by sailing for a dozen other ports at the same time.

Be contented, for without contentment there is no love or friendship, and without those blessings life is, indeed, a hopeless case. Learn to love your books, for there is pleasure, instruction, and friendship in books. Go to church, for the church helps to ease the pains of life. But never be a hypocrite; if you cannot believe in God, believe in your honor. Listen to music, whenever you can, for music charms the mind, and fills a man with lofty ideals.

Cheer up! Never want to die. Why, I am twice your age, and over, and I do not want to die. Get out into the world. Work, eat, sleep, read, and talk, about the great events of the day, even if you are forced to go among laborers. Take the first honest work you get, and then be steady, patient, industrious, saving, kind, polite, studious, temperate, ambitious, gentle, loving, strong, honest, courageous, and contented.

Be all these, and, when thirty years more have passed away, just notice how young and beautiful the world is, and how young and happy you are!

(Signed)

JOHN SHERMAN.

The Law of Habit touches upon everything we do in life. "Regular work," says a recent writer, "and equally regular recreation, daily work and daily recreation, these make up a wholesome regimen.

"Kant, of Königsberg, labored year after year, without haste and without rest, working all the day and half the night, except that every afternoon he appeared at precisely the same hour in his garden, for a long walk under the linden trees. Heine says that the neighbors used to set their watches by him, little thinking of the philosophical systems that the brown-coated old professor was calmly destroying each morning to make room for his own.

"John Ericsson was an example of the efficacy of regular habits; he lived for twenty years in one house in New York, eating almost exactly

the same kind of breakfast and dinner every day for twenty years, and spending most of his time at his desk; he lived on graham bread, fruit, tea, chops, and steak; he took an hour's walk every evening; he worked at desk or drafting-board all the rest of the time from six in the morning till midnight.

"Perhaps more remarkable than either Kant or Ericsson as a steady machine was the great French dictionary-maker, Émile Littré. His book, which consumed thirteen years in the mere printing (1859-72), is one of the three or four really monumental lexicons. He did not begin the task till he was forty-five, and he labored at it incessantly for thirty years. He has himself told the method of his daily work. The wonder is that he remained cheerful and charming throughout the whole period. He says:—

"My rule of life included the twenty-four hours of the day and night, so as to bestow the least possible amount of time on the current calls of existence. . . . I rose at eight; very late, you will say, for so busy a man. Wait an instant. While they put my bedroom in order, which was also my study, I went downstairs with some work in hand. It was thus, for example, that I composed the preface of the dictionary. I had learned from Chancellor d'Agnesseau the value of unoccupied minutes. At nine I set to work to correct proofs until the hour of our midday meal. At one I resumed work, and wrote my papers for the "Journal des Savants," to which I was from 1855 a regular contributor. From three to six I went on with the dictionary. At six, punctually, we dined, which took about an hour. They say it is unwholesome to work directly after dinner, but I have never found it so. It is so much time won from the exigencies of the body. Starting again at seven in the evening, I stuck to the dictionary. My first stage took me to midnight, when my wife and daughter (who were my assistants) retired. I then worked on till three in the morning, by which time my daily task was usually completed. If it was not, I worked on later; and, more than once, in the long days of summer, I have put out my lamp and continued to work by the light of the coming dawn. However, at three in the morning, I generally laid down my pen and put my papers in order for the following day,—that day which had already begun. Habit and regularity had extinguished all excitement in my work. I fell asleep as easily as a man of leisure does, and woke at eight, as men of leisure do. But these vigils were not without their charm. A nightingale had built her nest in a row of limes that crosses the garden, and she filled the silence of the night and of the country with her limpid and tuneful notes.'"

"Physiologists tell us," says Waters, "that it takes twenty-eight years for the brain to attain its full development. If this is so, why should not one be able, by his own efforts, to give this long-growing organ a particular bent, a peculiar character? Why should the will not be brought to bear upon the formation of the brain as well as of the back-



bone?" The will is merely our steam power, and we may put it to any work we please. It will do our bidding, whether it be building up a character, or tearing it down. It may be applied to building up a habit of truthfulness and honesty, or of falsehood and dishonor. It will help to build up a man or a brute, a hero or a coward. It will strengthen resolution until one may almost perform miracles, or it may be dissipated in irresolution and inaction, until life is a wreck. It will hold you to your task until you have formed a powerful habit of industry and application, until idleness and inaction are painful, or it will lead you into indolence and listlessness, until every effort will be disagreeable and success impossible.

A wise teacher says to his pupils: "What we are this minute, what we do this minute, what we think this minute, will be read in our future characters, as truly as a word spoken into a phonograph will be reproduced in the future."

A writer upon indoor games and outdoor sports says this: "The foundation of all the qualities of a man are laid in a great measure in the games and plays of childhood, and that their nature determines whether the result will be good or evil. It is very necessary that the greatest care should be exercised at this time of a boy's life, in supervising his recreations and amusements. He should learn that subordination of self and coöperation are essentials of successful team work. He finds that if he has no consideration for others, he will receive little himself. Self-control, honesty, and other moral qualities, can be made habits or not as the boy observes them in play. The reason for this is that play is real to the young child. It is his serious business. It is more true to him than the affairs of grown people, and therefore it is necessary that false ideals should get no chance to be adopted; for, as the child grows older, he does not discard the old and then get a new set of ideas, but to what he first learned he adds the experience of his age, whatever that may be. It is the first knowledge that makes the point of view from which all later ideas and events are considered, and which modifies them."

What is true of education by games is true of education in manners,—it is of the utmost importance to start right.

Some people find it impossible to keep still for a moment. They must have hands or feet or some part of the body in continual motion. I have known boys and girls to play with their knives and forks, and to drum with their fingers on the table. To sit quietly in repose seems to be a lost art with them. Chewing gum, holding toothpicks or other bits of wood between the teeth, playing with the under lip, or constantly rocking, are all harmless but disagreeable.

While habits of this class do not mar the character or lower the morals, they detract from that perfect good breeding which is no small

factor in gaining success; they annoy fastidious employers, repel hostesses, and are often trials even to one's friends. They should be done away with just as surely as more harmful habits.

This same law holds good in the repetition of acts of all kinds, whether moral or immoral. The habit of rising at a certain hour in the morning, of meeting engagements promptly, of being always courteous, of being methodical and systematic, of stating everything exactly, of being scrupulously honest, of being never idle, would be a blessing in after-life which could hardly be overestimated. These habits would wear their beaten tracks in the soft nerve and brain tissues, and would become so thoroughly intrenched in the constitution of the brain and mind, as to require long-continued and painful effort to break them up and substitute their opposites. *Character-building is right habit-making*; and to neglect an oft-repeated habit, or substitute its opposite, would be much more painful and difficult than to repeat the habitual act.

The habit of happy thought would transform the commonest life into harmony and beauty. The will is almost omnipotent to determine habits which virtually are omnipotent. The habit of directing a firm and steady will upon those things which tend to produce harmony of thought would produce happiness and contentment even in the most lowly occupations. The will, rightly drilled, can drive out all discordant thoughts, and produce a reign of perpetual harmony.

Superintendent Terhune turned to the pupils in his audience recently, saying: "This is exactly what I wish to impress upon you now, while your bodies are elastic and your minds plastic: if I could lead all pupils in their teens to study the youthful days of our famous men and women of the past and present, and then lay out their own life-work carefully with the highest aims, I would cheerfully relinquish my own life.

"Four habits are especially valuable,—punctuality, accuracy, steadiness, and dispatch. Without the first, time is wasted; without the second, mistakes the most hurtful to our own credit and interest, and to those of others, may be committed; without the third, nothing can be well done; and without the fourth, opportunities of great advantage are lost, which it is impossible to recall."

Many an extraordinary man has developed from a boy of very ordinary qualities, except when roused to his best action; but, in order to accomplish it, we must begin with him while he is young. Is it not astonishing what training will do for a rough, uncouth, and even dull lad, if he has good material in him? Yet he must come under the tutelage of a skilled educator before bad habits have become confirmed.

"What we do upon some great occasion," says Liddon, "will probably depend on what we already are; and what we are will be the result of previous years of self-discipline."



Washington at thirteen wrote one hundred and ten maxims of civility and good behavior, and was most careful in the formation of all habits. Franklin, too, devised a plan of self-improvement and character-building. No doubt the noble characters of these two men, almost superhuman in their excellence, were the natural result of their early care and earnest striving toward perfection.

Nearly all the achievements of the human race are but the accomplishments of habit. We speak of the power of Gladstone to accomplish so much in a day as something marvelous; but when we analyze that power we find it composed very largely of the results of habit. His mighty momentum was rendered possible only by the law of the power of habit. He was a great bundle of habits, which all his life he was forming. His habit of industry, no doubt, was irksome and tedious at first, but, practised so conscientiously and persistently, it gained such momentum as to astonish the world. His habit of thought, close, persistent, and strong, made him a power. He formed the habit of accurate, keen observation, allowing nothing to escape his attention, until he could observe more in half a day in London than a score of men who have eyes but see not. Thus he multiplied himself many times.

By the habit of accuracy he avoided many a repetition; and so, during his lifetime, he saved years of precious time.

What is put into the first of life is put into the whole of life. Take good care of the first twenty years of your life, and you may hope that the last twenty will take good care of you.

If we seldom see much change in people after they get to be twenty-five or thirty years of age, except in going further in the way they have started, it is a great comfort to think that, when one is young, it is almost as easy to acquire a good habit as a bad one.

If we do not look up, we shall look down. If we do not go forward, we shall go backward. There must be an upward tendency in the life or we shall retrograde toward barbarism.

Lord Brougham said: "I trust everything under God to habit," "upon which, in all ages, the lawgiver as well as the schoolmaster has mainly placed reliance,—habit, which makes everything easy, and casts all difficulties upon the deviation from our wonted course."

All our deeds are recorded with an iron pen, even to the smallest detail. The Recording Angel is no myth; it is found in ourselves.

THE chains of habit are generally too small to be felt till they are too strong to be broken.

—SAMUEL JOHNSON.

YOU cannot, in any given case, by any sudden and single effort, will to be true if the habit of your life has been insincerity.

—F. W. ROBERTSON.

BE NOT deceived; God is not mocked: for, whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

—ST. PAUL.

## MASTERY OF SELF

"WHAT the governor is to an engine, that is self-control to a man."

TEACH self-denial, and make its practice pleasurable, and you create for the world a destiny more sublime than ever issued from the brain of the wildest dreamer.  
—WALTER SCOTT.

EVERY man has a weak side. Every wise man knows where it is, and will be sure to keep a double guard there.  
—MASON.

"THERE is no outer liberty apart from inner liberty; control of affairs is first control of self, and ungoverned passions must forever mean shipwreck of life, destruction, and death."

I WILL be lord over myself.—GOETHE.

CHAIN up the unruly legion of thy breast; lead thine own captivity captive, and be Cæsar within thyself.  
—THOMAS BROWNE.

SELF-REVERENCE, self-knowledge, self-control,  
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.

—TENNYSON.

NO OTHER man is such a conqueror as the man who has defeated himself.  
—H. W. BEECHER.

ALL men that are ruined are ruined on the side of their natural propensities.  
—BURKE.

REAL glory  
Springs from the quiet conquest of ourselves;  
And without that the conqueror is naught  
But the first slave.  
—THOMSON.

THE secret of all success is to know how to deny yourself. If you once learn to get the whip-hand of yourself, that is the best educator. Prove to me that you can control yourself, and I'll say you're an educated man, and without this all education is good for next to nothing.  
—MRS. OLIPHANT.

HE THAT would govern others should first be the master of himself.  
—MASSINGER.

KEEP cool, and you command everybody.—ST. JUST.

WHEN Andrew Jackson visited New York during his presidency, some mishap occurred as the steamboat approached the pier, for which an apology was made by a young man. The latter was evidently much flurried. The President gave him this piece of advice:—

"When you have something to accomplish, take all the time for reflection that the circumstances permit; but when the time for action has come, *stop thinking!*"

Thinking, "when the time for action has come," *blurs the vision*. Self-control demands *the single eye*.

Three of the principal rivers of Scotland, the Annan, the Tweed, and the Clyde, rise from the same hillside. At a place called Wolf Clyde,



not far from the spot where the Clyde begins to flow, the valley through which the stream of the Biggar runs stretches between the Clyde and the Tweed; and, as its level is only a little higher than the bed of the Clyde, during a high flood, once in three or four years, part of the water of the Clyde overflows its channel and runs into the Biggar stream, and is carried by it into the Tweed. You can understand how easy it would be to send the Clyde to Berwick instead of to Glasgow, to the German Ocean instead of to the Atlantic, and so alter the whole character of both the east and west of Scotland.

"Now this is an apt illustration of what sometimes happens in human life," says a writer. "You will have noticed that it is during a high flood that some of the water of the Clyde overflows into the channel of a stream that carries it away in a direction altogether different from that of the river of which it had previously formed a part. And so it is often during a high flood of passion that the stream of human life is turned from its usual course, and made to flow in an entirely opposite direction. A moment of anger, of pride, or unbelief, or strong temptation, may so swell the current of life as to cause it to overflow its banks, and completely change its whole future destiny. It was so with Moses. At the waters of Meribah, the high flood of passion took place which caused the stream of his life to disappear in the wilderness, instead of going on across the border into the Promised Land. That rock which he smote twice in hasty anger, sorely tried by the ingratitude and faithlessness of the Israelites, was the watershed of his life,—the obstacle that turned the swollen stream aside from its proper course, and made the lawgiver die on the lonely mount of the desert, instead of leading his people triumphantly into the land flowing with milk and honey."

The want of proper control over one's words and actions is a fruitful cause of failure, a constant handicap in the race for preferment, and has always been so recognized. "For want of self-restraint," remarks Samuel Smiles, "many men are engaged all their lives in fighting with difficulties of their own making, and rendering success impossible by their own outbreaks; while others, it may be, much less gifted, make their way by simple patience, equanimity, and self-control." Locke, the profound English thinker, tells us that the man that has not the mastery over his own inclinations, that knows not how to resist the importunity of present pleasure or pain for the sake of what reason tells him is fit to be done, wants the true principle of virtue, and is in danger of never being good for anything.

The great leaders of men have been characterized by remarkable self-control. The peculiarity and strength of Washington's character, and the key to his success, was that great self-possession and calmness

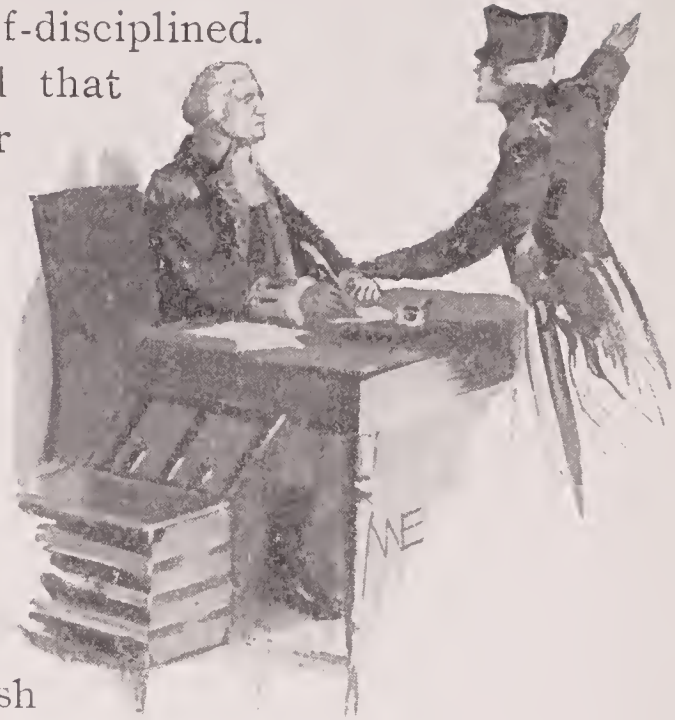
which enabled him to judge and to act with a foresight and a confidence impossible to men of equally forcible gifts but less self-disciplined.

Gilbert Stuart, who painted his portrait, stated that Washington had a violent temper, but kept it under wonderful control, a statement to which the latter assented when informed of the remark.

Scott, the novelist, says of Napoleon Bonaparte that he could dismiss from his face all expression except a vague, indefinite smile, making his features assume the fixedness and rigidity of a marble bust.

When Napoleon was landed on St. Helena, he was conducted to a small, unfurnished room, in which he passed his first night on his iron camp bedstead, on which was spread a mattress brought from the English frigate "Northumberland." The next day he was shown his future home, a dilapidated hut which had been originally a cow-house, but had received some repairs. It stood in a ravine three miles from the island village, almost encircled by crags and peaks of rock which shut out all view of the sea. There, six thousand miles from Europe, and twelve hundred miles from the nearest point of Africa, under a burning tropical sun, which makes the climate so unhealthy that liver complaint and dysentery rage so fearfully that there is no instance of a native or a slave having reached the age of fifty years, the man whose victorious legions had shaken Europe for a quarter of a century was to sink to an untimely grave, his death from cancer of the stomach to be hastened by the frightful trials of the climate. His guards looked upon him as a caged eagle, and so fearful were they that his genius and personal popularity might rescue him, that they sent for two more English frigates, saying that seven men-of-war were not enough to make sure that he could not escape. Yet no sooner was this vanquished man established in his living tomb, as it were, than he assumed a systematic mode of life and assigned to each hour a definite duty. Even with time slipping forever from his grasp, and apparently without an object left in life, he hoarded the moments as if they were more than gold. What a lesson for the thousands of loafers and dawdlers, and even for the millions of well-meaning people who are constantly thinking *how to pass away their time!*

In early life, Abraham Lincoln was exceedingly quick-tempered and combative. He learned self-control later, and became one of the most patient of men. He said of this trait: "I learned during the Black Hawk War the necessity of controlling my temper, and that good habit has stuck by me ever since." It was one of the chief elements that made possible his wonderful control of others.





General Grant was equally calm, self-reliant, and unperturbed, either at the sight of regiments breaking in defeat, or before the hero-worship of a nation, on the return of his victorious army into Washington in the Grand Review of the Army of the Republic.

"It is the man that is cool and collected," remarks Diderot, the French philosopher, "that is master of his countenance, his voice, his actions, his gestures, of every part, who can work upon others at his pleasure." "No one who cannot master himself," says Goethe, the poet and philosopher, "is worthy to rule, and only he *can* rule."

Alexander mastered Bucephalus and conquered the world, but he never mastered Alexander, and so died ingloriously at the age of thirty-two.

Some years after the eminent John Stuart Blackie became professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh, the students noticed, at the opening of a college term, that, under the pressure of cares and labors, their hot-tempered professor had become unusually sensitive and exacting. Students desiring admission were arranged in line before his desk for examination. "Show your papers," said the professor. As they obeyed, one lad awkwardly held up his papers in his left hand. "Hold them up properly, sir, in your right hand," said the professor. The embarrassed pupil stammered out something indistinctly, but still kept his left hand raised. "The right hand, ye loon!" shouted the professor. "Sir, I hae nae right hand," said the agitated lad, holding up his right arm, which ended at the wrist. A storm of indignant hisses burst from the boys, but the great man leaped down from the platform, flung his arm over the boy's shoulder, and drew him to his breast, and, breaking into the broad Scotch of his childhood, in a voice soft with emotion, yet audible in the hush that had fallen on the class, said: "Eh, laddie, forgie me that I was over rough; I dinna mean to hurt you, lad. I dinna ken!" Then, turning with tearful eyes to the class, he said: "I thank God He has given me gentlemen to teach who can ca' me to account when I go astray." That honest word captured the boys forever, and their cheers were as hearty as their hisses had been indignant.

In this matter of self-control, it is well to remember that significant utterance of Holy Writ: "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall," for nowhere are the words more true.

"Half the sorrows of women," says George Eliot, "would be averted if they could repress the speech they know to be useless,—nay, the speech they have resolved not to utter."

How sweet the serenity of habitual self-command! How many stinging self-reproaches it spares us! When does a man feel more at ease with himself than when he has passed through a sudden and strong provocation *without speaking a word, or in undisturbed good humor!*

When, on the contrary, does he feel a deeper humiliation than when he is conscious that anger has made him betray himself by word, look, or action ?

In one of Dr. Burton's Yale lectures the following advice was given : " When trouble is brewing, keep still. When slander is getting on its legs, keep still. When your feelings are hurt, keep still till you recover from your excitement, at any rate. Things look differently through an unagitated eye. In a commotion, once, I wrote a letter and sent it, and wished I had not. In my later years I had another commotion, and wrote a long letter ; but life had rubbed a little sense into me, and I kept that letter in my pocket against the day when I could look it over without agitation and without tears. I was glad I did. Silence is the most massive thing conceivable sometimes. It is strength in its very grandeur. It is like a regiment ordered to stand still in the mid-fury of battle. To plunge in were twice as easy."

It is exceedingly interesting, and not without encouragement, to note in this connection how many world-famous ones, who have had to struggle with infirmity of temper, have at length made an almost entire conquest of themselves. Rudolf of Hapsburg, for instance, we are assured, was by nature warm and choleric, but as he advanced in years, he corrected this defect. Upon some of his friends expressing their wonder that, since his elevation to the imperial dignity, he had restrained the vehemence of his temper, the founder of the House of Austria replied : " I have often repented of being passionate ; never of being mild and humane." Robert Peel was by nature afflicted with a most violent temper. By degrees, however, he obtained the mastery of this infirmity so effectually that he passed with the world at a distance as a man of a singularly cold and phlegmatic temperament. The same was true of Sydney Smith, the famous canon of St. Paul's, and of Dr. Chalmers. Surely, the world seldom imagines the struggles within, or the heroic discipline which at length confers upon a man that greatest of all triumphs, the mastery of himself.

As one goes onward in life, he is perpetually confronted by that which he *ought* to do, and that which he *ought not* to do, and the struggle between inclination and duty is often very severe. But let us never for a moment forget that it is not what we *wish* to do, but what we *ought* to do, that is to make us happy and give us peace. A trenchant writer has said : —

" Dr. Ought, your friend and constant companion, will never quit you this side of eternal damnation. If you ever miss him at your side, go jump off the bridge, for you will afterward harm your fellow-men. He is the only man that can call you a dog without insulting you. He only can praise without puffing up. To obey him one whole day is next to godly.



"Try doing your duty for a whole day! I would like to hear from some one who has succeeded.

"Those who have habitually done their duty only once in a while, whose duty-doing is guided by the weather or the impulses, will be surprised to know what they can do with themselves. Hundreds of men have choked themselves into submission. Take the case of Charles Stewart Parnell, the great Irish leader. His temper as a young man seemed uncontrollable. He was expelled from Cambridge because he knocked down two men, one of whom, seeing him sitting at the side of a road, said, 'Hullo, what's the matter with this 'ere cove?' His own lawyer admitted Parnell's fault, and the foolish display of his prowess cost him twenty-five guineas at the hands of a jury.

"Not also anger, but embarrassment overpowered him. In attempting to make his first speech, he almost fainted on the rostrum, and the discouraged voters elected another man.

"Years afterward, Mr. Gladstone, speaking of Parnell when he held the balance of power in the British empire, said:—

"'Parnell was the most remarkable man I ever met. I drew up (in a speech) a rather strong indictment against him. Well, he sat still all the time, and was quite immovable. He listened attentively, courteously, but showed no feeling, no excitement, no concern. The immobility of the man, the laconic way of dealing with the subject, his utter indifference to the opinion of the House,—the whole thing was extraordinary and unlike what one was accustomed to under such circumstances.'"

There are occasions when it is heroic simply to hold one's peace. That man has conquered his tongue who can allow the ribald jest or scurrilous word to die unspoken on his lips, and who can maintain silence amid reproaches, accusations, sneers, and scoffs. "He is a fool who cannot be angry," says English, "but he is a wise man who will not." "He conquers twice who conquers himself."

Not to be impulsive, not to be spurred hither and thither by each desire that in turn comes uppermost, but to be self-restrained, self-balanced, governed by the joint decision of the feelings in council assembled, before whom every action shall have been debated and calmly determined,—this is to be lord of oneself. Discipline your will by choosing to do with promptness and unflinching courage the difficult, right deed; form the habit of mastering yourself in your daily experiences.

Among the minor virtues, probably the habit of self-control in speech holds the most important place in the life of a woman. The acquirement of this habit must begin early or it will never be attained save with great difficulty. It must be formed in girlhood if it is not well started in childhood. I have seen the happiness of many a fair life ruined by the want of power to suppress the word of bitterness, contempt or

anger, under what might be called "reasonable provocation." There are times when one's only duty is to keep from talking.

"I have heard," says Matthew Henry, "of a married couple, who, though both of hasty temper, yet lived comfortably together by observing a rule on which they had agreed,—never to be both angry at the same time."

That was a very wise and significant motto which Martin Luther had engraved upon the wedding ring: "One quiet, both happy." Douglas Jerrold well declared that the "last word" is the most dangerous of infernal machines; and the husband and wife should no more strive to get it, than they would struggle for the possession of a lighted bomb-shell.

Mme. de Maintenon declared that the height of power in women, so far as manners are concerned, rests in tranquillity. Thomas Fuller said that jars concealed are half reconciled. Half the actual trouble of life would be saved, if people would remember that when they are vexed or annoyed silence is golden.

He approaches nearest to the gods who knows how to be silent, even though he is in the right.

"A wound made by an arrow will cicatrize and heal; a forest felled by the ax will spring up again in new growth; but a wound made by the tongue will never heal."

Begin at once to practise rigid silence under every provocation. It is the only remedy, and, if taken in large doses twenty times a day, will effect a cure. A supply of silence should always be kept on hand in case of emergency.

Charles Buxton declared that a man or a woman may be by nature highly irritable, and yet be sweet, tender, gentle, loving, sociable, kind, charitable, thoughtful for others, unselfish, and generous.

We lose half the joys that lie in our path by our ill temper; we are easily disturbed when our poise should be perfect; we are irritated by a word, a look, an unintended affront; and, behold, the sun creeps behind a cloud, and the whole day is spoiled. Instead of meeting ill temper with good nature, and so rendering it innocuous, we add to it ill temper of our own, and the very heavens become lurid. The blood in our veins is poisoned by our bad mood, and aches and pains, misery of body and mental and spiritual wretchedness are the result.

Life is worth too much to be spent in this way. Like a thoughtless child, we put the watch in the water to see if it will float, and it keeps time no more. To have your hatred impulsively stirred, to lose your temper and say more than you mean, is to trifle with the holiest relations and to break the bonds of friendship, which ought to be helpful and uplifting. "Self-control, a good word given in exchange for a bad one, a



quiet rejoinder to a hasty accusation, these are the foundations on which happiness and usefulness securely rest." If you are master of yourself you will generally be master of any situation in which you may be placed.

To remain calm and unmoved under severe provocation; to resist every irritable impulse, every inclination to say harsh, unkind things, even when one's most vulnerable point has been assailed, requires spiritual stamina and a force of character far greater than that demanded of the hero in a merely physical contest.

Some people are weak enough to think that a quick, ungovernable temper is an indication of a lofty spirit. This is the very opposite of the truth. As a rule, a fiery temper, or, rather, the giving way to it, shows a lack of mental balance. Truly great characters are nearly always serene and not easily moved from their balance.

How little does the average man or woman dream that outbursts of anger disfigure the features, develop brutal qualities, and neutralize the best efforts at character-building! What sight can be more repulsive than the face and demeanor of a person who is almost insane with rage? For the time being, all the manly or womanly qualities are in abeyance; the brutal impulses have complete control of the mind, and ruthlessly trample upon the finer graces and nobler instincts.

Let those who long to cast out the demon of ill temper begin by allowing "thought to mature itself silently before speaking." Let them not be discouraged if they stumble and fall many times. The habit of years cannot be broken in a day, or a week, or a month. Faithful and persistent effort, however, will at length win the day. The evil habit will finally drop from them like a worn-out garment, allowing them to rise to nobler heights of manhood and womanhood.

A self-controlled mind is a free mind, and freedom is power. The truly successful man has all his faculties under control. He has a strong grip upon himself, and holds himself to his task, under good fortune and bad, through prosperity and adversity. The man without self-control, however great his abilities, is always at the mercy of his moods and circumstances. He cannot fling himself against the enemy. Self-control is a duty; both influence and usefulness are involved in it.

"Real glory springs from the silent conquest of ourselves."

"To keep the tone natural and the language calm," says a recent writer, "to conquer the impulse to return the blow or the insult, to preserve a clear, cool, resolute mastery of conditions, when the attempt is made to baffle and mislead one,—this, in the lower and in the higher grades of effort alike, reveals the master of self and therefore of others, for influence and usefulness are involved.

"It is a maxim in the working world that no man can control others who cannot control himself; that the soldier, the sailor, the operative, can

be handled much more surely and rendered much more effective by one who speaks in a low tone, with a quiet yet decided manner, than by cursing and threatening."

A Friend was asked by a merchant whom he had conquered by his patience how he had been able to bear the other's abuse, and replied: "Friend, I will tell thee. I was naturally as hot and violent as thou art. I observed that men in a passion always speak loud, and I thought if I could control my voice I should repress my passion. I have, therefore, made it a rule never to let my voice rise above a certain key, and by a careful observance of this rule, I have, by the blessing of God, entirely mastered my natural tongue."

Fire and water are both admirable servants, but bad masters. So, too, righteous indignation is a fine thing, but fretful, uncalled-for anger is wasteful and exhaustive.

To feel provoked or exasperated at a trifle, when the nerves are exhausted, is, perhaps, natural to us in our imperfect state. But why put into the shape of speech the annoyance which, once uttered, is remembered; which may burn like a blistering wound, or rankle like a poisoned arrow? If a child be crying, or a friend capricious, or a servant unreasonable, be careful what you say. Do not speak while you feel the impulse of anger, for you will be almost certain to say too much.

The sun was high in the heavens when a man called at the house of Pericles to abuse him. The man's anger knew no bounds. He vented his spite in violent language until he paused from sheer exhaustion, and saw that it was quite dark without. He turned to go home, when Pericles calmly called a servant, and said: "Bring a lamp and attend this man home." Is any argument needed to show the superiority of Pericles?

John Henderson was debating with an Oxford student, when the latter grew angry, and threw a glassful of wine in his face. Henderson calmly wiped his face, and coolly said: "This, sir, is a digression; now for the argument."

How many people excuse themselves for doing wrong or foolish acts by the plea that they have a quick temper. But he who is king of himself rules his temper, turning his very heat and passion into energy that works good instead of evil. Stephen Girard, when he heard of a clerk with a strong temper, was glad to employ him. He believed that such persons, taught self-control, are the best workers. Controlled temper is an element of strength; wisely regulated, it expends itself as energy in work, just as heat in an engine is transmuted into force that drives the wheels of industry. Cromwell, William the Silent, Wordsworth, Faraday, Washington, and Wellington, were men of prodigious tempers, but they were also men whose self-control was nearly perfect.



Lord Beaconsfield's personal hatreds were well under control. "I never trouble to be avenged," he once said; "when a man injures me, I put his name on a slip of paper and lock it up in a drawer. It is marvellous how men I have thus labeled have the knack of disappearing!"

In the window of a room in Queen's College, Oxford, is an inscription which records that it was once occupied by the young hero-king, Henry V., who is described as —

"VICTOR HOSTIUM ET SUI,"

"conqueror of his enemies and of himself." He conquered his enemies at Agincourt; but the conquest of himself required a far more desperate struggle.

Your life may be hard and monotonous, and you may have to fight against a nervous, sensitive, irritable temperament. It means a bitter and tedious warfare. Patience is bitter, but its fruit is sweet. Your inclinations and propensities are teachable, and you can vary your discipline to almost any extent. This is the secret of character-building. Lord Clarendon said of the great Hampden that no man ever had greater control over himself. He was supreme governor over all his passions and affections, and he had therefore great power over other men.

Mr. Christmas, in an important position in the Bank of England, was subject to constant and irritating interruption. He said that he was greatly helped in self-control by a rule given to him by Pitt, "Not to lose temper during the hours of business." "My labors," said Christmas, "commence at nine and end at three; and, acting on the advice of the illustrious statesman, I never lose my temper during these hours."

"At last I am my own master!" declared a moody, quick-tempered young man, who had just reached his majority. "No one can order me about now. I shall do as I please."

"I congratulate you," said a friend; "but are you sure you are not making a mistake in your acceptance of the word master?"

"A mistake?" repeated the young man in surprise. "There can be no mistake about it. I am of age to-day, and I am absolutely my own master."

"Then," said Richard Miller, who tells the story from his own experience, "the young man's friend blandly suggested, 'In that case, you will certainly never lose control of your temper.'"

"The young man's color rose, as he heard this interpretation of independence. His outbursts of temper were well known. 'I don't know that I have thought of it in that light,' he replied.

" 'Then there is the matter of cigarettes,' continued his pitiless friend. 'You told me the other day that you did not see how you could

give them up. But now that you are absolutely master, I suppose you will smoke them no more.'

"The young man made no response.

"'As one who is absolutely master of himself,' continued his friend, 'is never led by outside temptations to do anything of which he disapproves, I suppose you will give up the somewhat questionable company you have been keeping, which has proved a source of anxiety to your father and mother?'

"The young man did not reply. He was surprised and stirred by this view of the kind of master that should govern his conduct. His conscience was touched.

"After a few moments' silence, he looked up and said: 'I thank you for your frankness. I see that I have been a fool. I shall not say anything more about being my own master until I am better able than to-day to restrain and overcome the defects of my own nature. I have taken too narrow a view of being my own master.'"

There is nothing finer in the world than "the kingship of self-control." "Man has two creators,—his God and himself," says William George Jordan. "His first creator furnishes him the raw material of his life, and the laws in conformity with which he can make that life what he will. His second creator,—himself,—has marvelous powers, which he rarely realizes. *It is what a man makes of himself that counts.* Man in his weakness is the creature of circumstances; man in his strength is the creator of circumstances. Whether he be victim or victor depends largely on himself. The self-control that is seen in the most spectacular instances in history, and that in the simplest phases of daily life, are precisely the same in kind and quality, differing only in degree. This control man can attain if he will; it is but a matter of paying the price. The power of self-control is one of the great qualities that differentiates man from the lower animals. He is the only animal capable of a moral struggle or a moral conquest. Every step in the progress of the world has been a new control. It has been escaping from the tyranny of a fact to the understanding and the mastery of that fact.

"At each moment of man's life he is either a king or a slave. As he surrenders to a wrong appetite, to any human weakness, as he falls prostrate in hopeless subjection to any condition, to any environment, to any failure, he is a slave. *As he day by day crushes out human weakness, masters opposing elements within him,* and day by day recreates a new self from the sin and folly of his past,—he is a king."

To specify further as to points in which a royal self-control is to be exercised if man is to rule the kingdom within, I name the tongue of gossip or slander.



Pascal affirmed that if every one knew what one said of the other, there would not be four friends in the world. Shakespeare's words are familiar to us all:—

“No might nor greatness in mortality  
Can censure 'scape: back-wounding calumny  
The whitest virtue strikes; what king so strong,  
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?”

A modern writer declares:—

“The second most deadly instrument of destruction is the dynamite gun,—the first is the human tongue.

“The crimes of the tongue are words of unkindness, of anger, of malice, of envy, of bitterness, of harsh criticism, gossip, lying, and scandal. Theft and murder are awful crimes, yet in any single year the aggregate sorrow, pain, and suffering which they cause is microscopic when compared with the sorrows that come from the crimes of the tongue. From the careless tongue of a friend, or the cruel tongue of an enemy, who is free? No human being can live a life so true, so fair, so pure as to be beyond the reach of malice, or immune from the poisonous emanations of envy. The insidious attacks, the loathsome innuendoes, slurs, and half-lies by which jealous mediocrity seeks to ruin its superiors, are like those insect parasites that kill the heart and life of a mighty oak.

“There are pillows wet with tears; there are noble hearts broken in the silence whence comes no cry of protest; there are gentle, sensitive natures seared and warped; there are old-time friends separated and walking their lonely ways, with hope dead and memory but a pang; there are cruel misunderstandings that make all life look dark,—these are but a few of the sorrows that come from the crimes of the tongue.”

“I never listen to calumnies,” declared Montesquieu, “because if they are untrue, I run the risk of being deceived, and if they are true, of hating persons not worth thinking about.” Another distinguished author has said: “I never yet heard man or woman much abused, that I was not inclined to think the better of them; and to transfer any suspicion or dislike to the person who appeared to take delight in pointing out the defects of a fellow-creature.”

J. G. Holland once declared that gossip is always a personal confession, either of malice or imbecility. That was an apt remark of a successful merchant who, when asked by a friend the secret of his success, replied: “I have accumulated about one-half of my property by attending strictly to my own business, and the other half by letting other people's alone.”

Another tongue evil that often needs control is profanity. Fifty years ago men who mixed in what is called “good society” were “full of

strange oaths "; but we have changed all that. Swearing is now considered by cultivated people to be bad form, low, and vulgar.

To him who would be master of himself, and realize the joy of self-control, I would like to emphasize the advice,— *Guard your weak point*. This is often the measure of your strength, as the weakest and not the strongest link measures the strength of a chain. The appetite for drink was the weak link in the life of Alexander the Great, which ended his career before middle life. It is unaccountable that a strong man should allow his weakness instead of his strength to control him.

The self-indulgent man is a slave; the self-controlled man is free. "He is his own worst enemy," is a remark we often hear, and it is always true. No matter what foes you face, what temptations you encounter, your greatest peril is within. Strive for freedom, for self-mastery, and the conscious joy that comes with it.

Many a young person yields to the first temptation, or yields for the first time to temptation, saying, "Just this once." But, when the wall is once broken down, the tempter watches for another entrance; the second fall is easier, and the third still easier, until, before he is aware of it, a fatal habit is fixed, and he cannot but yield. Thus have been ruined many bright minds, many promising lives. Achan was ruined by his love of gold; Saul by his self-will; Absalom by his ambition and pride; Judas by his avarice; and the name of those who are ruined through strong drink is legion, "for they are many." They are a great heap of bodies slain, and we need not ask: "Who slew all these?" for we know it was the demon of drink.

"There is scarcely a crime before me," declared Judge Coleridge, "that is not directly or indirectly caused by strong drink."

"The country numbers tens — nay, hundreds — of thousands of women who are widows to-day and sit in hopeless weeds, because their husbands have been slain by strong drink. There are thousands of homes scattered over the land in which wives live lives of torture, going through all the changes of suffering that lie between the extremes of fear and despair, because those whom they love care more for wine than they do for the women they have sworn to love. There are women by thousands who dread to hear at the door the step that once thrilled them with pleasure, because that step has learned to reel under the influence of the seductive poison. There are women groaning with pain from bruises and brutalities inflicted by husbands made mad by drink. There can be no exaggeration in any statement in regard to this matter, because no human imagination can create anything worse than the truth, and no pen is capable of portraying the truth."

With almost palsied hand, at a temperance meeting, John B. Gough signed the pledge. For six days and nights, in a wretched garret, with-



out a mouthful of food, with scarcely a moment's sleep, he fought the fearful battle with appetite. Weak, famished, almost dying, he crawled into the sunlight; but he had conquered the demon which had almost killed him. He had "conquered a whole moral empire."

Young men should know that strong drink, tobacco, opium and morphine, create not only a *habit* which would be bad enough, but a *taste*, and worst of all, an *appetite*. It is not only a garment but a shirt of Nessus.



General Grant, at the banquet given in his honor in Chicago, turned his glass bottom upward and kept it so. He told the professors in Girard College, in Philadelphia, not to let the students of that institution use tobacco in any form. Yet General Grant was an inveterate smoker. He knew better than most men the bad effect of the tobacco habit which had enslaved him, for it was this that aggravated and fed the dreadful malady that cut off his great life in its prime. Shall a man call himself free, and every day yield to the temptation of tobacco? He thinks he can renounce it at will, but can he?

Gough used to describe the struggle of a man who tried to leave off using tobacco. He threw away what he had, and said that was the end of it; but no, it was only the beginning of it. He would chew camomile, gentian, toothpicks, but it was of no use. He bought another plug of tobacco and put it in his pocket. He wanted to chew awfully, but he looked at it and said: "You are a *weed*, and I am a *man*. I'll master you if I die for it;" and he did, while carrying it in his pocket daily.

Young men, let drink alone: not because it is a sin to take a glass of wine, but because it is a sin and shame for you to abdicate your manhood under the influence of a morbid appetite which has the fatal power to bind you hand and foot. If it is a small sacrifice to discontinue the use of wine, do it for the sake of others; if it is a great sacrifice, do it for your own sake.

"Then dash the brimming cup aside,  
And spill its purple wine,  
Take not its madness to thy lip,  
Let not its curse be thine.  
'Tis red and rich,—but grief and woe  
Are hid those rosy depths below."

The great test of one's power of self-control is found when the necessity to exercise it is sudden and unexpected. Perfect self-control means such thorough mastery over self as Robert Ainsworth, the lexicographer, possessed, who, when his wife, in a fit of passion, committed

his voluminous manuscript to the flames, calmly turned to his desk and recommenced his labors.

"Ah! Diamond, you little know the mischief you have wrought," said Sir Isaac Newton, returning from supper to find that his dog had upset a lighted taper upon the laborious calculations of years, which lay in ashes before him. Then he went calmly to work to reproduce them. The man who thus excelled in self-mastery surpassed all his predecessors and contemporaries in mastering the laws of nature.

A friend called on Constable, the famous painter, one day, and was received by him in his front room. After half an hour's chat, the artist proposed to repair to the back room to show him a large picture on which he was engaged.

On walking up to his easel, he found that one of his little boys, in his absence, had dashed the handle of the hearth broom through the canvas, and made so large a rent in it as to render its restoration impossible. He called the child up to him, and asked him gently if he had done it. When the boy admitted his act, Constable took him on his knee and rebuked him in these unmeasured terms:—

"Oh, my dear pet! See what we have done! Dear, dear! What shall we do to mend it? I can't think, can *you*?"

When Prince Kropotkin, the well-known Russian exile, was young, he was taught writing by a German Jew, Ebert by name. Because the man was a Jew, the boys thought themselves at liberty to heap ridicule upon him, and to play practical jokes. Ebert bore it all patiently, not wishing to make a formal complaint. To help keep their unmanageable spirits within bound, he made an agreement with them that there should be only one frolic a lesson, but the agreement was not always kept by the boys.

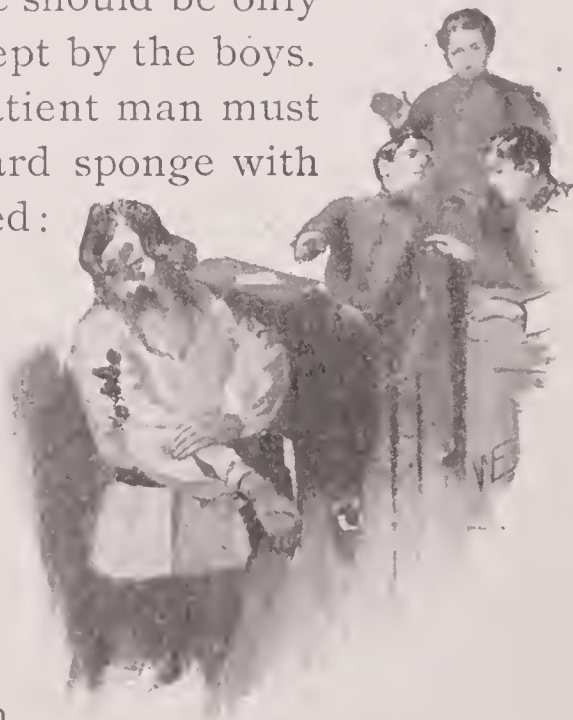
One day it seemed that even the gentleness of this patient man must give way. In a fit of wild fun, a boy filled the blackboard sponge with ink and chalk, and flinging it straight at the master, shouted:

"Get it, Ebert!"

The sponge hit the master full in the face, and fell on his white shirt-sleeves, covering him with ink. Naturally, the boys expected to be at once reported, but in gentle tones the master said: "Gentlemen, that is one frolic,—no more to-day." Then, in a low tone, speaking to himself, he added: "The whole shirt is spoiled!" He was very poor, and the loss was a serious one.

His extraordinary self-restraint acted like magic on the class. The boys took sides against the offender, and sympathized with the teacher.

"What did you do that for? You've spoiled his shirt! Shame on you!" were exclamations heard from all over the room.





"Never mind, one must learn," said Ebert, gently.

There was no more nonsense that day, and, at the next lesson, as if by general understanding, many of the students wrote their best, and took their books to Ebert, asking him to correct them. He understood their action as a proof of their sorrow and sympathy, and their generous impulse made him happy. "But that little incident," says Prince Kropotkin, "was never effaced from the memory of those present. The meekness and longsuffering with which the poor master met the persecutions were weapons which even the thoughtless schoolboys could not parry, and those who felt the nobility of his conduct endeavored to learn something by his example, and to practise it in their own lives."

A traveling English artist was taking a cup of coffee with a Mohammedan postmaster at Pella, the birthplace of Alexander the Great. The artist had the misfortune to set his foot on a handsome pipe-bowl belonging to his host. Crash went the bowl, but the Mohammedan sat unmoved. The chagrined artist apologized as best he could. "The breaking of such a pipe-bowl," said the Oriental, "would indeed, under ordinary circumstances, be disagreeable, but in a friend every action has its charms."

Queen Alexandra's capacity for self-control was shown when she was taking one of her incognito excursions about Copenhagen. A nobleman saw her entering a "'bus," and, as she was doing so, a stout man and two women forced their way in front of her. Not a sign of disapproval was on her features; merely a sort of naïve surprise. There was absolutely no comment. As she was unknown, she was free to make an angry protest, but she ruled her spirit, and was thus a model of self-restraint in that hardest of all places to avoid impatience,—a public vehicle.

Self-control is of fundamental importance in the formation and development of character and it intimately concerns success in life.

Every human being is conscious of two natures. One is ever reaching up after the good, the true, and the noble,—aspiring after all that uplifts, elevates, and purifies. It is the God-side of man, the image of the Creator, the immortal side, the spiritual side. It is the gravitation of the soul faculties toward their Maker. The other is the bestial side, which gravitates downward.

The individual can attain self-control in great things only through self-control in little things. He must study himself to discover what is the weak point in his armor, what is the element in him that keeps him from his fullest success. This is the characteristic upon which he should begin his exercise in self-control. Is it selfishness, vanity, cowardice, morbidness, temper, laziness, worry, mind-wandering, lack of purpose?—whatever form human weakness assumes in the masquerade of life,

he must discover. He must then live each day as if his whole existence was telescoped down to the single day before him.

With no idle regret for the past, no useless worry for the future, he should live that day as if it were his only day,—the only day left for him to assert all that is best in him, the only day left for him to conquer all that is worst in him. He should master the weak element within him at each slight manifestation from moment to moment. Each moment then must be a victory for it or for him. Will he be a king or a slave?

Learn to act nobly and grandly on every occasion that presents itself. Every occasion should be a great occasion. If you shirk duty or compromise manhood, your character is weakened. Must I acknowledge myself inferior to circumstances, and succumb to petty annoyances and little miseries? Mind is superior to matter, and wings of hope, of aspiration, of expectation, of confidence, were given us to lift ourselves above the petty storms of life which rage about the inferior mind and torture narrow souls, and dwarf small lives, and make miserable those who are powerless to mount above them.

If one is conscious of being in a fretful and discordant state, is it not wise to seek solitude, if only for a moment? Then call up the spiritual forces. Take a strong stand in the affirmative of the statement: "I and my Father are one." That is not merely a phrase of rhetoric, or an assertion that Jesus alone could make. He is the vine; we are the branches. Demand to be taken into the true life,—one's own life. Do not merely desire to be at peace with all, to love all, but actually do it,—and be at peace.

"Not in the clamor of the crowded street,  
Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,  
But in ourselves are triumph and defeat."



## ECONOMY

BEWARE of little extravagances: a small leak will sink a big ship.

—FRANKLIN.

RESPECTABILITY is all very well for folks who can have it for ready money; but to be obliged to run into debt for it,—it's enough to break the heart of an angel.

—DOUGLAS W. JERROLD.

SENSE can support herself handsomely in most countries on some eighteen pence a day; but for phantasy, planets, and solar systems will not suffice.

—MACAULAY.

HE WAS subject to a kind of disease which at that time they called lack of money.

—RABELAIS.

I CAN get no remedy against this consumption of the purse; borrowing only lingers and lingers it out; but the disease is incurable.

—SHAKESPEARE.

NO GAIN is more certain than that which proceeds from the economical use of what you have.

—LATIN PROVERB.

ECONOMY is of itself a great revenue.—CICERO.

WE SACRIFICE to dress, till household joys  
And comforts cease. Dress drains our cellar dry,  
And keeps our larder lean; puts out our fires,  
And introduces hunger, frost, and woe,  
Where peace and hospitality might reign.

—COWPER.

MAKE all you can, save all you can, give all you can.—JOHN WESLEY.

GET to live,  
Then live, and use it; else, it is not true  
That thou hast gotten. Surely use alone  
Makes money not a contemptible stone.

—GEORGE HERBERT.

“MR. SPEAKER,” exclaimed the eccentric John Randolph of Roanoke, in a piercing voice, as he sprang from his seat in the United States House of Representatives,—“Mr. Speaker, I have found it!” Then in the stillness which followed this strange outburst, he added: “I have found the philosopher’s stone. It is, *pay as you go*.”

“But suppose I can’t pay!” suggested a young man whose uncle had just told him this story, emphasizing its moral. “Then don’t go,” replied the uncle.

Don’t go unless there is a reasonable prospect that you can pay. Don’t go beyond your financial depth in business. Don’t squander your patrimony in a vain chase of the bubble, pleasure. Don’t speculate away, on a chance of securing a palace, what you may need as a provision against being driven to the workhouse. Samson is reputed to have been the strongest of men, but even his strength would not enable him to pay money before he had it.

"I have discovered that there is money enough in the world for all of us, if it were only equally divided," said a spendthrift to a wealthy friend; "this should be done, and we would all be happy together."

"But if everybody was like you," said the rich man, "it would all be spent in two months. What would you do then?"

"Oh! divide again; keep dividing, of course."

Theoretically, some such arrangement as this might afford a very easy and agreeable settlement of all our financial difficulties, but in actual practice, in this hard-headed, work-a-day world, those who have the money are unanimously and uncompromisingly opposed to the plan, and will give us gold or silver willingly only in compensation for services rendered, and will demand it back again in exact proportion to the service we compel it, or even permit it, to render to us.

"Every boy should realize, in starting out, that he can never accumulate money unless he acquires the habit of saving," says Russell Sage. "Even if he can save only a few cents at the beginning, it is better than saving nothing at all; and he will find, as the months go on, that it becomes easier for him to lay by a part of his earnings. It is surprising how fast an account in a savings bank can be made to grow, and the boy who starts one and keeps it up stands a good chance of spending a prosperous old age. Some people who spend every cent of their income on their living expenses are always bewailing the fact that they have never become rich. They pick out some man who is known to have made a fortune and speak of him as being 'lucky.' There is no such thing as luck in business, and the boy who depends upon it to carry him through, is very likely not to get through at all. The men who have made a success of their lives are men who started out right when they were boys. They studied while at school, and, when they went to work, they didn't expect to be paid wages for loafing half the time. They weren't always on the lookout for an 'easy snap,' and they forged ahead, not waiting always for opportunities that never came, and bewailing the supposed fact that times are no longer what they used to be."

Many a young man seems to think, when he sees his name on a business sign, that he is on the highway to fortune, and he begins to live as if there were no possible chance of failure; as if he were already beyond the danger point. Unfortunately, Congress can pass no law that will remedy the vice of living beyond one's means.

Edmund Burke, speaking on "Economic Reform," quoted from Cicero: "*Magnum vectigal est parsimonia*," accenting the second word on the first syllable. Lord North whispered a correction, when Burke turned the mistake to advantage. "The noble lord hints that I have erred in the quantity of a principal word in my quotation; I rejoice at it sir, because it gives me an opportunity to repeat the inestimable adage,



—‘*Magnum vectigal est parsimonia.*’” The sentiment, meaning “Thrift is a good income,” is well worthy of emphatic repetition by us all.

“We shan’t get much here,” whispered a lady to her companion, as John Murray blew out one or two candles, by whose light he had been writing, when they asked him to contribute to some benevolent object. He listened to their story and gave one hundred dollars. “Mr. Murray, I am very agreeably surprised,” said the lady quoted; “I did not expect to get a cent from you.” The old Friend asked the reason for her surmise; and, when told, said: “That, ladies, is why I am able to let you have the hundred dollars. It is by practising economy that I save money with which to do charitable actions. One candle is enough to talk by.”

“An opulent merchant in Boston,” says Emerson, “was called on by a friend in behalf of a charity. At that time he was admonishing his clerk for using whole wafers instead of halves; his friend thought the circumstances unpropitious; but, to his surprise, on listening to the appeal, the merchant subscribed five hundred dollars. The applicant expressed his astonishment that any person who was so particular about half a wafer should present five hundred dollars to a charity; but the merchant said, “It is by saving half wafers, and attending to such little things, that I have now something to give.”

One of the hardest lessons for Americans to learn, at least practically, is that waste is impoverishment. They can all see, readily enough, that, if all the property in the country were suddenly destroyed, the whole human race would thereby be made so much the poorer; but, when the destruction is very slight,—as when a cup or a saucer is broken,—they do not recognize that the loss, felt chiefly by one person, falls, really, on all mankind. One of the main causes of our wastefulness has been, doubtless, the exceeding richness of our national resources. When a soil is so wondrously fertile as ours has been, especially in the West, it is not strange that its cultivators should seek to swell their crops by increasing the area of culture, rather than by the use of expensive dressings, subsoiling, and other thorough methods. Nature has been so bountiful to us that the habit of despising little savings has been acquired unconsciously. Cultivating a land “nearly smothered in its own richness,” we have, till recently, learned to think it useless to dig deep, when it is much easier to skim the surface.

One of the paradoxes of waste is that the persons most addicted to it are not men and women of independent means, who can support themselves in spite of their extravagant expenditure, but the poorer classes. There is hardly an able-bodied laborer who might not become financially independent, if he would but carefully husband his receipts and guard against the little leaks of needless expense. But, unfortunately, this is the one thing which the workingman finds it the hardest

to do. There are a hundred laborers who are willing to work hard, to every half-dozen who are willing properly to husband their earnings. Instead of hoarding a small percentage of their receipts, so as to provide against sickness or want of employment, they eat and drink up their earnings as they go, and thus, in the first financial crash, when mills and factories "shut down," and capitalists lock up their cash instead of using it in great enterprises, they are ruined. Men who thus live "from hand to mouth," never keeping more than a day's march ahead of actual want, are little better off than slaves.

"I have often been asked to define the true secret of success," says Sir Thomas Lipton. "It is thrift in all its phases, and principally, thrift as applied to saving. A young man may have many friends, but he will find none so steadfast, so constant, so ready to respond to his wants, so capable of pushing him ahead, as a little leather-covered book, with the name of a bank on its cover. Saving is the first great principle of success. It creates independence, it gives a young man standing, it fills him with vigor, it stimulates him with proper energy; in fact, it brings to him the best part of any success,—happiness and contentment. If it were possible to inject the quality of saving into every boy, we would have a great many more real men."

A short time ago, a young man in a city was complaining to a friend of poverty, and his inability to save money.

"How much do you spend for luxuries?" asked his friend.

"Luxuries!" answered the young man, "If by luxuries you mean cigars and a few drinks, I don't average,—including an occasional cigar or a glass of light wine for a friend,—over six dollars a week. Most of the boys spend more, but I make it a rule to be moderate in my expenditures."

"Ten years ago," declared the friend, "I was spending about the same every week for the same things, and paying thirty dollars a month for five inconvenient rooms up four flights of stairs. I had just married then, and one day I told my wife that I so loved her that I longed to have her in a place befitting her needs and refinement. 'John,' was her reply, 'If you love me well enough to give up two things which are not only useless, but extremely harmful to you, we can, for what those things alone cost, own a pretty home in ten years.'

"She sat down by me with a pencil and paper, and in less than five minutes had demonstrated that she was right. You dined with me in





the suburbs the other day, and spoke of the beauty and convenience of our cottage. That cottage cost three thousand dollars, and every dollar of it was my former cigar and drink money. But I gained more than a happy wife and pretty home by this saving; I gained self-control, better health, self-respect, a truer manhood, a more permanent happiness. I desire every young man who is trying to secure pleasure through smoking and drinking, whether moderately or immoderately, to make use of his judgment, and pencil and paper, and see if he is not forfeiting in a number of directions far more than he is gaining."

Everyone who is living beyond his income, and incurring debts he sees no way of paying, is burning out his self-respect and the respect of others, his peace of mind, his integrity, the character which is his capital, and, inevitably, his chances of advancement and success.

It is estimated that if a man will begin at twenty years of age to lay by twenty-six cents every working day, investing at seven per cent. compound interest, he will at seventy years of age have amassed thirty-two thousand dollars.

"Economy is wealth." This proverb has been repeated to most of us until we are either tired of it or careless of it, but it is well to remember that a saying becomes a proverb because of its truth and significance. Many a man has proved that if economy is not actual wealth, it is, in many cases, potentially so.

Professor Marshall, the noted English economist, estimates that \$500,000,000 is spent annually by the British working classes for things that do nothing to make their lives nobler or happier. At a recent meeting of the British Association, the president, in an address to the economic section, expressed his belief that the simple item of food-waste alone would justify the above-mentioned estimate. One potent cause of waste to-day is that very many of the women, having been practically brought up in factories, do not know how to buy economically, and are neither passable cooks nor good housekeepers. Edward Atkinson estimates that in the United States the waste from bad cooking alone is over a hundred million dollars a year!

All this may seem, to some readers,—and doubtless is,—very commonplace. But, as Renan wisely says: "the worst error one can commit is to reject truth, because it has become commonplace. . . . Commonplace! . . . That means that it is true. It is the greatest eulogium of an idea, that it has become commonplace." But, commonplace or not, the lesson is one which thousands of Americans have never practically, and many others but partially, learned. It is a fact, as notorious as it is melancholy, that, of all the civilized people on the globe, we are the most wasteful. It is well known to every traveler in France that a French cook would feed a family on what an average American family



would waste, or reject as worthless. Even the "Heathen Chinee" may teach us here,—may show us examples of economy which are of priceless value. The lowest of the race are sages in this respect, compared with many of those who would exclude them from our shores. A Baptist minister in China writes home that what an American family throws away in a year would support a dozen Chinese families during that time; while, on the other hand, all the waste of a Chinese family in the same time would not keep a mouse from starving.

The extravagance of American housekeepers is strikingly shown in the waste barrel,—the refuse that is carted away from their houses. In it will be found papers, strings, etc., that are valuable for wrappers, pieces of pencil, steel pens half used, bottles, tin boxes, pieces of food, and other articles, which, in any other country, would be turned to use. Even those who buy their fuel, and complain bitterly of its increasing cost, will throw away their boxes and barrels, that could be used for fire-wood. How often articles of clothing are discarded before they are half worn out, simply because they are a little *passé* in style, or rusty looking, when, at a small cost, they might be renovated and made serviceable for months, or a year. When one sees the way in which Americans treat their foot-wear, he cannot wonder that shoe factories are so numerous and profitable, their work forming the chief occupation in cities of fifty thousand or more inhabitants and that, in our large cities, about every fifth or sixth shop is a boot and shoe store.



How few Americans wear a pair of boots, even of the best quality, longer than a year or two! Yet I have known a man, by adequate care of a pair of winter boots,—by carefully cleaning and drying them after each day's wear, and by having them thoroughly oiled, to prevent cracks, four or five times in a year, to make them do good service, though used almost exclusively, for sixteen winters. Of course, they were of the best manufacture,—costing, with new solings and heelings and straps, twelve dollars, or seventy-five cents a year!

What tales of extravagance and waste are told by the backyards of our homes, our stores and our factories. The barnyards and fields of our western farmers tell a similar story, filled as they are with farm machinery, rusting and decaying.

"The first thing that a man should learn to do," says Andrew Carnegie, "is to save his money. By saving his money he promotes thrift,—the most valued of all habits. Thrift is the great fortune-maker. It



draws the line between the savage and the civilized man. Thrift not only develops the fortune, but it develops, also, the man's character."

A New Orleans printer, when his fellow workmen went out to drink beer during working hours, put in the bank the exact amount which he would have spent if he had gone with them. He pursued this plan for five years, when he examined his bank account and found he had deposited five hundred and twenty-one dollars and eighty-six cents. In the five years he had not lost a day on account of sickness. Three out of five of the others had in the meantime become drunkards, were worthless as workmen, and were discharged. The water drinker then bought the printing office, enlarged the business, and, twenty years from the time he began to put by his money, was worth one hundred thousand dollars.

"Provided he has some ability and good sense to start with, is thrifty, honest, and economical," said Philip D. Armour, "there is no reason why any young man should not accumulate money and attain so-called success in life." When asked to what qualities he attributed his own success, Mr. Armour said: "I think that thrift and economy had much to do with it. I owe much to my mother's training and to a good line of Scotch ancestors, who have always been thrifty and economical."

But no one should make the mistake of economizing to the extent of planting seeds and then denying liberal nourishment to the plants that grow from them; of conducting business without advertising; or of saving a little extra expense by pinching on one's table or dress. "A dollar saved is a dollar earned," but a dollar spent well and liberally is often several dollars earned. The dashing, generous spirit, nowadays, will leave far behind the plodder that devotes time to adding pennies that could be given to making dollars.

The only value a dollar has is its buying power. "No matter how many times it has been spent, it is still good." Hoarded money is of no more use than gold so inaccessible in old mother earth that it will never feel the miner's pick. There is plenty in this world, if we keep it moving and keep moving after it. Imagine everybody in the world stingy, living on the principle of "We can do without that," or "Our grandfathers got along without such things, and I guess we can." What would become of our parks, grand buildings, electrical improvements; of music and art? What would become of labor that nurses a tree from a forest to a piano or a palace car? What would become of those dependent upon the finished work? What would happen, what panic would follow, if everybody turned stingy, is indefinable.

"The thrifty housewife is not the poor woman who spends her life indoors trying with might and main to make many dollars' worth of work and worry to save a few cents," says the New York "Commercial Adver-

tiser." "She is quite another variety of economist. She goes out and around, mingles with people who are apt to have ideas newer and fresher than her own. She is not too proud to adopt the theories of others if they are better than her own, and she seeks advice and peeps at the points of view of other women, even if she does not entirely accept them. She considers health, physical, mental, and moral, the only thing in the world worth worrying about, and refuses to lose sleep or appetite over trifles. She keeps her servants as long as she can; but if they go she does not wear sackcloth and ashes. Restaurants, hotels, charwomen, and patience, she considers better substitutes for servants than the mistress wearing out her clothes, nerves, and youth, cooking meals for a hungry household. The truly thrifty woman is a creature endowed with logic and common sense, whose price is far above rubies. She knows how to take care of herself so well that she seldom needs to be taken care of. She does not work herself to death for ten years and then remain a helpless invalid for twenty. She keeps young, and her home is as attractive to her husband on his silver wedding day as it was when he and his bride entered it together for the first time."

"So apportion your wants that your means may exceed them," says Bulwer. "With one hundred pounds a year I may need no man's help; I may at least have 'my crust of bread and liberty.' But with five thousand pounds a year, I may dread a ring at my bell; I may have my tyrannical master in servants whose wages I cannot pay; my exile may be at the fiat of the first long-suffering man who enters a judgment against me; for the flesh that lies nearest my heart, some Shylock may be dusting his scales and whetting his knife. Every man is needy who spends more than he has; no man is needy who spends less. I may so ill manage that, with five thousand a year, I purchase the worst evils of poverty,—terror and shame; I may so well manage my money that, with one hundred pounds a year, I purchase the best blessings of wealth,—safety and respect."

ALL fortunes have their foundations laid in economy.

—J. G. HOLLAND.

A PENNY saved is twopence clear,—

A pin a day's a groat a year.

—FRANKLIN.

POVERTY is in want of much, but avarice of everything.

—PUBLIUS SYRUS.

TO BALANCE fortune by a just expense,

Join with economy, magnificence.

—POPE.



## TRUCKLING TO DISHONESTY

EACH soul is worth so much on 'change,  
And marked like sheep with figures.

—MRS. BROWNING.

THE devil tempts us not,—'tis we tempt him,  
Reckoning his skill with opportunity.

—GEORGE ELIOT.

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds  
Makes ill deeds done!

—SHAKESPEARE.

WITH such deceits he gained their easy hearts,  
Too prone to credit his perfidious arts.

—DRYDEN.

THOU'LT fall into deception unaware,  
Not keeping strictest watch.

—MILTON.

THE purest treasure mortal times afford  
Is—spotless reputation; that away,  
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.

—SHAKESPEARE.


PREFER loss to dishonest gain; the former vexes you for a time, but the latter  
will bring you lasting remorse.

—CHILO.

I WILL not steal a victory.—ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

FRIENDS, if we be honest with ourselves, we shall be honest with each other.

—GEORGE MACDONALD.



THE night the "Tasmania" was wrecked, the captain had given the course north by west, sixty-seven degrees. He had taken account of eddies and currents. The second officer, overlooking these, ordered the helmsman to make it north by east, fifty-seven degrees, but to bring the ship around so gently that the captain wouldn't know it. The vessel was wrecked in consequence of this change of course. There is a great difference between going just right and going a little wrong.

"Opening an account with ruin" is what every business man does who thinks to get a living by the loss of his integrity.

"Some time ago," says an English insurance agent, "a man asked me to accompany him home, as he had some things there to be insured. When we arrived at his house, he showed me one hundred boxes of cigars which he wanted insured. There were a hundred cigars in each

box, making ten thousand in all, which were valued at fourpence each, so I insured the lot for one hundred and fifty pounds. A few days ago the man came to me and asked for the insurance money.

"‘You’ve had no fire at your house,’ I replied.

"‘No, but I’ve smoked them,’ said he; ‘and, according to the paper, I’m entitled to the money, as it reads distinctly that, if the goods are consumed by fire, money is paid on application.’

"As far as the technicalities were concerned he was correct; but I said. ‘All right, sir, you’ll get the money; yet I will take you upon your own confession and proceed against you for incendiarism.’

"‘Well, I’ll be hanged,’ was all he said, and the room shook violently as he slammed the door."

The desire to become a swindler is not very uncommon in the business world. Any transaction in which you expect to get something for nothing, or more than a fair equivalent for what you give, is a dishonest and dishonorable transaction, whether the sum be a nickel or a million dollars.

It is a sad day when one gets an idea that he can obtain a dollar without earning it. It marks the beginning of his fall. Whatever one expects to get from another without the expenditure of time, or skill, is the product of either theft or gaming.

"The sharp man iz often mistaken for the wize one," says Josh Billings, "but he iz just az different from a wize one az he iz from an honest one.

"He trusts tew his cunning for suckcess, and this iz the next thing tew being a rogue.

"The sharp man iz like a razor,—generally too sharp for enny thing but a shave.

"Theze men are not tew be trusted,—they are so constituted that they must cheat sumboddy, and, rather than be idle or lose a good job, they will pitch onto their best friends.

"They are not exackly outkasts, but liv cluss on the borders of criminality, and are liable tew step over at enny time.

"It iz but a step from cunning tew raskality, and it iz a step that iz alwuss inviting to take.

"Sharp men hav but phew friends, and seldum a konfidant. They hav learnt tew fear treachery by studying their own natures.

"They are alwuss bizzy, but like the hornet, want a heap ov sharp watching.

"The sharp man iz alwuss a vain one. He prides himself upon his cunning, and had rather do a shrewd thing than a kind one."

"There are few," says Beecher, "who will not benefit by pondering upon the morals of shopping. The wish to get more than one has the means to pay for is a wish to injure a neighbor,—to obtain his posses-



sions without just compensation. Although a thing may occasionally come into our hands which we never could have had, had it not been cheap, yet the desire to depress property for the sake of making it our own is dishonesty in disposition, whether custom sanctions it or not."

There are multitudes who despise the ordinary swindling methods which flood the press, such as notices of "Reporters wanted," or "Detectives wanted," or black-mailing schemes, or the writing up or writing down of public performers, or mythical firms and agencies, or sugar-and-water medicines, and clumsy, bungling forms of stealing, who will invest, nevertheless, in lottery policies; or in fairs for the founding of churches, schools, and hospitals, which are conducted on the raffling system; or invest in stock-jobbing operations, and other forms of gambling. Whether one patronizes pool or book-making, or employs faro, billiards, rondo, keno, cards, or bagatelle, the idea is dishonest; for it professes to give you a good for which no equivalent is rendered.

A youth may gloat upon having cheated a cheat, without thinking that he is himself a cheat.

A West Virginia letter in a daily paper says:—

"I was sitting on a keg of nails in a mountain store watching a native dickering with the merchant over a trade of a basket of eggs for a calico dress. After some time a bargain was closed, the native walked out with the dress in a bundle under his arm, and I followed him.

"‘It isn’t any business of mine,’ I said, ‘but I was watching that trade, and was surprised to see you let the eggs go for the dress.’

"‘What fer?’ he asked, in astonishment, as he mounted his horse.

"‘How many eggs did you have?’

"‘Basket full.’

"‘How many dozen?’

"‘Dunno. Can’t count.’

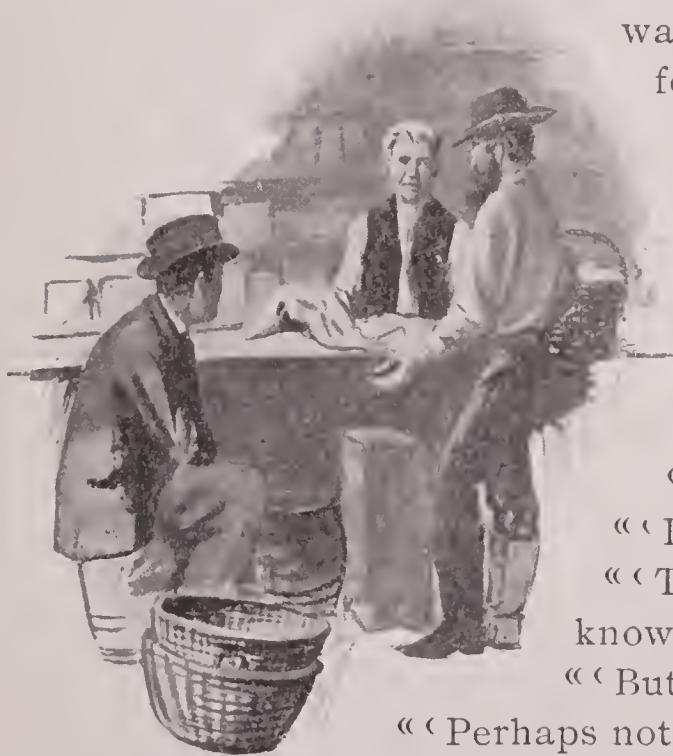
"‘That’s where you miss the advantages of education. With knowledge, you might have got two dresses for those eggs.’

"‘But I didn’t want two dresses, mister,’ he argued.

"‘Perhaps not, but that was no reason why you should have paid double the price for one. The merchant got the advantage of you because of his education. He knew what he was about.’”

"He looked at me for a minute, as if he felt real sorry for me. Then he grinned, and guided his horse close to me.

"‘I reckon,’ he half whispered, casting furtive glances toward the store, ‘his eddication ain’t so much mor’n mine ez you think it is. He don’t know how many uv them aigs is spiled, an’ I do;’ and he rode away before I could argue further.”



A similar idea is illustrated in a story about Jacob Barker, the merchant prince of New Orleans, who called at an insurance office one day to take out a new policy on one of his ships long overdue.

A high rate of premium was demanded, as fears were entertained for the safety of the ship; but Mr. Barker offered a lower figure, and left without coming to an agreement.

That night a swift messenger brought the news of the total loss of the vessel, at which he merely said "Very well."

Next morning, on the way to his counting house, the merchant stopped his carriage at the insurance office, and, without leaving his seat, said quietly to the secretary: "Friend, thee need not make out that policy; I've heard of the ship."

"Oh, sir! — but, sir,— Mr. Barker," said the secretary, running into the office and returning a moment later, "we've made out the policy, and you can't back out of it."

"How so, my friend?" asked the merchant demurely.

"When you left last evening, we agreed to your proposal, and the policy was made out at once. The office became liable, and you must take it. See, here it is," he added, as a clerk brought out the paper with the signature hardly dry.

"Well, friend," said Mr. Barker, "if thee will have it, I suppose I must take it," and he put the paper in his pocket and handed to the secretary the premium money which the policy called for.

At a leather store a group of clerks were debating the morals of trade; and one of them was relating, without apparent disapproval, this old story of "Jim Fisk," so noted for sharp transactions in New York many years ago:—

"I despise cheap lying," said Fisk; "I would never lie for a ninepence; but give me eight lies for a dollar, and I am with you every time."

Henry S. Ives, "the Young Napoleon of Finance," as he was called, who died not many years since in New Jersey, was a clerk in 1881 at a salary of seven dollars a week. In seven years, at twenty-nine years of age, the company he had formed failed for \$20,000,000. His Wall Street experience of speculation, railroad wrecking, and reckless banking, is only one of many in the world's record, and involved the utter wreck of a brilliant mind which set out in early life to open an account with ruin.

"No one in these days," says a shrewd observer, "goes about like Diogenes, looking for an honest man; all are looking for smart men. An honest man, a little slow, gets a salary of one thousand a year, a smart man, who will rob you on the first occasion, you buy with five thousand."



Do not men in nearly all walks of life practise irregularities and petty deceits daily? Such practices are so common, that we have come to regard them as something to be tolerated almost without protest. Here is a boy honestly bred, who goes to a trade or a store, where his plain honesty excites ridicule. The master tells his clerks that such truthfulness is blundering and that the boy has evidently been neglected.

Perhaps the youth has in him the making of a scoundrel. At first, it pains his scruples and tinges his face to frame a deliberate dishonesty. His tongue stammers; but the example of a rich master, the jeers of shopmates, with gradual practice, cure this. He first fleeces customers for his master's sake, and then his master for his own sake. He opens an account with ruin. Yet what wages will ever compensate him for the loss of his moral health? He hears little said about honesty, and much about shrewd traffic, and he soon proposes to himself a brilliant even if unscrupulous career.

In the old Roman days, two upright spears were crossed by one at the top; this was the yoke, and under it the enemies of Rome were made to pass. In these days what greater disgrace is there for a youth than to "pass under the yoke" of Mammon?

Of those who pass under Mammon's yoke, a vast army of the enemies of mankind are to be classified as the host of Shoddy. What is it all but the adulteration of manhood?

"Take the humbug out of this world," said Josh Billings, "and you haven't much left to do business with."

Nature apparently made a mistake in cows, putting too little water into the milk. This puts the dealers in New York to a great deal of trouble, since they are obliged to add a hundred thousand gallons of water a day to the milk sold in the city. In puritan Boston, too, the Board of Health recently captured certain letters, from which these quotations are taken:—

1. "I would like to call your attention to ——, for which I am the agent. It is the article which all milkmen in Boston and vicinity use to improve the quality of their milk, and to help them out when milk is scarce. It is perfectly harmless, and the milk inspectors and State Board of Health cannot detect it in the milk. The amount of water you can add to your milk in one day without detection will pay for —— enough to use three months. If you have any friends in the business, please tell them of this."

2. "Yours received. Sent by Adams' express one bottle —— . Give it a good trial. Don't be afraid of the color, taste, or smell, as you will find it to be all right when in the milk. A sample of milk taken from a batch put up with ——, and analyzed, will prove to the inspector to be all right, as the —— counteracts the chemicals they have to use in the analysis."

Directions also accompanied the above letters, in which after specifying the amount of water, sugar, and salt to be used in addition to the coloring matter, the writer adds:—

“If you take cream off the milk, add a trifle more. Some don’t use sugar only when sticking their milk pretty hard. It gives a good body, however.”

We eat, drink, and wear perjury and fraud in a hundred commodities. This is strikingly illustrated by the following advertisement inserted by a resident of a large country town:—

“NOTICE.—I bought of a grocer, on Main Street, a quantity of sugar, from which I obtained one pound of sand. If the rascal who cheated me will send to my address seven pounds of good sugar, I will be satisfied; if not, I shall expose him.”

On the following day nine seven-pound packages of sugar were left at the advertiser’s residence from as many different dealers, each supposing himself the one intended.

“Four flies were hungry,” says a modern fable. “The first settled on a sausage of singularly appetizing appearance, and made a hearty meal. But he speedily died of intestinal inflammation, for the sausage was adulterated with aniline. The second fly breakfasted on flour, and forthwith succumbed to contraction of the stomach, owing to the inordinate quantity of alum with which the flour had been adulterated. The third was slaking his thirst from the milk-jug, when violent cramps suddenly convulsed his frame, and he gave up the ghost, a victim to the chalk adulteration. Seeing this, the fourth fly, muttering to himself, ‘The sooner it’s over the sooner to sleep,’ alighted on a moistened sheet of paper exhibiting the counterfeit presentment of a death’s head, and the inscription, ‘Fly Poison.’ Applying the tip of his proboscis to the liquid, he drank to his heart’s content, growing more vigorous and cheerful at every mouthful, although expectant of his end. But he did not die. On the contrary, he thrived and waxed fat. Even the fly poison was adulterated!”

“Swindle the public if you can” seems to be the motto of many a dealer, “and make your goods fetch more than they are worth.”

In these days many employers require some deception, a certain compliance with the existing order of things, a certain shutting of the eyes to defects and little irregularities and customs. They say competition demands this policy. Can we wonder that, with such models before them, our young men and women become warped and crooked in their views, and adopt false ideals and standards?

“I am required,” said a druggist clerk, “to sell the same medicine as three different articles, under three different names, to purchasers who



suppose them to be distinct things, and who buy them as such for distinct purposes. Yet I take them all out of the same jar, and they are identically the same thing."

With infinite pains we are tempted on every hand to pass off counterfeits and imitations, to make nothing pass for something. What if, as some one suggests, all the false weights, measures, yardsticks, boxes and barrels were endowed with voice, and should proclaim the little lies to which they silently testify? What a pile of lies would be found in the basements and at the back doors of our stores,—boxes of lies, barrels of lies, bottles of lies,—lies in patent medicines, lies in labels, lies in advertisements, lies in clothes, lies in manners, lies in the parlor, lies in politics; shoddy clothes and shoddy characters! "There was never yet an age of the world," says an English historian, "in which one part of mankind did not prey upon the rest, the upright and industrious self-denying of all ages having had to support the idle and dishonest; the only difference being that, in this country, cunning takes the place of strength, and fraud is substituted for violence."

"The modern age," says Carlyle, "has decided that the profitablest way is to do its work ill, slimly, swiftly, and mendaciously. A hundred years ago, all England awoke to its work with an invocation to the Eternal Maker to bless the workmen in their day's labor, and help them to do it well. Now all England, shopkeepers, workmen, all manner of competing laborers awaken, as if with an unspoken but heartfelt prayer to Beelzebub,—Oh, help us, thou great Lord of shoddy, adulteration, and malfeasance, to do our work with a maximum of slimness, swiftness, profit, and mendacity, for the devil's sake, Amen!"

He then illustrates his point thus, by the bricks three or four centuries old dug up in his own garden: "Bricks, burn them rightly, build them faithfully, with mortar faithfully tempered, will stand, barring earthquakes and cannon, for six thousand years. Etruscan pottery is some three thousand years old, and still fresh. Nothing I know of is more lasting than a well-made brick." Then he adds the story of London bricks, which are reduced to clay again in three-score years.

#### To live

On means not yours, be brave in silks and laces,  
Gallant in steeds, splendid in banquets,—all  
Not yours, ungiven, uninherited, unpaid for,—  
This is to be a trickster; and to filch  
Men's art and labor, which to them is wealth,  
Life, daily bread, quitting all scores with "Friend,  
You're troublesome!"—why, this—forgive me,—  
Is what—when done with a less dainty grace,—  
Plain folks call "Theft!"

—BULWER.

"He succeeded in business, but failed as a man" — what epitaph can be worse than this? A tract upon "The Training of Scoundrels" — what literature would sell better than this?

The demand of society that every man must get money some way, somehow, is the bane of our civilization. To crowd, to jam, to elbow our way through the crowd to the front seats, any way to get there, regardless of how many unfortunate weaker victims we trample to death under our feet, seems to be the philosophy of this electric century. It is purely a survival of the fittest, an extinction of the unfit. In the West, when a young man is introduced into society, or to business life, they do not ask who his father and mother were, whether noble or ignoble; whether he is educated or refined, noble or debased, but "Has he arrived?" "Has he got there?"

This slang phrase is more expressive than any other, in common conversation. "Has he got there?" is the great question,—not "How did he get there?" It is not a question whether he has a full, rounded, symmetrical development of all his powers, of whether he is a clean, noble-minded man, with large charity and a magnanimous heart, but it is ever the sordid question "Has he got there?"

No matter what else he may have accomplished, if he has not made money, in the opinion of a vast majority of people, he has not yet got there. If he has succeeded financially, no questions are asked as to how he got the money. People do not ask whether he got it honestly or dishonestly,—whether it is clean or slimy, whether it smells of the ruin of operatives, of miners, of clerks; these considerations cut little figure if he has only got there with the money.

In the ethics of many business houses, there are two brands of honesty: the one, very elastic in its application, marked "for business purposes"; the other, which has none of the pliable or elastic quality, being reserved for home and social use. The business man, and the man in private life, often seem to be two distinct entities. Governing themselves by this double standard of honesty, men do not hesitate, in business transactions, to resort to methods which, in private or social relations, they would condemn as "tricky," "dishonest," or "immoral." But, if they are troubled by any qualms or misgivings in regard to their commercial rectitude, or the morality of any particular act, all questioning is set at rest by the formula: "It is customary. Every one does it." Yet the Good Book says,—"Go not with the multitude to do evil."

Many business men would gladly use only the home brand of honesty, if they thought it practicable. But, because the double standard is so generally recognized as legitimate, as the only "smart" way of doing business, they are fearful that their interests will suffer, that competitors will get ahead of them if they take for their sole standard the motto,



"Honesty is the best policy." Although in theory they advocate the Golden Rule, they have not the moral stamina to put it in practice.

These men do not realize that any material gains purchased by a compromise with conscience, by sharp practice with their neighbors, will turn to Dead Sea fruit in their grasp. They do not realize that the man who does not take honesty as his working partner in business, no matter how much money or property he may amass, how many colleges or institutions he may endow, will never be anything but a failure.

The scandal of Christianity to-day is that so many men who profess to be "leaning upon the Lord" are not square in their dealings. "Men pray cream," said Beecher, "and live skim-milk. Railways over-issue stock, but refrain from Sunday traffic."

"Ugh! much God and no flour!" is an old Indian chief's characterization of a sanctimonious Indian agent who stole the goods he was supposed to issue to the tribe. It would be hard to give a terser definition of self-deception or hypocrisy.

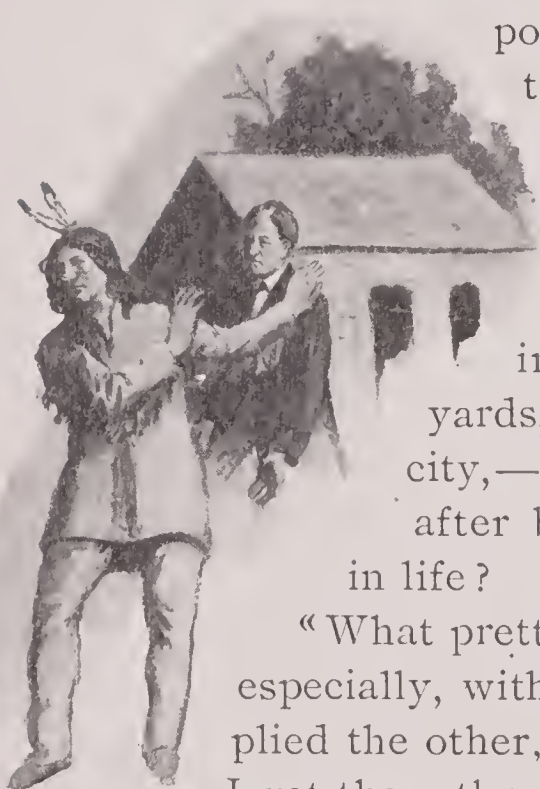
How common it is to steal from corporations or from the government. Not long since it was discovered by the Chicago authorities that some of their citizens, possessed of millions of dollars, had joined in laying blind water pipes over a good share of the stock yards, through which they had been stealing water from the city,—no one knows how long. If men will do these things after becoming millionaires, what won't they do to get a start in life?

"What pretty illuminated cards!" exclaimed one woman; "this one, especially, with the motto, 'Honesty is the Best Policy.'" "Yes," replied the other, "I brought them from Europe; and wasn't I fortunate? I got them through with a lot of other things, without paying a cent of duty."

A short time ago a man in Chicago sent an affidavit to the United States treasury department, accompanying the singed half of two twenty-dollar bills and one ten-dollar bill. This affidavit was typewritten and in perfect form. It stated that the deponent was a commercial traveler; that, after returning from a journey, he had been cleaning out his traveling-bag, when inadvertently, he had thrown into the fire an envelope containing fifty dollars in bills; that, in accordance with section so-and-so of the law of such a date, he would like to have the money restored to him.

The clerk who brought this document to Mr. Relyea commented on its lucidity and completeness.

"The story seems unnatural," said Mr. Relyea. "Hold up the claim for a time."



Twenty-four hours later a big shipment of mutilated currency came from the sub-treasury at Chicago. Mr. Relyea asked if there were any half-notes in the shipment. In four or five minutes the clerk brought him the missing halves of the bills which the Chicago man had sent in.

The attempt to defraud was plain. The matter was put at once into the hands of the Secret Service Bureau. An agent was sent to Chicago. The young man who had made the affidavit was put under arrest, and the story of his crime came out. He was of decent family, but had fallen into bad company, and had been persuaded by older companions to attempt the fraud. They furnished the money and prepared the affidavit. They cut the bills in halves, and for one-half of them obtained twenty-five dollars. The other half they singed and attached to his affidavit. When he was arrested they fled.

The gross profit of the swindle could not have been more than twenty-five dollars, and in trying to cheat the government out of that amount, the young man forfeited his reputation and his liberty for a year and a half.

"I geeeps me von leedle schtore," said a German, "and does a pooty goot peeznis, but I don't got mooch gapital, so I finds it hard vork to get me all der gredits vot I would like. Last veek I hear about some goots a barty vas going to sell pooty sheap, und so I writes dot man if he vould gief me der refusal of dose goots for a gouble of days. He gafe me der refusal,—dat is, he sait I gouldn't haf dem,—but he sait he vould gall on me und see mine schtore, und den if mine schtanding vas goot, berhaps ve might do somedings togedder. Vell, yesterday, a shentleman gomes in and says, 'Mr. Schmidt, I pelieve.' I says, 'Yaw,' und den I dinks, dis vas der man vot has doze goots to sell, und I must dry to make some goot imbressions mit him. 'Dis vas goot schtore,' he says, 'bud you don't got a pooty big shtock already.' I vas avraid to let him know dot I only hat 'boud a tousand tollars vort of goots in der blace, so I says: 'You don't dink I haf more as dree tousand tollars in dis leedle schtore vould you?' He says: 'Vos dot bossible!' I say 'Yaw,' I meant dot id vas bossible, dough id vasn't so, vor I vas like Shorge Vashingtons ven he cut town der olt elm on Poston Gommons, and gouldn't dell some lies aboud id. 'Vell,' says der shentleman, 'I dinks you ought to know vot you haf in der schtore.' Und den he takes a pig book vrom unter his arm and say: 'Vell, I poots you town vor dree tousand tollars.' I ask him vot he means, und den he says he vas von off der dax-men, und he tank me pecause I vas sooch an honest Deutscher, und tidn't dry und sheat der gofermants.

"I dells you I tidn't veel any more petter as a hundert ber cent, ven dot man valks oudt, und der nexd dime I makes free mit strangers I



vinds first deir peeznis oudt." He had tried to play a sharp game, but had overreached himself.

Is it not a fact that we rate too low the principles of honesty and truth in the common, every-day affairs of life? Are not instances brought daily to our notice of officials high in the state proving utterly faithless to the interests committed to their care?

In the reign of George III., the market value of a seat in parliament was 4,000 pounds, at which rate the whole venal house could have been bought at about 2,000,000 pounds sterling, and a majority for not much over 1,000,000 pounds.

When George Jones, of the New York "Times," obtained evidence of the gigantic defalcations of the "Tweed Ring," Tammany Hall, to protect itself, tried to buy his paper; and then, finding that it was not for sale, endeavored to purchase its owner, offering him five million dollars simply to keep silent and fill his paper with other matter. "I don't think the devil will ever make a higher bid for me than that," was his reply. The publication of the evidence was not delayed a single day, and, under his powerful attack the corrupt political leaders were driven into exile.

Yet the principle of the thing is the same, whether one defrauds a great municipality, stealing by the million, or does poor work on the highways in order to cheat a small country town.

Nine times out of ten, dishonesty is the sequel of carelessness, extravagance, or unthrift,—often that of domestic or social life. An extravagant woman will tempt her lover or her husband to make money by fraud. Vanity is an enemy to integrity.

"A young woman living in a large city," wrote a society reporter, "received one day a letter from a friend, asking her to make several small purchases and forward them promptly. 'I don't know just how much they will come to,' she wrote, 'but I'll send you the money as soon as I hear from you.' At some inconvenience to herself, she complied with the request, and a few days later a second letter came, thanking her cordially for her trouble. 'It isn't convenient for me to get a money-order this morning,' the friend wrote, 'but I will send it tomorrow.' The days passed without further word, and the girl, who from a meager salary, had advanced the sum necessary for her friend's purchases, often wondered as to the fate of that promised order. As a matter of fact, it was not purchased. After a few days of neglect, the matter had entirely slipped from the mind of the careless debtor, and the obligation was never discharged. This is an extreme illustration of a fault which belongs to many of us without our realizing it. 'Lend me a postage stamp,' we say, when if we stopped to think, we would know that the chances of our ever returning the small loan are infinitesimal. In countless

trifling ways we disregard our obligations to our friends as if they were not worth considering, and the fact that our friends usually agree with us does not make our fault any the less."

What is this but placing a mortgage upon one's manhood, and entering upon the path of dishonor?

"Has it ever happened to us to have a dispute, say about a statement we have made, or about a matter of business, or about family affairs, or even about a game, with a man of the world, and to have him tell us plainly that we have acted dishonorably?" asks an English correspondent of the "Christian Endeavor World." "I do not mean illegally, which is a different matter and has to be tried by a different standard, but, dishonorably as between man and man, when tried by the working code of straightness. If he was wrong, it was a bitter moment that he should have thought so badly of us; but, if he was right, was it not ghastly?"

"If any one be conscious that he has a taint of crookedness in his blood, and that he is inclined to play tricks; if he has already been exposed and put to shame because he did not speak the truth, and his hands were not clean, let him face the situation and bestir himself. There is nothing but contempt and humiliation in store for the dishonorable man at the hands of the world, nothing but self-reproach and self-loathing within his own soul.

It is said that the bank of France has an invisible "studio," in a gallery behind the cashiers, so that, at a signal from one of them, any suspected customer can instantly have his picture taken without his own knowledge. Bank clerks and salesmen are sometimes shadowed for weeks without their knowing it or having the slightest idea of being suspected.

The Divine Eye "shadows" every man. The public conscience, the moral sense of a nation, "shadows" every man.

The general safety requires that every man should be held to one undeviating law of rectitude. "If a general corruption of conscience were the result of our civilization," asked James Freeman Clarke, "would it not be better if all our wealth were sunk in the Atlantic; better that every railroad were torn up, every steamer sunk, every manufactory burned to the ground, and we again be dressed in homespun and living in log-cabins?"

THE fear o' hell's a hangman's whip  
To haud the wretch in order;  
But, where ye feel your honor grip,  
Let that aye be your border.

—BURNS.

I HOPE I shall always possess firmness and virtue enough to maintain, what I consider the most enviable of all titles, the character of an honest man.

—GEORGE WASHINGTON.



## THE VALUE OF BEAUTY

BEAUTY is the index of a larger fact than wisdom.—O. W. HOLMES.

BEAUTY may be said to be God's trademark in creation.

—H. W. BEECHER.

LOVELIEST of lovely things are they  
On earth that soonest pass away:  
The rose that lives its little hour  
Is prized beyond the sculptured flower.

—W. C. BRYANT.

THERE'S beauty all around our paths, if but our watchful eyes  
Can trace it midst familiar things, and through their lowly guise.

—MRS. HEMANS.

LET men be taught to look for beauty in all they see, and to embody beauty in all they do, and the imagination will then be both active and healthy. Life will be neither drudgery nor a dream, but will become full of God's life and love.

—JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

"TRUE beauty rests on pure living and high thinking; on blood, bearing, and brains. Beauty means harmony, balance; the kindly fire of sensibility as well as bodily attractiveness. A great deal of beauty at low cost can be obtained through the plentiful use of rain-water, sunlight, and open-air exercise, the last in moderation, if beauty is the aim."

THERE is but a very minute portion of the creation which we can turn into food and clothes or gratification for the body; but the whole creation may be used to minister to the sense of beauty. Beauty is an all-pervading presence.

—W. E. CHANNING.

THERE never was a saying with less truth in it than that "beauty is only skin-deep." Both beauty and ugliness are heart-deep. Probably the person that invented that false but oft-quoted proverb had in mind that kind of handsomeness which is seen in French dolls, painted vases, or ornamented china ware; something which is all on the outside, and which a careless touch may deface or utterly destroy.

"That girl is handsome," said one man to another, as two young women entered an opera box and seated themselves opposite the box of the men. "Yes, but her sister is beautiful," was the reply.

It was easy to see the difference. The handsome girl's features were perfect, her coloring fine, her eyes bright, her hair like burnished gold. Her manner was haughty, languid, and supercilious, by turns. Her every expression declared that she looked upon mankind from a self-raised height, and considered men, for the most part, bores. The sister's features were far from perfect, her color of the intermittent order, her hair a not unusual shade of brown. Her eyes were rendered handsome only by their expression of interest, tenderness, pity, approval, or

humor, as she watched the development of the drama, and looked, not at her sister, but at such of her understanding friends as were in the house, for sympathy in her emotions. Between the acts a great many people sought the box of the two young women. Those people bowed in the most approved society way to the "handsome" girl, or shook hands in a languid you-see-I-quite-understand-the-proper-kind-of-thing sort of way, hoped she was enjoying the opera, and was sure she was well, as she was looking so charming; and then having done their duty, they sat down beside the "beautiful" sister, or sat at her feet, and, forgetting to let go her hands, became enthusiastic over scenes they had just witnessed which had caused them to sigh, to cry, or to laugh; or whispered about some private affair of which "no one else had been told a word," or begged for a visit from her, or at least a letter, since her presence, or anything from her, "did them so much good." In many homes the next day the handsome sister was forgotten, or referred to as "a regular block of ice," or "that arrogant thing," while the name of the beautiful one was coupled with such adjectives as "warm-hearted," "whole-souled," "sympathetic," "lovely," and so forth. The one girl had handsomeness, and, certainly, it was "only skin-deep"; the other had beauty, which was soul-deep.

The Greeks considered beauty a sign of the divine favor of the gods, and so real beauty is,—or, rather, it is a sign of the divine favor of God, for it means a good heart and a pure, purposeful life.

"Recognizing the hand of God in every upward movement," says Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, "we explain this new enthusiasm for art upon the principle that beauty is the outer sign of an inner perfection. Oft with lying skill men veneer the plaster pillar with slabs of marble, and hide soft wood with strips of mahogany. But real beauty is no outer veneer. When ripeness enters the fruit within, a soft bloom steals over the peach without. When every drop of blood in the veins is pure, a beauteous flush overcasts the young girl's cheek. When summer hath lent ripeness to the harvests, God casts a golden hue over the sheaf and lends a crimson flush to the leaves. Beauty is ripeness, maturity, and strength. Therefore, when the seer says, 'God maketh everything beautiful in its time,' he indicates that God's handiwork is perfect work. When some Wordsworth or Emerson leaves behind men's clumsy creations and enters the field where God's workmanship abounds, the poet finds the ground 'spotted with fire and gold in tints of flowers'; he finds the trees hung with festooned vines; finds the forests uniting their branches in cathedral arches; finds the winds





making music down the long, leafy aisles; finds the birds pouring forth notes in choiring anthems, while the very clouds rise like golden incense toward an unseen throne. Though the traveler journey far, he shall find no bud, no bough, no landscape, or mountain or ocean, that is not overspread with bloom and beauty.



"We are not surprised, therefore, when we see that, as man's arts and industries go toward perfection, they go toward beauty. Carry the coarse flax up toward beauty, and it becomes strong cloth. Carry the cocoon of a worm up to beauty, and it becomes a soft, silken robe. Carry rude Attic speech up to beauty, and it becomes the language of Homer or Hesiod. Carry the strange face or form tattooed upon the arm of the savage up to beauty, and it becomes a Madonna or a Transfiguration. Carry a stone altar and a smoking sacrifice up to beauty, and it becomes a Cologne Cathedral or a Westminster Abbey. Indeed, historians might use the beautiful as the touchstone of human progress. The old milestones of growth were metals. First came the age when arrows were tipped with flint. Then came the iron age, when the spear had a metal point. The bronze age followed, lending flexibility to ore hitherto unyielding. Later came the steel age, when weapons that bruised gave place to the keen edge that cuts. Perhaps the divinity that represents our era will stand forth plated with oxide of silver. To-day this world-wide interest in art is becoming spiritualized. From beautiful objects men are passing to beautiful thoughts and deeds. We begin to hear much of the art of right living and the science of character building. Having lent charm and value to column and canvas, to marble and masterpiece, beauty now moves on to lend loveliness to heart and mind. It seems an incongruous thing for man to adorn his cottage, to lend charm to its walls and windows, to make its ceilings to be like the floor of heaven for beauty, while within his heart he cherishes groveling littleness, slimy sin, light-winged evasions, brutal passions. He whose body rides in a palace car must not carry a soul that is like unto a savage."

The person whose body dares "ride in a palace car," while his soul is "the soul of a savage," may be handsome; until his beauty is indeed spiritualized and has become something that has germinated and ripened from within, he cannot be beautiful. A certain woman was accustomed to cause merriment among her acquaintances by a habit which she had of saying, as she gazed fixedly at her husband, "Isn't he a beauty!" The husband appeared at first glance, to most strangers, the "ugliest man they had ever seen"; but, when one came to know him well, to realize what a big heart, what kindly feeling, what quick and readily

expressed sympathy, what hearty helpfulness, were his, one recognized the beauty of the soul shining through the eyes, the expression of the great heart in the seamed and rugged features, and laughed no more at the wife's expression of admiration.

"He was the most beautiful and the homeliest man I ever saw," some one said of Lincoln.

Another fallacy concerning beauty is that only youth has or can have it. This is as absurd as it would be to declare that only the bud has the beauty of the rose, only the floss the loveliness of the corn, only the blossom the glory of the tree or the vine. What thinking person will decide that the sign and forerunner of the flower, the symbol and herald of the fruit, is lovelier than the flower or the fruit itself? The one is a promise of perfection,—a rich and lovely promise, but a promise, nevertheless,—the other is perfection itself. As sometimes the bud is less beautiful than the flower, the floss than the corn, so sometimes is the flower less beautiful than the bud, the corn than the floss. In like manner, some persons in youth are less beautiful than they are in mature life, and some are less beautiful in mature life than in youth. But the fact not to be lost sight of is that one may so live and love and think in youth that manhood or womanhood will unfold itself as the bud opens into the flower, the blossom merges into the fruit, growing with each day of unfoldment nearer perfection, more manifestly desirable and beautiful.

"My socially ambitious friend," says Mrs. James L. Hill, "I want to draw your attention to the fact that many girls who seemed in youth comparatively ill-favored are now, as women, making the world a better place to live in; and that a great number who were then wall-flowers are now the happiest of wives and the brightest of the world's ornaments.

"I can go so far as to say to a girl who is even homely: Never mind, my dear; you have a chance to be fine looking, even yet. You are not responsible now for your lack of beauty, but you will be later." Acquiring beauty is a slow and long process. And here is a reason why it should be begun early. The society belle may invoke the aid of art in staying the encroachments of time. Every gray hair or every deepening line represents certain loss in power. Her treasures, youth, and beauty, are slipping away from her, and she is in inward revolt against it. Had she been more interested in vital things, and cared for things outside of her individual life, she would not have grown old so quickly nor become so dull mentally.

"Admirers of the character of Miss Jean Dawson will remember that those who knew her all her life declared that she was more beautiful at sixty than she had been in her youth. Our Savior's visage was



marred more than that of any mortal man, yet was he the One altogether lovely."

"If I have been able to accomplish anything in my life," said a woman famous as one of the most kindly and most lovable among leaders of the best American society, "it is due to the word spoken to me in the right season, when I was a child, by my old teacher. I was the only homely, awkward girl in a class of exceptionally beautiful ones, and, being also dull at my books, I became the derision of the school. I fell into a morose, despairing state, gave up study, withdrew into myself, and grew daily more bitter and vindictive. One day the French teacher—a gray-haired old woman with keen eyes and a kind smile—found me crying. '*Qu'as-tu, ma fille?*' she asked. 'O madame, I am so ugly!' I sobbed out. She soothed me, but did not contradict me. Presently she took me to her room and said: 'I have a present for you,' handing me a scaly, coarse lump covered with earth. 'It is round and brown as you. Ugly, did you say? Very well. We will call it by your name then. It is you. Now you shall plant it and water it and give it sun for a week or two.' I planted it and watched it carefully; the green leaves came out first, and at last the golden Japanese lily,—the first I had ever seen. Madame came to share my delight. 'Ah!' she said, significantly, 'who would believe so much beauty and fragrance were shut up in that ugly thing? But it took heart and came into the sun!' It was the first time it ever occurred to me that in spite of my ugly face I, too, might be able to win friends and make myself beloved."

A writer in the Chicago "Chronicle" says:—

"The physical beauty of women should last, growing more and more mellow, until the end.

"That the beauty of women, like that of men, should be determined from the standpoint of advancing maturity cannot be disputed. It is absurd to claim that the ripe, rich beauty of forty is less attractive than the budding immaturity of sweet sixteen. When women live in harmony with nature's laws, each stage of life has its own charm. The fullness of beauty does not reach its zenith under the age of thirty-five or forty.

"Helen of Troy came upon the stage at the age of forty.

"Aspasia was thirty-six when married to Pericles, and she was a brilliant figure thirty years thereafter.

"Cleopatra was past thirty years when she met Antony.

"Diana de Poitiers was thirty-six when she won the heart of Henry II. The king was half her age, but his devotion never changed.

"Anne of Austria was thirty-eight when described as the most beautiful woman in Europe.

"Madame de Maintenon was forty-three when united to Louis, and Catherine of Russia was thirty-three when she seized the throne she occupied for thirty-five years.

"Mademoiselle Mar was most beautiful at forty-five, and Madame Récamier between the ages of thirty-five and fifty-five.

"The most lasting and intense passion is not inspired by two-decade beauties."

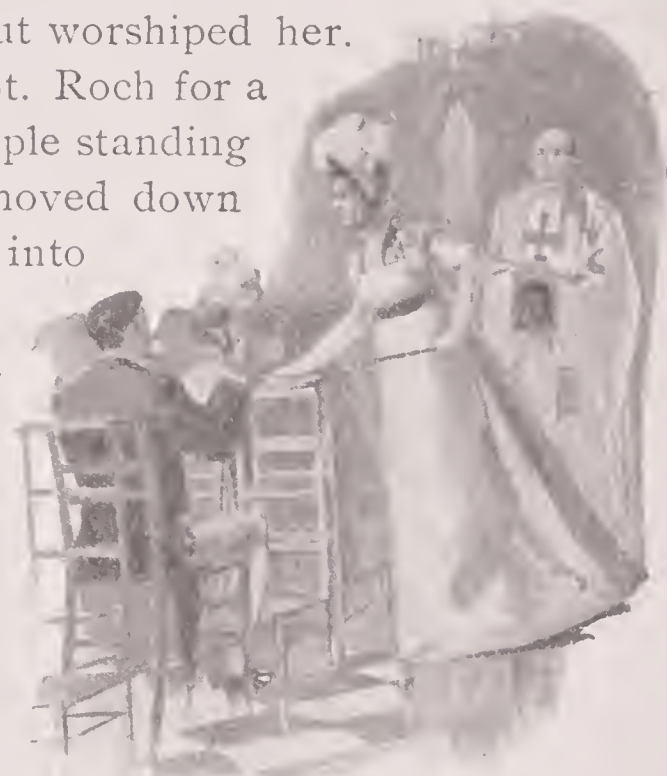
Madame Récamier, whose period of greatest charm was, according to the writer mentioned above, "between the ages of thirty-five and fifty-five," was so beautiful that the French people all but worshiped her. Once she consented to carry around the purse at St. Roch for a charitable object. The church was crowded, the people standing upon chairs and pillars to get sight of her as she moved down the aisles. Twenty thousand francs were dropped into her box. At the reception of Bonaparte, on his return from Italy, as she rose from her seat to get a good view of him, the crowd caught sight of her, and, turning from the conquering general, gave a long murmur of admiration.

Charles Reade's opinion of Ellen Terry is given in an article on the famous actress by Austin Brereton, in "The English Illustrated." Reade, who had occasion to be grateful to Miss Terry for more than one impersonation, is quoted as saying:—

"Ellen Terry is an enigma. Her eyes are pale, her nose rather long, her mouth nothing particular, complexion a delicate brick-dust, her hair rather like tow. Yet, somehow, she is *beautiful*. Her expression kills any pretty face you see beside her. Her figure is lean and bony, her hand masculine in size and form. Yet she is a pattern of fawn-like grace. Whether in movement or repose, grace *pervades the hussy*. In character she is impulsive, intelligent, weak, hysterical,—in short, all that is abominable and charming in woman. Ellen Terry is a very charming actress. I see through and through her. Yet she pleases me all the same."

This little paragraph once more emphasizes that which has so many thousand times been emphasized,—the power of charm; and be sure that charm has behind it something which is good and true and loving. It is very different from mere fascination, which may hold and enthrall for a time, but which, in most cases, finally reveals its shallowness and glitter, and is rated at its true worth, or worthlessness. Charm holds; fascination soon dissipates. Charm has heart behind it; fascination merely pretends to have. One is real cloth of gold; the other is a sleazy substance with a few tinsel threads thrown in for pretense. Be sure that a charming person will always, whatever the form or features, be thought beautiful.

Mrs. Hill says, further: "Beauty itself is often forced to give way to a girl who knows how to do something well. There are times when





accomplishments are extremely pleasing. It is easy to recall evenings when some magnetic conversationalist, or some bright, vivacious leader in games, or some modest, true-hearted, yet noticeably intelligent young woman, who gave herself with irresistible charm to the pleasure of the guests, carried off the honors and marked the hours with pleasure, and made her very name a delightful memory.

“‘Poor little Mignonette,’ exclaims Miss Smiley, ‘dost thou know that thou hadst been called a weed but for thy surpassing sweetness; but that, having that, thou art indeed a flower, and thou needst never have a fear that thou wilt be forgotten?’ ‘Good service is better than good looks.’

“And there is, too, another qualification than beauty, even for a successful woman in society; it is versatility and a quick perception. The daughter of a senator in Washington, a few winters ago, made her father’s house the most popular place of resort in the city. People said there were many women more beautiful, but she never failed in her insight into the characters of others, nor in a vivid recognition of them and their tastes. As one admirer said: ‘She never forgot you, or anything you cared about.’

“Very often, the woman who gives least pleasure is the professional beauty, who, because she has made a reputation, thinks that it is unnecessary to exert herself to please. For myself, I accept a good writer’s dictum that far more pleasure is given by a plainer woman who thinks less of herself and more of others, and who has cultivated that sympathy without which it is impossible to please. Intelligence and goodness are almost as necessary as bloom and good looks in making up our ideal of a social leader. If girls wish, as they advance in life, to have about them that certain something which makes so many older women attractive, they must live outside of themselves.”

Perhaps few people have appreciated or conceded the ethical value of beauty. “What would you do,” said one man to another, “if you had twenty millions to spend in the slums for the betterment of the dwellers there?—employ an army of teachers and missionaries, put up free eating houses, have band concerts every night, and all that sort of thing, I suppose.”

“Nothing of the kind,” was the thoughtful reply. “Why, John, I’ve made it my business to go into over a hundred of these dwelling-places, and I have found *only one pretty home*. The places called home are so bare, so grimy, so poorly lighted and wretchedly furnished, I don’t wonder men steal away from them to the beautifully garnished saloons; and women bring into them that which will cause them to forget for a time the actual condition of things. I can understand how discouragement and depression breed desperate thoughts that result in ignoble deeds.

Why, man, you or I, who pride ourselves upon clean lives, might, probably would, besmirch ourselves if we called such places home."

"What about those who had the one pretty home? Were they different from the others?" asked the friend.

"As different as song-birds from vultures," was the reply. "They were so proud of their home, and so fond of displaying it, that they gave the money that would otherwise have been spent for beer or whiskey to keep it pretty and well furnished. Everything in it raised their pride and tended to refine them. They were planning to educate their children, and were talking of a better neighborhood in which to live. It is a wonder and a pity that rich men do not see and act upon the thought that beauty, with which one must come constantly in contact, is one of the great economic forces, as well as one of the most effective temperance reformers in the world."

Beautiful environments, whenever they are tried, are also found to be great incentives to good work. The National Cash Register Company and the Pullman Car Company recognized this fact when they furnished pretty places in which their employees were to dwell.

That the quality of a man's work is largely dependent upon his mood, and that his mood is influenced by his surroundings, is shown by the simple answer to a question, asked by a visitor in a thread factory.

A party of women visited this factory, and the proprietor showed them over the mill, which, they observed, was not only fitted up completely and thoroughly in regard to commercial and hygienic comforts, but also with a great consideration for beauty. Their especial attention was attracted by a beautifully painted frieze, showing a dainty dancing company. This and other paintings graced the walls.

"Well, for my part," said a plain, practical woman of the party, "I don't see the object of having so much beauty in a factory."

The mill owner smiled.

"Well, come to think of it, it is a very practical reason," answered he. "I find it makes better thread."

Two notable examples of people who have seen and acted upon the idea suggested by this speaker were George Peabody and John Ruskin. A large share of Mr. Peabody's wealth was expended in building workmen's cottages, and in bringing the beauty of order, health, and harmony into these men's lives.

Ruskin, to whom beauty was the very breath of life, who left his guests,—if they did not accompany him,—or his meals, or his occupation, whatever it might be, to look upon a beautiful sunset, and who saw potential beauty in every lump of coal and bit of soot and sand,—this man, perceiving its ethical worth and saving grace, did more to bring beauty, and the perception of beauty, into the common man's life



than any other one person. "Falling heir to seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars," says Dr. Hillis, "he made a half million dollars by his pen through sheer force of genius, and held his wealth a trust fund in the interest of poverty, his social power a trust fund in the interest of God's poor. He tithed himself one-tenth of his income, one-fifth and then one-half, then gave all of his income and began to distribute his property, thus reducing himself to a modest competence, in trying to serve the poor, to whom he came in the name of Jesus Christ. We hear very much said to-day about the social settlement movement, of Toynbee Hall in London, Hull House in Chicago, the University Settlement of Boston. About thirty years ago, John Ruskin went to live in Whitechapel Road, turning away from the invitations of rich men and those who dwelt in palaces. Very much is said to-day about the university extension system, of great libraries and reading clubs and reading circles for the common people. In 1848, John Ruskin purchased several great libraries, formed workingmen's clubs in London, Sheffield, and Manchester, and started the reading movement among the working people of those great cities, and so gave us the beginning of the university extension idea.

Much is said to-day about the division of the beautiful,—how, in the past, the princes could have great pictures in their palaces, but the common people knew only ugliness and squalor. John Ruskin saw that the people needed models of art and beauty for their homes. So he took the priceless marbles he had found in Greece, his great pictures purchased in Italy, his art treasures found on the Continent, and took them,—where? Not to the great museums, not to the art galleries; that would do something to advance his reputation. He went up to Sheffield, where men make knives and forks, where there are poor and obscure laborers. He founded a little art school. He gave them pictures, showed them the lines of beauty, and taught them to sprinkle beauty over the knives and forks of the dining-room. He went to the men who made wall-papers, and taught them how to adorn walls; to the men who made ceilings, and showed them how to make ceilings as beautiful as the very heavens; to the men who made carpets and rugs; to the men who made cotton, linen and silks. And now we have the modern art movement that has made beauty to be diffused where once it was concentrated in a single temple or in a single palace. We get that great movement almost entirely from John Ruskin."

A mother, whose son was seldom at home of an evening, and who was made very anxious by this circumstance, appealed for advice to another woman, whose boy could, as the mother declared, "hardly be driven out-doors after dark."

"How do you manage it?" asked the anxious visitor.

"Well," was the reply, "everybody with whom I am acquainted has to be managed through one or more of his five senses, and my experience with a brother, a husband, a son, and a daughter, has convinced me that the sense of and the conscious or unconscious longing for beauty and harmony is one of the most effective weapons to manipulate. When Tom began to go away evenings, I remonstrated gently with him. 'A fellow don't want to be always huddled up with the family, or to sit in a poky, old cold room,' he answered. I thought a good deal about that answer, and, after a while,—for I didn't want him to think I was bribing him to stay at home,—I had the fireboard taken down in his room, a grate put in, and a fire laid ready for lighting. I put down a bright rug, and hung up some pretty shades and two or three pictures. 'By Jove,' said Tom one day, 'I must invite some of the fellows in to see my swell den.'

"'Do,' I said. When 'the fellows' came, I sent up some cake and coffee served in my prettiest china. I kept the room fresh and bright and dainty, and Tom came to think that home was a better place than any he found outside, and to prefer it. Just fix up Harry's room so it will appeal to his sense of beauty, make him proud of it, let him do just as he pleases in it, and I'll warrant you'll bring him round."

Three months later Harry's mother reported to her friend: "Your plan worked like a charm. I almost wish Harry would go out now once in a while at night, just for a change."

But let no one think he must go to Switzerland or Italy, or any other far-away place, to find beauty.

"Ah! how I wish I could visit the places of which you speak," sighed a woman who had been for an hour listening to a man who had traveled widely. "My soul longs for beauty, and I see so little!" "Come with me and I will show you much," replied the man. He led her into her own garden. "Look up," he said. "Nowhere in Rome or Florence will you see a more beautiful sky than that on which you now gaze. Yonder, at your right, are mountains. The sun is glinting on the snow which crowns the summit, and see, down their sides, that magnificent cloud of purple and amethyst. Mont Blanc or Shasta could show you no greater glory. Not far away, see how green the grass is on the uplands, where the white sheep are feeding. Europe will never show you a more peaceful scene. Look here! Half a thousand roses are in bloom, and the air is full of their perfume. God never makes roses fairer or more sweet than those that blossom here. I might go on indefinitely pointing out beauties which you need take no tiresome journey to discover. Don't look over and away from the richness and loveliness of the near and everyday things, or you will miss most of the good things which have been so bountifully prepared for you. Every season, every day, every hour has many things, or some things to admire. It shows



how beautiful were the thoughts of God when he so lavishly scattered beauty everywhere."

"It is a bad thing," said James Freeman Clarke, "to cultivate the love of beauty when it makes common things, people, life, distasteful to us. It need not do so, as appears from the examples of such great poets as Burns, Wordsworth, and Whittier, who have known how to glorify common life and every-day people with the charm of romance. These great masters make the humblest flowers immortal in their song."

"Seek beauty not in the world of dreams, but in the actual world, and the actual life. Look for beauty everywhere,—in common things, common people, common work, common life. Looking thus, we shall soon see that beauty is no monopoly of artists, poets, dreamers; that all life may become high art; that all we do, when done according to an ideal standard, instantly partakes of this element of beauty. Then, too, it will be seen that all nature is saturated and overflowing with beauty; that our Italy and Switzerland are here in Massachusetts."

"Beauty," says Channing, "is so precious, the enjoyments it gives are so refined and pure, so congenial with our tenderest and noblest feelings, and so akin to worship, that it is painful to think of the multitude of men as living in the midst of it, and living almost as blind to it as if, instead of the fair earth and glorious sky, they were tenants of a dungeon."

"The Creator would not have made all nature beauty to the eye and music to the ear," says Sir John Lubbock, "if we had not been meant to enjoy it thoroughly."

"The question of beauty takes us out of surfaces to thinking of the foundations of things. Goethe said, 'The beautiful is a manifestation of the secret laws of nature, which, but for this appearance, had been forever concealed from us.'"

A THING of beauty is a joy forever;  
Its loveliness increases; it will never  
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep  
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep  
Full of sweet dreams and health and quiet breathing.

—JOHN KEATS.

THE beautiful rests on the foundations of the necessary.—EMERSON.

BEAUTY was lent to nature as the type  
Of heaven's unspeakable and holy joy,  
Where all perfection makes the sum of bliss.

—S. J. HALE.

BEAUTY comes, we scarce know how, as an emanation from sources deeper  
than itself.

—SHAIRP.

## THE POWER OF PURITY

IF YOU can be well without health, you can be happy without virtue.  
—BURKE.

VIRTUE alone raises us above hopes, fears, and chances.—SENECA.

VIRTUE alone is sufficient to make a man great, glorious, and happy.  
—FRANKLIN.

EVEN from the body's purity, the mind  
Receives a secret sympathetic aid.  
—THOMSON.

A HEART unspotted is not easily daunted.—SHAKESPEARE.

*Virtue mille scuta*,—Virtue is a thousand shields.  
—MOTTO OF THE EARL OF EFFINGHAM.

NO LIFE can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife,  
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby.  
—OWEN MEREDITH.

VIRTUE is not left to stand alone. He who practises it will have neighbors.  
—CONFUCIUS.

IF THOU takest virtue for the rule of life, and valuest thyself upon acting in conformity thereto, thou wilt have no cause to envy lords and princes, for blood is inherited, but virtue is common property, and may be acquired by all; it has, moreover, an intrinsic worth, which blood has not.  
—CERVANTES.

WHO shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in His holy place?

He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart.  
—PSALMS.

WHAT? know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost?

I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.  
—ST. PAUL.

IN THE island of Java there is a Valley of Poison, filled with the bones of birds and beasts which have been suffocated by carbonic acid gas, which always settles to the lowest places, because of its greater gravity. This is very often fatal, especially in volcanic regions. Virgil gives us an account of Lake Avernus (at the entrance to the Infernal regions), over which every bird which attempted to fly fell dead into the water, because of this terrible poison.

There are many valleys of poison and lakes of Avernus in the world, through or over which it is impossible for one to pass without wholly losing his spiritual life, or having his spiritual wings terribly smirched. One of the most poisonous of these valleys is the valley of impurity,—impurity of thought, word, or deed. We sometimes hear people say, as an excuse for participating in or witnessing impure things, that they wish to know all phases of life by experience or observation.



But what should we think of one who would have a leg amputated or an eye taken out to gain experience? Yet the amputation of a leg or the loss of an eye would be a small misfortune compared with the loss or maiming of the spiritual, character-making self, and it is as morally impossible for one to indulge in impurities and ever wholly regain his unsullied manhood as it would be to grow a new leg or create a new eye. The character and standing of one who has been once thoroughly corrupted are the wooden legs of manliness, the glass eyes of purity. Some one has said:—

“On a frosty morning you may see the panes of glass covered with landscapes, mountains, lakes, and trees, making a beautiful fantastic picture. Now, lay your hand upon the window, or breathe upon it, and all the delicate tracery will be obliterated. So there is in youth a beauty and purity of character which, when once touched and defiled, can never be restored; a fringe more delicate than frost-work, and which, when torn and broken, can never be re-embroidered. He who has spotted and soiled his garments in youth, though he may seek to make them white again, can never wholly do it, even though he may wash them with tears.”

Witnessing impure things is not, of course, as bad as participating in them, but the sight leaves mind-pictures which, if not actively harmful, are painful, and are liable to lead to thoughts which may end in deeds prejudicial to financial success, to mind, and to morals.

“He that yields to temptation,” says Horace Mann, “debases himself with a debasement from which he can never arise.” Every evil act rebounds in thousandfold injury upon the actor. He may despoil others, but he is the chief loser. The world’s scorn he may sometimes forget, but the knowledge of his own perfidy is undying. A man may be wronged and live, but he that does wrong, dies. The moment any one of the glorious faculties with which God has endowed us is abused, or misused, that faculty loses forever a portion of its delicacy and energy.

“My extreme youth, when I took command of the army of Italy,” said Napoleon, “rendered it necessary that I should evince great reserve of manners and the utmost severity of morals. This was indispensable to enable me to sustain authority over men so greatly my superiors in age and experience. I pursued a line of conduct in the highest degree irreproachable and exemplary. In spotless morality I was a Cato, and must have appeared such to all. I was a philosopher and a sage. My supremacy could be retained only by proving myself a better man than any other man in the army. Had I yielded to human weaknesses, I should have lost my power.”

Shun evil thoughts as you would shun temptation to crime. Do not harbor them, for an instant, lest their foul contagion contaminate your soul with pictures which even religion is powerless to erase. A single

glance at a bad picture, or a bad book, has ruined the peace of many a fine life.

A boy once showed to another a book of impure words and pictures. He to whom the book was shown had it in his hands only a few minutes. In after life he held high office in the church, and years afterward told a friend that he would give half he possessed had he never seen the volume, because its impure images, at the most holy times, sometimes arose unbidden to his mind.

The mind's phonograph will reproduce a bad story while life lasts, even up to the point of death. Don't listen to even one; you can never get the stain out of your life; its deadly sound will haunt you forever. Physicians tell us that every particle of the body changes once in about seven years; but no chemistry, human or divine, can entirely expunge from the mind a bad picture. Like the paintings buried for centuries in Pompeii, without the loss of tint or shade, these pictures are as brilliant in age as in youth.

That which poor, imprisoned Queen Caroline Matilda of Denmark, wrote on her chapel window, ought to be the prayer of all,—“Oh, keep me innocent! make others great.”

To be above impure thoughts and speech is a mark of greatness which has been found in many men who have risen to eminence.

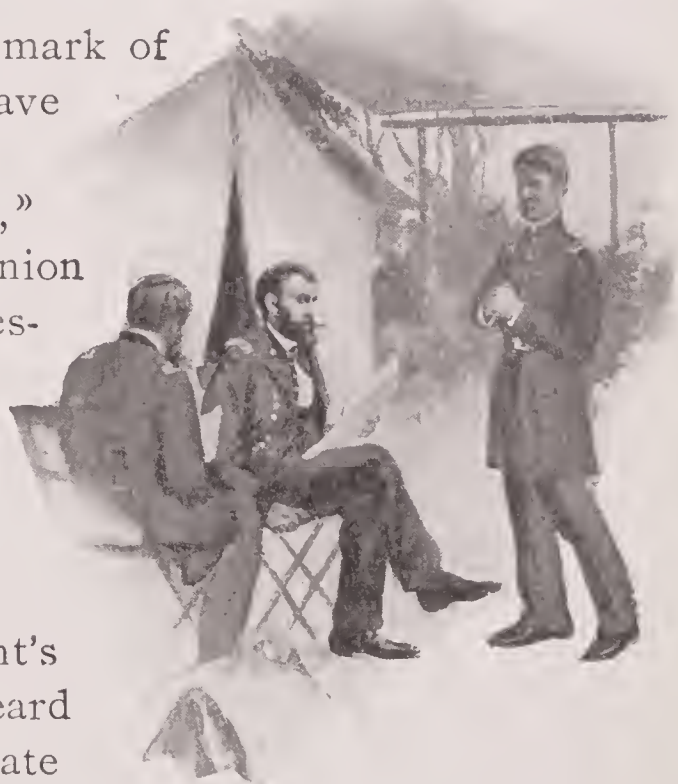
“I have such a rich story that I want to tell you,” said an officer who, one evening, came into the Union camp in a rollicking mood. “There are no ladies present, are there?”

General Grant, lifting his eyes from the paper which he was reading, and looking the officer square in the eye, said slowly, but deliberately:—

“No, but there are *gentlemen* present.”

George W. Childs said: “A marked trait of Grant's character was his purity in every way. I never heard him express an impure thought, or make an indelicate allusion in any manner or shape. There is nothing I ever heard him say that could not be repeated in the presence of women. If a man was proposed for an appointment, and it was shown that he was an immoral man, he would not appoint him, no matter how great the pressure brought to bear.”

The writer has heard of several incidents illustrating his answer to impure stories. On one occasion, when Grant formed one of a dinner party of American gentlemen in a foreign city, conversation drifted into reference to questionable affairs, when he suddenly rose and said, “Gentlemen, please excuse me; I will retire.”





It is the glory of a man to have clean lips and a clean mind. It is the glory of a woman not to know evil, even in her thoughts.

Isaac Newton's most intimate friend in young manhood was a noted foreign chemist. The two were constant associates until one day the Italian told an impure story, after which Newton would never associate with him.

Put purity before you, then, as a badge of the noblest manhood.

A man will be what his most cherished feelings are. If he encourage a noble generosity, every feeling will be enriched by it; if he nurse impure, bitter, and envenomed thoughts, his own spirit will absorb the poison, and he will crawl among men as a burnished adder, whose life is mischief; and whose errand is death.

The fleshly passions are like mutinous sailors,—to be kept below decks. "Never allow your lower nature anything better than a steerage passage."

"Young man, keep your record clean!" exclaimed John B. Gough, uttering the words on the platform in Philadelphia, at the very instant when Death laid his finger on his lips,—words in which the whole teaching of the eloquent orator seemed compressed.

If the heart be not pure, you may be certain the thoughts will not be pure, nor the conversation, nor the life. It is impossible to overestimate the value of thorough transparency of character. Sometimes the remark is made regarding such and such a person: "I like that man, he is genuine and straightforward; you can see through and through him."

When Vice-president Wilson was on his deathbed, he said: "If I had to do, to think, to act, and vote, just as I was directed by one man, I should choose Whittier. I believe him the purest man living on earth, —a soul as white as heaven."

"No, no, these are not trifles," said George Whitefield, when a friend asked why he was so particular to bathe frequently, and always have his linen scrupulously clean; "a minister must be without spot, even in his garments." Purity in a good man cannot be carried too far.

Do not imagine that impurity can be hidden! One may as well expect to have consumption or any other deadly disease, and to look and appear healthy, as to be pure in thought and mind, and to look and appear manly and noble souled.

A beautiful woman went to a photographer to sit for her picture. After the sitting, the man retired to examine the plate. He was greatly puzzled, upon developing the picture in the chemical bath, by the appearance of a number of dark spots on the face, although not the least trace of blemish could be detected in the face of the woman. The next day the explanation came. The spots then became distinctly visible. The lady

had contracted smallpox, and soon died. The faint yellow spots, before they could be detected by the human eye, were faithfully portrayed by the searching and pure rays of the sun.

So the first harboring of impure thoughts will mar the loveliest soul, and, if not resolutely warred upon with all spiritual weapons, these unholy imaginings will drag their victim down to ruin. They will do more; they will ruin his earthly prospects. Even a man who is himself vile, wants as a business manager, or employee of any kind, a pure man or woman, if for no other reason than that his trade or profession may not come into disrepute through those who represent him or do his work. Again, every employer wants healthy and reliable people as employees, and a really impure man can be neither. There is really no form of impurity in deed or thought or imagination which does not undermine or destroy health, and lessen or kill the intellect. No impure person ever had a clear brain. The very consciousness of being smirched, of having a stained character, a marred ideal, befogs the brain and clogs the keenest intellect.

No one is quite the same, in his own estimation, when he has been once guilty of contact with impurity. His self-respect has suffered a loss. Something has gone out of his life. His own good opinion of himself has suffered deterioration, and he can never face his life-task with the same confidence again. Somehow he feels that the world will know of his soul's debauch and judge him accordingly.

There is nothing which will mar a life more quickly than the consciousness of a soul-stain. The loss of self-respect, the loss of character, is irreparable.

On the other hand, the consciousness of the genuineness of purity of heart multiplies one's power, increases his confidence, elevates his ideals, and gives a general lift to life all along the line of endeavor.

A sense of transparency gives buoyancy to the step and adds hope to the life-aim. It lightens one's burdens, it dispels worries and anxieties. A consciousness of close contact with the infinite good, a feeling of the union of oneself with omnipotent power, is a soul-tonic which braces and supports one wonderfully. Verily, "the pure in heart do see God," and seeing God in living harmony with His omnipotence multiplies personal power amazingly, and shuts out the possibility of seeing evil. "Keep the imagination sane," said Hawthorne. "That is one of the truest conditions of communion with heaven."

Very few realize the power of a diseased imagination to ruin a precious life. Perhaps the defect began in a little speck of taint. No other faculty has such power to curse or bless mankind, to build up or tear down, to ennoble or debauch, to make happy or miserable, or has such power upon our destiny, as the imagination.



Many a ruined life began its downfall in the dry rot of a perverted imagination. How little we realize that by subtle, moral manufacture, repeated acts of the imagination weave themselves into a mighty tapestry, every figure and fancy of which will stand out in living colors in the character-web of our lives, to approve or condemn us. Perhaps the greatest power given us to bless or destroy is the imagination which, without self-control, would ruin a saint.

In many cases where, for no apparent reason, one is making failure after failure, never reaching, even approximately, the position which was anticipated for him, if he would look frankly into his own heart, and searchingly at his own secret habits, he would find that which, hidden, like the worm at the heart of the rose, is destroying and making impossible all that ennobles, beautifies, and enriches life.

"I solemnly warn you," says Beecher, "against indulging a morbid imagination. In that busy and mischievous faculty begins the evil. Were it not for his airy imaginations, man might stand his own master, — not overmatched by the worst part of himself. But! ah! these summer reveries, these venturesome dreams, these fairy castles, builded for no good purposes,—they are haunted by impure spirits, who will fascinate, bewitch, and corrupt you. Blessed are the pure in heart. Blessed art thou, most favored of God, whose THOUGHTS are chastened; whose imagination will not breathe or fly in tainted air, and whose path hath been measured by the golden reed of purity."

One day, when Arthur was holding a high feast with his Knights of the Round Table, the Sangreal, or vessel out of which the last passover was eaten (a precious relic which had long remained concealed from human eyes because of the sins of the land), suddenly appeared to him and all his chivalry. The consequence of this vision was that all the knights took on them a solemn vow to seek the Sangreal. But, alas! it could be revealed only to a knight at once accomplished in earthly chivalry and *pure and guiltless of all evil*. All Sir Launcelot's noble accomplishments were rendered vain by his intrigues, and in his quest he encountered only disgraceful disaster.

To be pure in heart is the youth's great commandment. Do not listen to men who tell you that "vice is a necessity." Nothing is a necessity that is wrong. "All wickedness is weakness," says Milton. Vice and vigor have nothing whatever in common. Purity is *strength, health, power*.

"Children must be *taught* purity," says H. R. Storer.

If a man deliberately and wilfully gives himself up to the fatal spell of passion, and then complains that vice is a necessity, he is a hypocrite, and stands self-condemned. The little leaven of coarseness or vulgarity, which gains entrance to the meal of youth, will never cease its work until the whole man is leavened.

There is only one panacea for impurity. Constant occupation and pure, high thinking are absolutely necessary to a clean life. The spiders of impurity soon spin their webs in the chambers of an idle life.

The study of mathematics and of the pure sciences is recommended by the best physicians, the world over, for minds tainted with impurity.

"I should be a poor counselor of young men," wrote a true friend of youth, "if I taught you that purity is possible only by isolation from the world. We do not want that sort of holiness which can thrive only in seclusion; we want that virile, manly purity which keeps itself unspotted from the world, even amid its worst debasements, just as the lily lifts its slender chalice of white and gold to heaven, untainted by the soil in which it grows, though that soil be the reservoir of death and putrefaction."

We forget too easily the sanctity of life. It uplifts a man to feel respect for himself, to feel that life proceeds from God, and that it gathers up in itself all the pain of the past and hope of the future. When a man understands this, he willingly sacrifices a fleeting gratification in order to keep life pure, strong, invincible, and to transmit it undefiled as he received it.

When a resolute determination to resist the inroads of these contaminating and destructive evils is not made and kept, from that hour there is a difference in the feelings, the condition, and the prospects of the young man who thus relinquishes himself to the mastery of morbid and impure thoughts. He may not be aware of the change but the ingenuous confidence of innocence is lost. Home is no longer the home that it has been. The presence and companionship of parents and sisters, hitherto affording delight in mutual confidence and intercourse, now occasion only embarrassment and confusion,—the result of the loss of innocence and the natural purity of thought. That which is obtained in exchange for previous open, ingenuous, cheerful demeanor, is morbid sullenness, reserve, and passionate irritability. And what a punishment follows! One is compelled to have every fine feeling dulled, if not destroyed, to contract a repugnance to everything of a religious nature,—prayer and public worship becoming irksome, and a penance instead of an enjoyment! Against this destruction of life,—of all that is holy and all that makes life happy,—the battle must be fought with all one's energy.

Some shepherds once saw an eagle soar out from a crag. It flew majestically far up into the sky, but by and by became unsteady, and began to waver in its flight. At length one wing dropped, and then the other, and the poor bird fell swiftly to the ground. The shepherds sought the fallen bird, and found that a little serpent had fastened itself upon it while resting on the crag. The eagle did not know that the serpent was there. But it crawled in through the feathers, and while



the proud monarch was sweeping through the air, its fangs were thrust into his flesh, and he came reeling into the dust. It is the story of Samson; it is the story of many a life. Some secret sin has long been eating its way into the heart, and at last the proud life lies soiled and dishonored in the dust.

"There is yet another fool whose portrait my album contains," says a noted writer; "he is known by many an ugly name,—libertine, prodigal, SENSUALIST. I shall not affront my readers by describing him further than by saying he is a slave to his baser passions, and wallows in the mire of bestiality. The pure shrink from his lecherous touch; his very breath blights every innocent thing. The stenchful ichor of his lustful life makes a Sodom of every place which he habituates. He leers in the face of virtue, and has only a sneer for every mention of purity. His literature is the refuse of Holywell Street; his haunts are the tavern, the casino, and places which I hardly dare to name. Ah! an awful Nemesis is at his heels. Rather would I see a son of mine laid in a pauper's grave, than see him fall into the maw of this besotted devil."

"Oh," cries the poor, soiled, broken-spirited man in his hour of shame, "create in me a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me!"

Thousands of men would cut off their right hands to be free from the results of impurity.

Two tramps, each of whom showed by his looks, manner, and conversation, that he had sunk from far better things, met on the road, and sat down by the wayside to converse. "What brought you to this sort of thing?" asked one.

"Letting my imagination run on subjects with which it had no business, and the very way things stick to one," was the reply. "I was a college chap. Wouldn't believe it, would you? My family and friends expected great things of me. I was taken into a bank by one of my father's friends. I used to see large sums of money, and began to imagine how it would seem to own a million. I went over and over in my mind what I would do with it, pictured the pleasure I would have and give to others, and what a big swath I would cut in the world. My salary was a liberal one, but these imaginary riches made me despise it. Then I began to fancy I was wronged by not having a much larger salary, and by and by I began taking small sums, and, growing bolder by finding I was not discovered, I appropriated larger and larger amounts. I had stolen twenty thousand dollars before I was detected."

At this point the tramp stopped, and swallowed hard, while his eyes filled with tears. Presently he went on:—



"My father, to prevent my going to prison, sold his business, and is, in his old age, a poor man. The girl who was to have been my wife, whom I loved, and who loved me, naturally turned away from a felon. I don't know how I lived through it all. I never had a happy hour after I began to take the bank's money. I could not stay where any one knew me. I went West; but, wherever I have found work,—and no very good places were to be had, without references,—my reputation has always followed me. The world seems to be a small, whispering gallery for criminals. At length, after going from state to state, and from town to town, with my story, generally exaggerated, always following me, I became so discouraged that I took to tramping. I'd give the world to see my old father, but I can't face him. You're a fellow who looks as if he might reform, so I tell you this with the hope that you're not too deep in the mire to step out. For God's sake, get into something decent if you can, and keep your imagination honest, your thoughts white! Every man's sin finds him out; and, even if no one but himself knew it, it would poison every moment of his life by making him despise himself. If 'the pure in heart see God,' the impure in heart see, and hear, and consort with the Devil, and that continually. Impurity in any form makes Ishmaels of every one guilty of it."

The listener hung his head, and told his own story:

"Impurity in any form," he repeated. "Ay, verily! My sin was different from and worse than yours, it seems to me. I, too, am well educated, and my people are well-to-do. I thought it was being manly to be what my pretended friends called 'giddy'; to drink and smoke, and to consort with low women. Heaven knows how I sickened at first of such depravity, but I persevered,—for I was afraid of being called a 'softy' and a 'tenderfoot,'—and finally could act drunkard and *roué* with the best—or worst—of my companions. My father died suddenly while I was continuing to be 'manly.' That sobered me, and I tried to reform and to settle down to work; but few would trust me, and I found, instead of being able to control my appetite for drink and my passions, they controlled me, and tormented me, and caused me to lose every place I secured. I don't think there will be any need of a future hell for such as I; I suffer torments every day now. I am bound in chains. I am an Ishmael, indeed."

There was silence between the two. "Tramps!" said a man carelessly to his companion, as their carriage rolled by, realizing not at all that he had been so near the tragedy of two lives ruined by impurity.

"Purity," says Robert E. Speer, "is a mark of manliness. It is a sign of strength, of courage, of conquest. Impurity is a mark of cowardice, of weakness, of low taste. It is a waste and rack of blackness blurring the blue sky through which the soul looks up to God. It not



only shuts those whom it soils out of the fellowship of all true men; it also bars against them the doors of the heavenly fellowship.

"Impurity is the forfeiture of manliness. The true man must be untarnished. James went so far as to declare that this is just what religion is. 'Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this . . . to keep himself unspotted from the world.' That was his definition in part. The true man must be pure and clean.

"Every true man, therefore, shrinks from uncleanness. He knows what it means. Impurity makes friendships impossible. It robs all of life's intercourse of its freshness and its joyous innocence. It sullies all beauty. It does these things chiefly because it separates men from God and His vision. 'Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? Or who shall stand in His holy place? He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart.' The best and holiest is barred to the stained man. Impurity makes it impossible for him to appreciate what is pure and fine, and he is given no place where only pure and fine things are.

"There can be no such thing as an impure gentleman. The two words contradict each other. A gentleman must be pure. He need not have fine clothes. He may be of lowly birth. He may have had few advantages. But he must be pure. And, if he have all outward grace and gift and be inwardly unclean, though he may call himself a gentleman, he is a liar and a lie.

"'Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to the word.' And how can we keep pure? He alone who can make us clean can keep us so; but we have our part to do in hating all uncleanness, shrinking from every spot, thinking pure thoughts, cherishing pure and noble friendships, speaking sweet and true words, and remembering constantly Jesus Christ, who was pure and undefiled — the kind of man we wish to be."

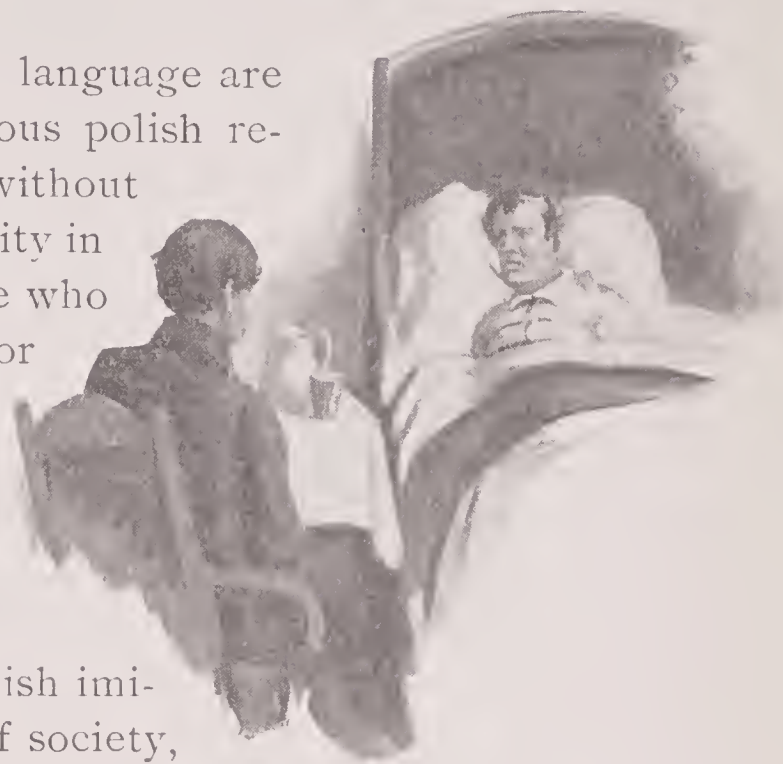
O, young man, guard your heart-purity! Keep innocence! Never lose it; if it be gone, you have lost from the casket the most precious gift of God. The first purity of imagination, of thought, and of feeling, if soiled, can be cleansed by no fuller's soap; if lost, cannot be found, though sought carefully with tears. If a harp be broken, art may repair it; if a light be quenched, the flame may kindle it; but if a flower be crushed, what art can repair it? If an odor be wafted away, who can collect or bring it back?

In Eastern countries, the leper is compelled to cry "Unclean, unclean," upon the approach of any one not so cursed. What a blessing to humanity it would be if all the moral lepers were compelled to cry, "Unclean, unclean," before they approach innocent victims with their deadly contagion!

In the language of the Basutes it appears that the words "happiness" and "purity" are synonymous.

Walter Scott, when on his deathbed, said to his son-in-law, "Lockhart, I have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man: be virtuous, be religious."

The most dangerous writers in the English language are those whose artful insinuations and mischievous polish reflect upon the mind the image of impurity, without presenting the impurity itself. A plain vulgarity in a writer is its own antidote. It is like a foe who attacks us openly, and gives us opportunity for defense. But impurity, secreted under beauty, is like a treacherous friend who strolls with us in a garden, and destroys us by the odor of poisonous flowers proffered to our senses.



Novels of the French school, and of English imitators, are sometimes called common sewers of society, into which drain the concentrated filth of the worst passions of the worst cities. "I am ashamed and outraged when I think that wretches could be found to open those foreign seals and let out their plagues upon us,—that any Satanic Pilgrim should voyage to France to dip from the dead sea of her abomination a baptism for our sons. It were a mercy, rather, to import serpents from Africa and pour them out on our prairies; lions from Asia, and free them in our forests; lizards and scorpions and black tarantulas, from the Indies, and put them in our gardens. Men could slay these, but those offspring-reptiles of the French mind, who can kill them? You might as well draw sword on a plague, or charge a malaria with the bayonet."

Keep thyself pure!

A mind retaining all the dew and freshness of innocence shrinks from the very idea of impurity, as if it were sin to have thought or heard of it,—as if even the shadow of the evil could leave some soil upon the unsullied whiteness of the virgin mind. "When modesty is once extinguished, it knows not a return."

A mayor of Philadelphia said he could rid the jails of two-thirds of the boy criminals in the next year, if he could banish bad plays from the boards of the variety theaters, and put bad books out of print.

An officer of the British government declares that nearly all of the boys brought before the criminal courts owe their downfall to impure reading.

To read the works of authors whose lines drop with the very gall of death; to vault in elegant dress as near to the edge of indecency as is possible without treading over; to express the utmost possible impurity so dextrously that not a vulgar word is used, but rosy, glowing, suggestive



language,—this, with many, is refinement. But to expose the prevalent vice; to meet its glittering literature with the plain and manly language of truth; to say nothing except what one desires to say plainly,—this, it seems, is vulgarity.

Those authors who soften evil, and show deformity, with tints of beauty; who arm their general purity with the occasional sting of impurity,—these are they who take the feet out of the straight path into the path of seduction. He who feeds an inflamed appetite with food spiced to fire is less guilty than he who hid in the mind the leaven which wrought this appetite.

Parents are, in many cases, responsible for the impurity of their children. Through a mistaken sense of delicacy, they allow the awakened, wandering mind of the child to receive its information concerning its physical nature from the mind of some boy or girl no better taught than itself, and so conceive wholly wrong and harmful ideas concerning things of which it is vitally important that every human being should at the outset of life have clear and adequate ideas. Such silence, many times, is fatal, and always foolish and wicked.

“I have noticed,” says William Acton, “that all patients who have confessed to me that they have practised vice, lamented that they were not, when children, made aware of its consequences; and I have been pressed over and over again to urge on parents, guardians, schoolmasters, and others interested in the education of youth, the necessity of giving to their charges some warning, some intimation, of their danger. To parents and guardians I offer my earnest advice that they should, by hearty sympathy and frank explanation, aid their charges in maintaining pure lives.” What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?

A prominent writer says: “If young persons poison their bodies and corrupt their minds with vicious courses, no lapse of time, after a reform, is likely to restore them to physical soundness and the soul-purity of their earlier days.”

Jeremy Taylor thus shows the various effects of purity on all the mental and moral life: “A pure mind in a chaste body is the mother of wisdom and deliberation, sober counsels and ingenuous actions, open deportment and sweet carriage, sincere principles and unprejudicate understanding, love of God and self-denial, peace and confidence, holy prayers and spiritual comfort, and a pleasure of spirit infinitely greater than the sottish pleasure of unchastity.”

There is one idea concerning purity which should never have been conceived, and, having been conceived, should be, once and forever, eternally exploded. It is that purity is different in the different sexes.

It would be loosening the foundations of virtue to countenance the notion that, because of a difference in sex, men are at liberty to set

morality at defiance, and to do with impunity that which, if done by a woman, would stain her character for life. To maintain a pure and virtuous condition of society, therefore, man as well as woman must be virtuous and pure, both alike shunning all acts infringing on the heart, character, and conscience,—shunning them as poison, which, once imbibed, can never be entirely thrown out again, but mentally embitters, to a greater or less extent, the happiness of after life.

A preacher once took occasion to instance the way in which God judges purity, and spoke of men who had one standard of morality for women, and another—and much lower one—for themselves. He pointed out that in China, while infidelity in a wife would be visited by capital punishment, inflicted in a manner too horrible to describe, yet, in case of a husband, the sin was practically regarded as a very unimportant matter. Soon after, a well-dressed man in the congregation arose from his seat, and, coming up to the preacher, said: “Sir, you have taught me to-day a lesson which I shall never forget. You have made me feel that God requires purity in men as much as in women. I had never thought of these things in this way before. I shall remember what you have said, and I thank you for it.”

To put it on the very lowest ground, I am certain that if young men knew and realized the fearful risks to health that they take by indulging in gross impurities they would put them by with a shudder of disgust and aversion. It may very easily happen—it very often actually does happen—that one single step aside from the path of purity clouds a man’s whole life with misery and suffering; and not only that, but even entails lifelong disease on children yet unborn. (Exodus xx.: 5, 6.)

Keep good, pure company. Never take for companions or friends those who have no high aim in life or those who sneer at virtue. Choose those who are clean, and wholesome, and who want to be somebody and to do something in the world. Have no secret companions to whom you would not introduce your sister or your mother.

In every realm of life,—the physical, moral, mental, intellectual,—there is no more practical, necessary, health-preserving, success-assuring command than “Keep thyself pure.”

THE only amaranthine flower on earth is virtue.—COWPER.

VIRTUE alone outbuilds the pyramids:

Her monuments shall last, when Egypt’s fall.

—YOUNG.



## DRESS AND SUCCESS

LET thy attire be comely, but not costly.—LYLY.

COSTLY thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy;  
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.

—SHAKESPEARE.

HE is only fantastical that is not in fashion.—BURTON.

AS GOOD be out of the world as out of fashion.—COLLEY CIBBER.

WE SACRIFICE to dress, till household joys  
And comforts cease. Dress drains our cellars dry,  
And keeps our larders lean; puts out our fires,  
And introduces hunger, frost, and woe,  
Where peace and hospitality might reign.

—COWPER.

OH! IF to dance all night, and dress all day,  
Charmed the smallpox or chased old age away,  
To patch, nay, ogle, might become a saint,  
Nor could it, sure, be such a sin to paint.

—ALEXANDER POPE.

BE NOT the first by whom the new is tried,  
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

—ALEXANDER POPE.

I HOLD that gentleman to be the best dressed whose dress no one observes.

—ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

DRESS has a moral effect upon the conduct of mankind. Let any gentleman find himself with dirty boots, an old surtout, a soiled neckcloth, and a general negligence of dress, and he will, in all probability, find a corresponding disposition by negligence of address.

—SIR JONAH BARRINGTON.

AS A general thing, an individual who is neat in his person is neat in his morals.

—H. W. SHAW.

WE ARE all charmed by neatness of person.—OVID.

“THROUGH dress the mind may be read, as through the delicate tissue the lettered page.”

“HALF of an army’s discipline is due to the uniform.”

“GREAT expenditure cannot conceal bad taste.”

“WHAT can you do?” asked the manager of a large business concern, glancing askance at the shabbily-dressed, slovenly, unkempt young man who had applied to him for a position. “‘Most anything, sir,” was the reply. “Can you do odd jobs, such as dusting, for instance?” “Oh, yes, indeed,” said the man looking up in wonder at his question. “Then why don’t you begin on your hat?” was the unexpected query. The applicant had not thought of turning his ability to dust in that direction. “Can you clean leather goods?” continued the

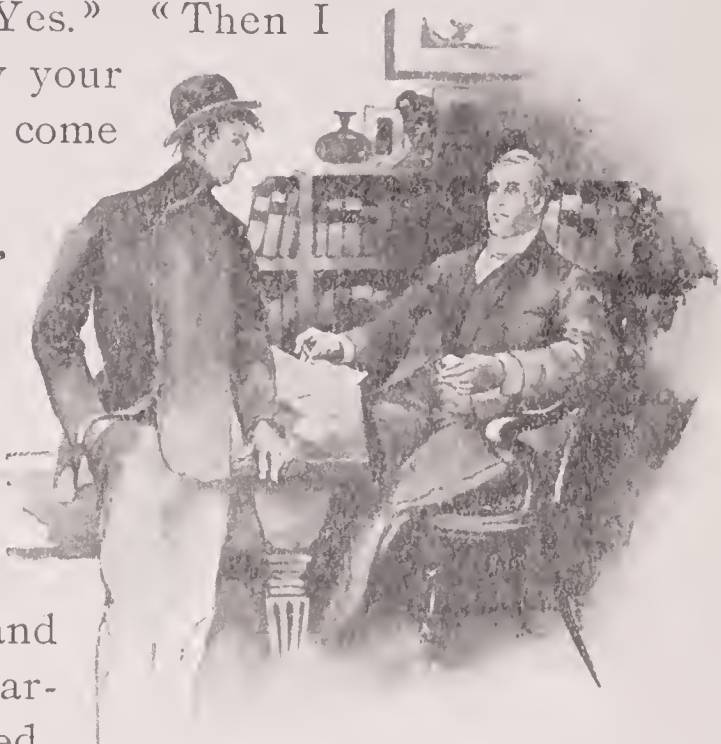
manager. "Yes, I can do anything in that line." "Then it is sheer carelessness on your part that your shoes are not clean." "Can you scrub?" persisted the disquieting questioner. "Yes." "Then I can give you something to do. Go out and try your strength on that collar you have on. But don't come back."

The discomfited applicant turned on his heel, and, it is to be hoped, profited by the lesson which the keen business man had imparted. His shabby clothes would not have barred him from getting the position for which he had applied, for shabby clothes are often the badge of necessity rather than of slovenliness or want of taste; but for soiled linen, muddy shoes, dust-covered hat and coat, and general untidiness, there is no excuse. Besides, character, which, as Emerson says, cannot be concealed, proclaims itself in one's dress; and, while there are, doubtless, exceptions to the rule, it may be accepted on general principles that young men and women who are careless and untidy in regard to dress and personal appearance will do careless and indifferent work.

"Neither virtue nor ability will make you appear like a gentleman, if your dress is slovenly and improper," said General Lee, the leader of the Confederate forces, in warning a young man of the disadvantages of wearing a shabby coat. The warning applies with equal, if not greater, force in these days of rapid work, rapid transit, rapid communication, rapid business methods. Employers of labor, busy men and women of the world, have not time to study minutely those who apply to them for positions; they are obliged to judge largely by appearances. Who can doubt, then, other things being equal, that the young man or woman neatly and becomingly dressed—not expensively or showily—will have a better chance of securing a position than the applicant who presents himself in shabby or slovenly attire?

Herbert H. Vreeland, who has risen in a short time from a section hand on the Long Island Railroad to the presidency of all the surface railways in New York City, and who is now a large employer of labor himself, should be a practical authority on this subject. In the course of an address on how to attain success, he said:—

"Clothes don't make the man, but good clothes have got many a man a good job. If you have twenty-five dollars, and want a job, it is better to spend twenty dollars for a suit of clothes, four dollars for shoes, and the rest for a shave, a hair-cut, and a clean collar, and walk to the place, than go with the money in the pockets of a dingy suit."





No young man or woman who wishes to retain that most potent factor of the successful life self-respect, can afford to be negligent in the matter of dress, for "the character is subdued to what it is clothed in." As the consciousness of being well dressed tends to grace and ease of manner, so shabby, ill-fitting, or soiled attire makes one feel awkward and constrained, lacking in dignity and importance. Our clothes unmistakably affect our feelings, as any one knows who has experienced the sensation — and who has not — that comes from being attired in new and becoming raiment. Poor, ill-fitting, or soiled garments are detrimental to morals and manners. "The consciousness of clean linen," says Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, "is, in and of itself, a source of moral strength, second only to that of a clean conscience. A well-ironed collar or a fresh glove has carried many a man through an emergency in which a wrinkle or a rip would have defeated him."

The importance of attending to little details—the perfection of which really constitutes the well-dressed man or woman—is well illustrated by this story of a young woman's failure to secure a desirable position. One of those large-souled women of wealth, in which our generation is rich, had established an industrial school for girls in which they received a good English education and were trained to be self-supporting. She needed the services of a superintendent and teacher, and considered herself fortunate when the trustees of the institution recommended to her a young woman whose tact, knowledge, perfect manners, and general fitness for the position they extolled in the highest terms. She was invited by the founder of the school to call on her at once. Apparently the young woman possessed all the required qualifications; and yet, without assigning any reason, Mrs. V. absolutely refused to give her a trial. Long afterward, when questioned by a friend as to the cause of her seemingly inexplicable conduct in refusing to engage so competent a teacher, she replied: "It was a trifle, but a trifle in which, as in an Egyptian hieroglyphic, lay a volume of meaning. The young woman came to me fashionably and expensively dressed, but with torn and soiled gloves, and half of the buttons off her shoes. A slovenly woman is not a fit guide for any young girl." Probably the applicant never knew why she did not obtain the position, for she was undoubtedly well qualified to fill it in every other respect, except in this seemingly unimportant matter of attention to the little details of dress.

"He is a very great and very distinguished man," says a recent writer, "who can afford, in this period of the world's civilization, to wear bad clothes." It is open to question whether any man or woman, however distinguished or great, can afford to wear bad clothes. They may be tolerated because of the rank or fame or wealth of the wearer, but just as surely do they detract from the appearance and dignity of

the person, as an ugly or inharmonious setting mars the effect of a beautiful picture. It is really a duty to society, as well as to oneself, to dress as well and as becomingly as one's means permit. Those only who study their own peculiar characteristics and needs, instead of slavishly following or attempting to follow "the mode," are becomingly dressed, and at their best. Those who know Sara Bernhardt say that her manner, like her gowns, is a lesson in gracefulness, ease, simplicity, and dignity; that she dresses herself to perfection because she expresses her best characteristics in her gowns, and in them also hides her faults. Who shall say that the perfection of her dress has not much to do with the perfection of her manner? No, whether you be great or small, whether you are at the top of the ladder of success, or looking up longingly from the bottom, you cannot afford to be careless of your dress. It is, of course, a matter of greater importance to young men and women struggling upward, than to those who have won a foothold in the world; for its moral influence on themselves, and its effect on others, may play a large part in shaping their future. Its silent, unconscious power, and the far-reaching results which so often flow from it, are admirably illustrated in the true story of a shoeblack told by Lida A. Churchill, in the New York "Independent."

Like most of his brother shoeblacks, this little fellow was ragged and out at elbows. But he was the proud possessor of a pair of shoes, and one day he conceived the happy idea of "shining" them as an advertisement for his work. He was very much impressed by their brilliant appearance, but mortified to find that the frayed and ragged edges of his trousers, which he had not noticed before, compared very unfavorably with his shining footgear, and he resolved that, if his advertisement were to have any effect, his trousers also must be "shined." When he went home that evening, he begged his mother to cut off the offending edges and put on a binding. The next morning he felt a new sense of dignity as he sallied forth to his accustomed stand, in all the glory of glossy black boots and neatly mended trousers. His satisfaction was marred, however, by the consciousness that his coat, greasy and shabby, and his tattered cap, were not in harmony with his trousers. By dint of close economy and the extra profits of increased business,—the result of his improved appearance,—he saved enough to buy an entire new suit of clothes. The new raiment kindled higher ambitions in the heart of the little shoeblack. He must keep the pace set by his clothes, and he felt that they were superior to his work. He must get something to do more in keeping with them. He





opened his heart to a friendly customer, and the prosperous merchant, pleased with the boy's spirit, gave him a place as a messenger in his establishment. Years afterward, when the ragged shoeblack had become the wealthy head of a large firm, he attributed all his success to the effort "to live up to his boots." That lucky "shine" had made a man of him.

Goldsmith was much nearer the truth when he declared that "an emperor in his nightcap will not meet with half the respect of an emperor with a crown," than when he uttered the more poetic sentiment that "beauty unadorned is still adorned the most." Maud Muller, with bare, brown feet and torn hat, might be very attractive to the eye of a poet, or an artist in search of a model, but to practical business men and women, not in search of models or poetic sentiments, Maud in tan shoes, a natty straw hat, and a pretty muslin frock, would have been much more attractive.

Many young men and women make the mistake of thinking that "well dressed" necessarily means being expensively dressed, and, with this erroneous idea in mind, they fall into as great a pitfall as those who think clothes are of no importance. They devote the time that should be given to the culture of head and heart to studying their toilets, and planning how they can buy, out of their limited salaries, this or that expensive hat, or tie, or coat, which they see exhibited in some fashionable store. If they cannot by any possibility afford the coveted article, they buy some cheap, tawdry imitation, whose only effect is to make them look ridiculous. Young men of this stamp wear cheap rings, vermilion-tinted ties, and broad checks, and, as a rule, they occupy cheap positions. Like the dandy, whom Carlyle describes as "a clothes-wearing man,—a man whose trade, office, and existence consists in the wearing of clothes,—every faculty of whose soul, spirit, person, and purse is heroically consecrated to this one object," they live to dress, and have no time to devote to self-culture or to fitting themselves for higher positions.

The overdressed young woman is merely the feminine of the overdressed young man. The manners of both seem to have a subtle connection with their clothes. They are loud, flashy, vulgar. Their style of dress bespeaks a type of character even more objectionable than that of the slovenly, untidily dressed person. The world accepts the truth announced by Shakespeare that "the apparel oft proclaims the man;" and the man and the woman, too, are frequently condemned by the very garb which they think makes them so irresistible. At first sight, it may seem hasty or superficial to judge men or women by their clothes, but experience has proved, again and again, that they do, as a rule, measure the sense and self-respect of the wearer; and aspirants to success should be as careful in choosing their dress as their companions, for

the old adage: "Tell me thy company and I will tell thee what thou art," is offset by this wise saying of some philosopher of the commonplace: "Show me all the dresses a woman has worn in the course of her life, and I will write you her biography."

"The ideal dress," says a noted clubwoman, "should have individuality, and should be practical and beautiful. Dress reformers fail because they ignore beauty. Fashion fails because it aims at novelty and sensation, with small regard for beauty."

Nature has given every flower its own peculiar foliage, each differing from every other in detail; and to what extent the beauty of the flower is enhanced by the appropriateness of its leafage is apparent to the dull-est eye. How much of the charm of the violet would be lost, were it to be plucked from its modest background of lowly clustering soft green leaves, and set upon a thorny rose bush! And how out of place the queenly rose would seem if transplanted to the violet's humble bed!

Yet this violence to nature would not be more incongruous than the taste, or, rather, lack of taste, shown by the average woman in her choice of apparel. In trying to adapt herself to the dictates of fashion, she utterly disregards the peculiar needs of her face and figure. She does not seem to realize that she, too, is a product of nature, and that, in order to look her best, as nature certainly intended her to, she must see to it that her dress, which is to her what foliage is to a flower, be appropriate and becoming. What makes a flower garden so delightful, so refreshing to the eye, so soothing to the senses? Is it not the variety of beauty, spread out before us, combined with perfect harmony of color and leaf? No two flowers are alike, yet all are beautiful. A roomful of girls and women would be as pleasing to the eye as a flower garden, if each consulted her individuality in the selection of gowns and bonnets, instead of rigidly adhering to some set rules of fashion, and making herself hideous or ridiculous.

"Let each woman," says Ruskin, "find the style of dress becoming to her, and always continue to wear it. A crowd would then become a picturesque pageant instead of a monotonous repetition of the same dull figure." Any one walking through the principal streets of New York, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, or any other of our leading cities, cannot fail to be disagreeably impressed with this "monotonous repetition of the same dull figure,"—dull when it is not extravagantly bizarre or ridiculous, as it so often is. Of course it is not necessary, nor did Ruskin mean to imply, that one should always wear a gown of the same cut and texture, but rather that it should always be suitable to the wearer.

What is Millet's definition of the beautiful? Simply that the beautiful is the suitable. Women and girls who are gifted with sound common sense in other directions, seem to have none when it is a question of



clothes. How many display as much absence of judgment in the details of costume as that worthy matron so amusingly described by George Fleming in "For Plain Women Only."

"You will surely admit that the ruffle is the birthright of the meager. Slender women, long-necked, small-faced, may fly to it for a suggestion of softness and quaintness singularly pleasing. But the massive, the red-faced, the squarely-built, the pyramidal, the portentous!



I met a distinguished woman, the other day, and, before I had even laid eyes on her, one of her friends had described her to me as having the figure of a shelter tent. I saw her; I lunched with her, in fact; and, during lunch, had occasion to remark more than once upon the exceeding good nature and common sense of many of the opinions and ideas which she was sheltering. And then, before we said good-bye, I saw her rise and tie on a large, enormous, spreading, black chiffon ruffle. It was trimming a three-decker. It was a neck-gear devised and patented for the small, alluring, pointed face of a Mary, Queen of Scots; and she tied it about her, about her throat, about where her throat might have been under freer and lesser circumstances, with all the complacency of British virtue following the fashion. She came in like a shelter tent, and she went away from that luncheon party looking — like an omnibus.

"The other people there saw nothing but a great lady walking out of a London drawing-room, and perhaps not more than one or two of those present realized the grotesque little tragedy of this honest, straightforward, simple-minded lady made into a caricature,—a gargoyle on the temple of fashion,—by the convolutions of a few yards of black gauze and the fiendish stupidity of an expensive milliner. As for herself, poor soul! there isn't a doubt that she was perfectly self-possessed and pleased and happy. Why not? She had seen other women, hundreds of other women, with other figures, and other countenances, and quite other arms, and shoulders, and heads, driving past her carriage in the park, and all of them smothered in flutings, and frillings, and fluffings of black lace ruffling."

Max O'Rell, in a humorous account of a visit to the parlors of a fashionable London milliner, gives an instance of the way in which a great many women, young and old, select their head-gear. In this case, the purchaser was past middle age, with a stiff, angular figure and a long pointed face, from which her iron-gray hair was drawn away into a Grecian knot at the back of her head. After trying on various hats and bonnets, all designed according to the "latest style," her eye lighted upon a delicate creation of pale blue tulle and rosebuds, which none but a

dainty blonde of not more than twenty summers could venture to wear without disaster. "What is the price of that hat?" asked the lady, pointing to it. "Ten guineas, madam," replied the milliner. "Let me try it on." The hat was placed on her head. What mattered it that the dainty conceit seemed to mock the sallow face and faded hair of the elderly woman, and to accentuate the lack of charms which must have characterized her even in youth, for the hat had caught her fancy, and the question of suitability—the test of beauty—did not enter into her consideration. The hat was purchased, and, doubtless, the worthy dame wore it with as much self-complacency as the expansive matron of Mr. Fleming's acquaintance wore her chiffon ruffle.

"Why are we women not more sensible and practical?" queries an enthusiastic writer on the subject of dress. "Why do we not consider what is suitable, and realize that appropriateness is the first requisite of beauty?"

"Beauty is in itself such an unquestioned source of happiness to the creator and to the beholder that it is its own excuse, and a desirable thing. It is a duty to dress well; but the laws of health must always be obeyed. Nothing which in itself leads to ill-health, weakness, or uselessness, can be beautiful.

"Individuality should be sought up to the point where it affronts, and thereby weakens influence. There is great gain in choosing a style and clinging to it. This style need not be rigid. Skirts may vary in fullness, sleeves may vary in size, and yet the general style be maintained. Such practice would tend to put value into fabrics rather than into trimmings."

The injurious effects of tight lacing and tight shoes are too well known to need recapitulation here. Happily the constantly increasing stress laid upon physical culture, as a necessary branch of education, and the great and growing popularity of healthy athletic exercises and outdoor sports in girls' colleges, and among women generally, is tending to a large extent to do away with those evils. The modern young woman who plays golf, rows, fences, or takes part in most of the games hitherto exclusively enjoyed by her brother, has too much sense to hamper her movements by squeezing her waist or her toes. But in spite of her good sense in rejecting "wasp waists" and "Chinese feet," and in adopting the "rainy-day or bicycle skirt," she still, in too many instances, sins against health in clinging to the "trailing skirt" in the street, in the office and studio and in other places to which it is entirely unsuited, again violating the test of beauty,—suitability. A recent writer uses very vigorous language in condemning this foolish fashion. "If it were possible," says this critic, "to quarantine those dangerous women who sweep their trailing skirts along the nameless vileness of the streets, carrying



into houses what dangers of infection chance may have strewn along their ruthless path, it would be an undisguised blessing to the helpless sufferers from this strange lapse from a sense of decency, so deplorably widespread."

Men, in modern times, at least, refuse to become enslaved to the invisible, mysterious tyrant we name fashion, hence; their dress, though not artistic, is designed for comfort and convenience rather than for the display of the wares of the dry goods merchant, or the ingenuity of the tailor. But even they, as well as their wives and daughters and sisters, are martyrs to the uncomfortable stock collar, and the ungainly silk hat is still regarded as indispensable to the well-dressed man.

Men are as lacking in the matter of individuality in dress as are women, and the one who has the courage to wear what is becoming, if in doing so he departs from established usage, is laughed at as an "eccentric" or a "crank." And so the endless procession of "city men," clothed in the regulation pattern hat, coat, trousers, vest, and tie, is as monotonous and depressing as is the stereotyped figure of the fashion-plate-modeled woman.

What a refreshing oasis in the desert of dullness is the person who clothes himself or herself according to the dictates of a refined taste rather than the whimsical vagaries of a vulgar fashion!

A famous Philadelphia jurist, at one time attorney-general, continued to wear during his old age the cambric ruffles and velvet waistcoats which were the fashion in his youth. His stately dress was a pleasant variation from the monotony of most men's garments, and certainly detracted nothing from the effect of his eloquence upon his hearers.

Queen Alexandra, while averse to eccentricities of all kinds, has always dressed in a way which maintains her individuality. Her style of coiffure remains the same, and a certain cut of skirt adopted by her when she was Princess of Wales, has been known as "the princess" for many years. Artists and actresses who design their own clothes are usually the best dressed people, because they follow the simple lines of the figure, which harmonize with the personality of the wearer.

"How exquisitely absurd it is," says Sydney Smith, "to teach a girl that beauty is of no value, dress of no use. Beauty is of value. Her whole prospect and happiness in life may often depend upon a new gown or a becoming bonnet. If she has five grains of common sense, she will find this out. The great thing is to teach her their proper value."

It is true that clothes do not make the man, but they have a much larger influence on man's life than we are wont to attribute to them. Prentice Mulford declares dress to be one of the avenues for the spiritualization of the race. This is not an extravagant statement, when we

remember what an effect clothes have in inciting to personal cleanliness, which is said to be "next to godliness." Let a woman, for instance, don an old, soiled or worn wrapper, and it will have the effect of making her indifferent as to whether her hair is frowsy or in curl papers. It does not matter whether her face or hands are clean, or what sort of slipshod shoes she wears, for "anything," she argues, "is good enough to go with this old wrapper." Her walk, her manner, the general trend of her feelings, will in some subtle way be dominated by the old wrapper. Suppose she changes,—puts on a dainty muslin garment instead; how different her looks and acts! Her hair must be becomingly arranged, so as not to be at odds with her dress. Her face and hands and finger nails must be spotless as the muslin which surrounds them. The down-at-heel old shoes are exchanged for suitable slippers. Her mind runs along new channels. She has much more respect for the wearer of the new, clean wrapper than for the wearer of the old, soiled one. "Would you change the current of your thoughts? Change your raiment, and you will at once feel the effect." Even so great an authority as Buffon, the naturalist and philosopher, testifies to the influence of dress on thought. He declared himself utterly incapable of thinking to good purpose except in full court dress. This he always put on before entering his study, not even omitting his sword.

"In civilized society," says Johnson, "external advantages make us more respected. A man with a good coat upon his back meets with a better reception than he who has a bad one."

"Dress makes the man, the want of it the fellow," has been well said, in imitation of Pope. Bad dress wounds self-respect.

There is something about ill-fitting, unbecoming, or shabby apparel which not only robs one of self-respect, but also of comfort and power. Good clothes give ease of manner, and unlock the tongue. The consciousness of being well dressed gives a grace and ease of manner that even religion will not bestow, while inferiority of garb often induces restraint.

Even brilliant society women, if surprised in negligent or unsuitable attire, are, in many instances, shorn of that poise and easy, graceful bearing which constitute their chief charm. The conversation, which under ordinary conditions, would flow so freely, is constrained and forced. The woman, usually so attractive and magnetic, has suddenly lost her power. Nor can any amount of will-force or determination on her part completely master the situation until this consciousness of being out of harmony with her surroundings is changed.

Many a statesman and orator, when called upon to speak unexpectedly, when not dressed for the occasion, has been almost powerless to command the attention and respect of the audience. Even a king on his



throne would feel disconcerted and embarrassed if he were conscious of being unbecomingly dressed. Beauty in dress is a good thing, rail at it who may. But it is a lower beauty, for which a higher beauty should not be sacrificed. They love dress too much who give it their first thought, their best time, or all their money; who for it neglect the culture of the mind or heart, or the claims of others on their service; who care more for dress than for their character; who are troubled more by an unfashionable garment than by a neglected duty.

When Ezekiel Whitman, a prominent lawyer and graduate of Harvard, was elected to the Massachusetts legislature, he traveled from his farm in countryman's dress, and went to a hotel in Boston. He went into the parlor and sat down, when he overheard a remark between some ladies and gentlemen. "Ah, here comes a real homespun countryman. Here's fun." They asked him all sorts of queer questions, tending to throw ridicule upon him, when he rose and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, permit me to wish you health and happiness, and may you grow better and wiser in advancing years, bearing in mind that outward appearances are deceitful. You mistook me, from my dress, for a country booby; while I, from the same superficial cause, thought you were ladies and gentlemen. The mistake has been mutual." Just then Governor Caleb Strong entered and called to Mr. Whitman, who, turning to the dumbfounded company, said: "I wish you a very good evening." Dress, like wealth, is a power, but we must not be its slave.

Shabby or unsuitable clothes however, are no longer an eccentricity of genius. There are men of genius who have achieved deserved fame and substantial success who are absolutely indifferent to their appearance, and the world overlooks it and forgives it. But this is only possible with men of commanding genius who are established; and the young man who takes these men as models, so far as attire goes, makes a sorry mistake. It is given to men of high position and of assured success to exhibit a great many little eccentricities which are not overlooked in a young man struggling for a career.

While it is a duty to dress as well as one's means allow, wear shabby clothes rather than go in debt for new ones. You need not blush for a worn coat if you cannot afford a better one. But no one, no matter how poor he may be, will be excused for wearing a dirty coat, a crumpled collar, or muddy shoes. The consciousness of doing your best, of preserving your integrity at all costs, of being a man, will sustain you and give you power under the most adverse circumstances. It is the slovenliness that is avoidable, not the shabbiness that is unavoidable, that offends the eye. If you are dressed according to your means, no matter how poorly, you are appropriately dressed. Simplicity in dress is its greatest charm, and in these days

of inexpensive and beautiful fabrics of all kinds, the young man or woman who cannot afford to be dressed in a manner becoming his or her position, must be more deficient in taste and judgment than lacking in pocket.

"Look your station," writes Lord Chesterfield, and it is sound advice in the main. A waitress in a summer hotel came into the dining room, one Sunday, arrayed in black lace, over a silk underskirt, with flowers in her hair, to wait on the table. The girl may have been a student or teacher, and might perhaps, have worn this dress with propriety in her own social environment, but a waitress in a black lace gown! Could anything be more ludicrous?

A Persian sage, poorly clad, attended a great banquet. He was slighted and even insulted. No one seemed willing to sit near him. Returning home, he bedecked himself with robes of silk and satin adorned with golden lace and jewels, placed a diamond aigrette upon his head, fastened a saber with jeweled hilt to his belt, and went a second time to the banquet. The guests all paid him great honor. Stretching out his bejeweled slipper, he took hold of his golden robe and said, in a sarcastic manner: "Welcome, my lord coat; welcome, most excellent robe; what will your lordship please to eat?" "For," said he to his chagrined host, "I ought to ask my coat what it will eat, since the welcome is only to it."

There can be no excuse for rudeness, under any circumstances, and the ill breeding of this entertainer and his guests well merited the sage's reproof. But it was as much his duty to show respect to his host by dressing in a manner befitting the occasion and his own station, as it was the duty of the host and guests to be hospitable and courteous. Much more sensible seemed the judgment of a well-known leader in educational and philanthropic work, who said to her secretary, "I would rather spend the money which this dress cost (pointing to her handsome silk gown) in some other way and wear a simple cambric, but my position demands that I be well dressed."

One cannot but feel that God is a lover of appropriate dress. He has put robes of beauty and glory upon all His works. Every flower is dressed in richness; every field blushes beneath a mantle of beauty; every star is veiled in brightness; every bird is clothed in the habiliments of the most exquisite taste. And surely he is pleased when we provide a beautiful setting for the greatest of His handiworks.



## IDEALS THE MEASURE OF LIFE

OUR ideals are our better selves.—A. BRONSON ALCOTT.

IT is the vain endeavor to make ourselves what we are not that has strewn history with so many broken purposes and lives left in the rough.

—J. R. LOWELL.

EVERY really able man, if you talk sincerely with him, considers his work, however much admired, as far short of what it should be. What is this better, this flying Ideal, but the perpetual promise of his Creator?

—EMERSON.

I SEE, but cannot reach, the height  
That lies forever in the light;  
For thine own purpose Thou hast sent  
The strife and the discouragement.

—LONGFELLOW.

“THERE is only one real failure in life possible, and that is, not to be true to the best one knows.”

I WONDER if ever a song was sung,  
But the singer's heart sang sweeter!  
I wonder if ever a rhyme was rung,  
But the thought surpassed the meter!  
I wonder if ever a sculptor wrought,  
Till the cold stone echoed his ardent thought!  
Or if ever a painter, with light and shade,  
The dream of his inmost heart portrayed!

—JAMES CLARENCE HARVEY.

I SAY that man was made to grow, not to stop.—BROWNING.

STILL through our paltry stir and strife  
Glows down the wished Ideal,  
And longing molds in clay what Life  
Carves in the blissful real.

—LOWELL.

“IF I had your principles, I should be a better man,” said one of the greatest skeptics France has ever produced, addressing the devout Pascal. “Begin with being a better man,” replied Pascal, “and you will soon have my principles.” This is the secret of the improvement in thousands of lives.

“Where there is no vision, the people perish,” is as true of individuals as of nations. Where there is no vision, no ideal to draw the soul upward, stagnation or spiritual death, sooner or later, destroys the individual.

It is the glory and privilege of man that he is free to choose his ideal. An ideal of some kind he must have. It may be a heavenly vision leading toward the mountain top, or it may be an unworthy and degrading one that will drag him down to depths undreamed of. “As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.” The dreams we cherish in youth, the ideals we hold in mind, weave the mental patterns of the lives to be.

"When the Grecian king set forth upon his expedition," says Hillis, "he stayed his golden chariot at the market-place. Lifting up his voice he forbade any man's body to enter his chariot whose heart remained behind. Thus the mind is a chariot that sweeps no unwilling student upward toward those heights where wisdom and happiness dwell."

"If we would see the color of our future," says Canon Farrar, "we must look for it in our present; if we would gaze on the star of our destiny, we must look for it in our hearts."

Napoleon, "the man of destiny," dreamed of power and glory, of war and conquest. His dream led him to plan and execute vast enterprises for France, and to encourage merit, but it aroused overwhelming opposition from surrounding empires, and finally sent him to St. Helena. John Milton, while yet a child, dreamed of writing an epic poem that the world would not willingly let die. The nebulous dream of the child became the fixed ideal of the youth. In his studies, his travels, through the stormy years of manhood, the vision never left him. Blind and old, the poet realized the dream of the child; and the heroic strains of "Paradise Lost" continue to echo through the centuries. "Still guides the heavenly vision," whispered the immortal poet, as he glided beyond the shadowy portals of life.

"I dream dreams and see visions, and then I paint my dreams and my visions," was the reply of Raphael to one who had asked him how he made his marvelous pictures. Back of the work, back of the life ever glows the dream,—the ideal. Its nature determines whether we shall fulfill the high purpose of our being, or become castaways, flotsam and jetsam on life's ocean.

The soul, in the formative period of youth, while it is yet "unspotted from the world," has been likened to a block of pure, uncut Parian marble, in which lie boundless possibilities of beauty or of deformity. From the crude marble, one will chisel a form of exquisite grace and symmetry, another a misshapen monstrosity, each actualizing in the formless stone the conception of his brain. Thus are we molded by our ideals.

The life of Frances E. Willard furnishes a noble example of the value of high ideals, and the efficacy of following where these ideals lead. "Be up and doing, and always along the line of your highest thought," was the teaching of this leader in the ranks of righteousness.

"The first grand object of my life," said Miss Willard, "was the purpose once lodged there by my life's best friend,—my mother,—to have an education," and to her the best result of all culture and all attainment was the betterment of the world.

Miss Willard was following her ideal when, although dependent on her own efforts for a living for herself and mother, she refused a twenty-five-hundred-dollar salary as the president of a woman's college, and



accepted without remuneration, the presidency of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, in Chicago, believing that, in the latter position, she could accomplish more for the world; a sacrifice which her friends thought foolish and unwarrantable, but which created for her not only the leadership of a great cause, but an abiding place in the universal heart of the world.

"Hitch your wagon to a star," says Emerson. He did not mean that you are to place your ideal so high that it will be practically impossible in anywise to attain to it; but rather that it should be to you as a star, ever shining clear and bright to lead you from height to height, from character to character. For, setting aside all thought of material progress, of success according to the general acceptance of the word, the first ideal should be that of a noble character, of constant growth toward that perfection urged upon us by the great Teacher, when He said, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." The ideal character will achieve true success in whatsoever calling the "soul's emphasis" has declared it shall follow. "Have ambition to be remembered," said Charles Sumner, "not as a great lawyer, doctor, merchant, scientist, manufacturer, or scholar, but as a great man, every inch a king."

Nothing so strengthens the mind and enlarges the horizon of manhood and womanhood as a constant effort to measure up to a high ideal. It stretches the thought, as it were, to a larger measure, and touches the life to finer issues.

Our ideals, our longings, are the prophecies of our destinies.

"The history of the progress of the working classes in this century," said Salisbury, "is very largely the history of one man's life,—that of Shaftesbury," while Mr. Gladstone's tribute to the work of the great reformer was in part expressed in these words, "The safety of our country is not in law or legislators, but in Christian gentlemen like unto Lord Shaftesbury."

Very early in his career, this favored child of rank and wealth entered the lists as a champion of the poor and oppressed. Turning aside from the allurements of his high station, from paths of ease and pleasure, he followed his ideal wherever it led, no matter how rough the road, or how bitter the opposition he encountered. To raise the social level, to improve the condition of poor working men and women became the mainspring of his existence, and to this he applied himself with unwearying devotion for over half a century. How he succeeded is now a matter of history.

"Ragged" schools, evening and day schools, "model" tenements, "shelters," clubs, reading-rooms, and coffee houses replaced, as if by magic, the foul dens and vicious resorts which, hitherto, had been the

homes and places of entertainment of the multitudes of London poor he succeeded in reaching. Costermongers, bootblacks, newsboys, shopwomen, seamstresses and working girls, factory employees, men and women, in the manufacturing districts of England, workers all over the country, regarded him as a messenger from heaven. When his labors were ended, the whole nation mourned. Rich and poor, highborn and lowborn alike, followed his earthly remains to Westminster Abbey. Royalty, lords, commons, merchants, statesmen, scholars, factory hands, seamstresses, flower girls, chimney sweepers, costermongers, laborers from east and west, north and south, by hundreds of thousands, as members of one family, wept over his grave as for a beloved father.

For more than a quarter of a century "the fetid air of the jail at Amsterdam, the dismal corridors in the infamous dungeons of Magdeburg, the perils of the plague hospital at Paris, or the unsavory precincts of St. Lazare" could not for one moment turn Elizabeth Fry aside from the pursuit of her ideal, to raise the fallen and criminal, to restore the reign of God in the darkened souls whose sorrows she made her own.

A high ideal and a resolute determination to attain it are the moving factors in the world's progress. Without these, we should have no great artists, poets, musicians, sculptors, inventors, or scientists; we should have no philanthropists, no noble men and women. People with high ideals, who "see visions and dream dreams," are the leaven which improves the whole world. They are the advance guard of humanity, the toilers who, with bent back and sweating brow, cut the smooth road, over which man marches forward from generation to generation.

George Stephenson, the poor miner, dreamed of a locomotive engine that would revolutionize the traffic of the world. He was looked upon as a "crazy visionary." But, in spite of calumny, ridicule, and opposition, he toiled for fifteen years for the realization of his vision. Watt spent thirty years, amid want and woe, in actualizing his dream of the condensing engine. Columbus dreamed of a world beyond the seas, and, at length, in spite of superhuman obstacles, his vision became a glorious reality. Galileo's dream gave us a new heaven and a new earth. Joan of Arc, a simple shepherd maiden, because she was a "seer of visions and dreamer of dreams," saved a nation from subjection.

Without the men and women who are borne upward and onward by their ideals, civilization would even now go backward. The grandeur of Rome and the culture of Greece vanished with their lost ideals.





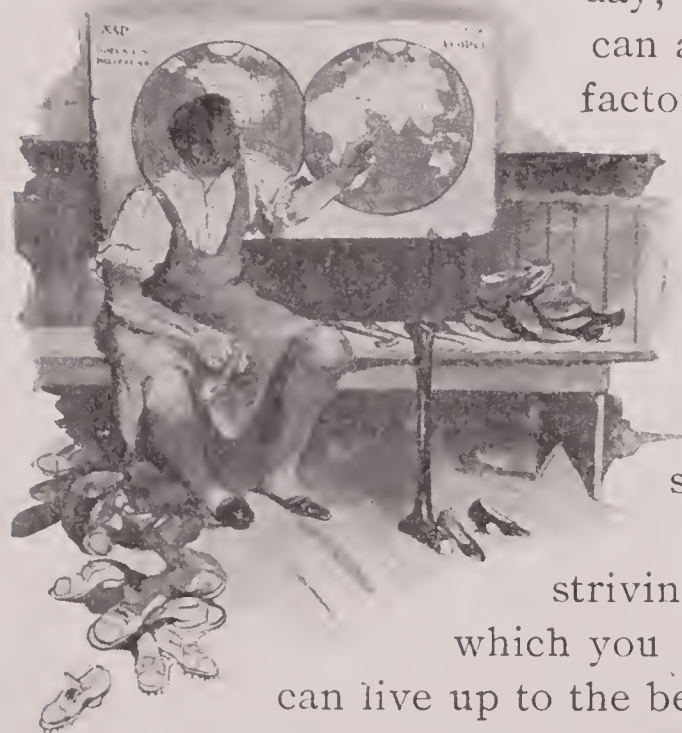
The idealist is imaginative, hopeful, and abounding with life and energy. His thoughts are visionary and he lives in a world of hopeful, happy forces that continually radiate new energy,—that generate it, indeed, and kindle the coals on the altar. To him, at length, “strong and sure as the Atlantic tides sweeping up the shore,” comes inspiration with all its “hidings of power.”

Bury a pebble, and it will obey the law of gravitation forever. Bury an acorn, and it will obey a higher law and grow. In the acorn is a vital force superior to the attraction of the earth. All plants and animals are climbing or reaching upward. Nature has whispered into the ear of all existence, “Look up.” Man, above all, should have a celestial gravitation.

“The ideal life, the life of full completion, haunts us all,” says Phillips Brooks; “we feel the thing we ought to be, beating beneath the thing we are. An intense desire itself transforms possibility into reality. Our wishes are but prophecies of the things we are capable of performing.”

“Did you ever hear of a man who had striven all his life faithfully and singly toward an object,” asked Thoreau, “and in no measure obtained it? If a man constantly aspires, is he not elevated? Did ever a man try heroism, magnanimity, truth, sincerity, and find that there was no advantage in them,—that it was a vain endeavor?”

We must not fall into the mistake of thinking that the ideal life can be realized only by those who do some great and commanding work in the world. The seamstress plying her needle from day to day, to support existence, the poor cobbler at his bench, can as truly live the ideal life as can the greatest benefactors of the race.



“Here in this poor, miserable, hampered, despicable Actual wherein thou even now standest,” says Carlyle, “here or nowhere is thy Ideal; work it out therefrom; and, working, believe, live, be free.”

“It makes not so much difference where one stands,” said Oliver Wendell Holmes, “as in what direction he is moving.” It is the ideal you are striving after, not the work you are doing, but the spirit in which you do it, that will form the keynote of your life. You can live up to the best that is in you, no matter how humble your work or your station. Saints could do no more.

The questions we should seriously ask ourselves at the outset are: What are our ideals? Toward what goal are our steps directed? It is a vulgar and degrading ambition which endeavors simply to secure a “respectable position in life.”

God hides some ideal in every human soul. At some time in his life each feels a trembling, fearful longing to do some good thing. Life finds its noblest spring of excellence in this hidden impulse to do our best.

Nothing will so save a man from self-consumption as a complete surrender to excellence,—to a lofty ideal. It is a burning zeal to get higher and higher in the scale of character, an ever-increasing thirst and enthusiasm for the best,—that will take nothing less,—that lifts life upon a plane worth living.

Perhaps the biggest word in America to-day, the word which fills our newspapers and magazines, and which excites social rivalry,—a word which covers up crime and is an excuse everywhere for misdemeanor, the word which the American child is taught to lisp with reverence and worship almost from the cradle, the “be all and end all” of many a human life, the word which covers a multitude of sins, the word which is mentioned but once in the Bible (Joshua i: 8) — is “Success.”

Is it any wonder that our children start out with wrong ideals of life, with wrong standards of what constitutes success? The child is urged “to get on,” to “rise in the world,” to “make money,” etc. The youth is constantly told that “nothing succeeds like success.” False standards are everywhere set up for him, and then he is blamed if he fails.

Many an American youth's model is the poor boy who can go to Chicago, or New York, or Boston, without a penny, and die a millionaire. This to him is success; and why shouldn't it be? He sees the whole world running after the millionaire, regardless of who he is or how he got his money. No matter how he made it, spent it, or left it; few will ask whether he was rich in intellect, broad, beautiful, and noble in his life, or narrow, mean, avaricious, and grasping,—if he left a million, he was successful. No matter if he ground the very life out of his employees; no matter if others grew poorer that he might become rich; no matter if he poisoned and lessened the value of every acre of land in his neighborhood; no matter if his children were mentally and morally starved and his home wretched; if he left a million, he triumphed. This is the philosophy of the street which the boy breathes in as he learns to talk.

Don't teach the young that “success” in acquiring wealth or position is the only condition of happiness.

Millions of bright boys and girls are destined to spend their lives in the constant service of others,—in helping the sick, the poor, the unfortunate, the helpless,—and practically they will never have an opportunity to become either well educated or very rich. But they must not expect to be forever miserable unless they succeed according to the popular standard of success. Many a poor woman, who spends her life



in the sick-room or in menial service, has reached a success infinitely higher than has many a millionaire.

"Suppose you have no opportunity!" says Minot J. Savage. "I know men, I know women, not quite content, almost embittered, almost disappointed, because it seems to them that life offers them no opportunity of realizing their magnificent dreams. It is none of our business to be discontented over things like these. It is our business to be, it is our business to cherish these dreams and be true to them, and to know that what we would be, if we had the opportunity, that we are.

"Let us remember what I believe to be a profound truth; that, whether we find the opportunities for self-realization here or not, we shall find them somewhere. No good, no dream, no flitting, faintest aspiration, is ever lost. That which we would be if we could, that God counts us as being; and some time there shall be fields and opportunity."

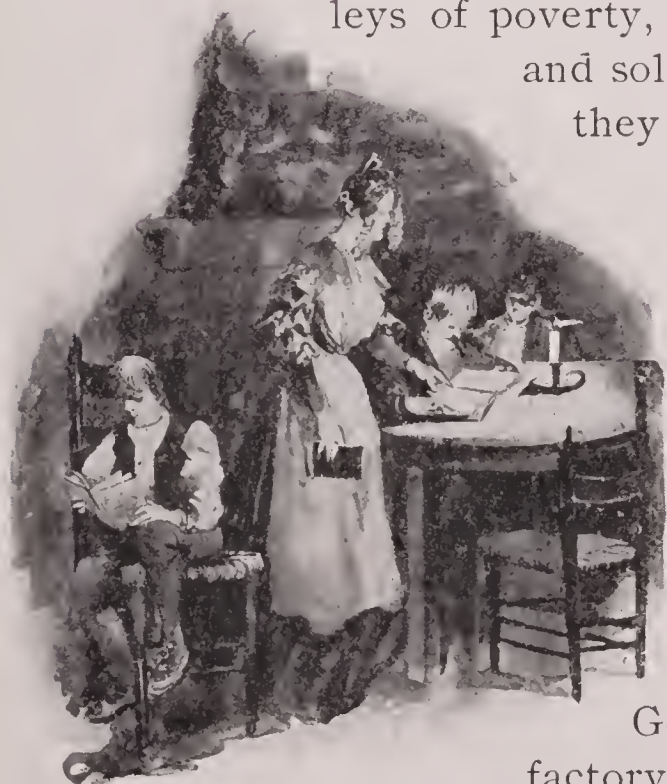
Unnatural and inordinate ambition, encouraged in this land of opportunity, renders many a life miserable, and totally unfits it for true usefulness.

Do not strive to reach impossible goals. It is wholly in your power to develop yourself, but not necessarily so to make yourself a king. Too many are deluded by ambition beyond their power of attainment, or tortured by aspirations totally disproportionate to their capacity for execution. You may, indeed, confidently hope to become eminent in usefulness and power, but only as you build upon a broad foundation of self-culture.

Noble, brave, heroic men and women have lived who have resolved to carve out for themselves, through opposing hills of difficulty, and valleys of poverty, and quagmires of discouragement, a straight, level, and solid road to success, usefulness, and final felicity; and they have done it.

Mary Anne Clough, a poor Glasgow factory girl, inspired by love and sympathy for those more needy than herself, grandly worked out her ideal of life. Setting aside all thought of self, this girl gave her evenings and Sundays to the work of improving the mental, moral, and physical condition of the neglected boys employed in the foundries. Those unfortunates, who seemed to have no one to care for them, excited her compassion, and she made in her heart this resolve: "I will try if I can win them to God, and to doing what is good." In a room below the

factory in which she worked, the use of which she obtained for carrying out her purpose, her mission was begun. "There," says Smiles, in his volume on "Duty," "she soon drew a number of foundry boys about her, with ragged clothes and dirty faces, from the back courts



where they were wont to spend their time in smoking or in coarse merriment. She taught them to spell, to read, to be clean, to be good."

Such an influence did she gain over those poor waifs that, in time, they became distinguished from others of their class and calling, by "their superior industry, good conduct, and freedom from profane language," so much so, indeed, that "Mary Anne's boys" became a proverb in the foundry.

"It makes one sad," says Doctor Guthrie, "to think how many Christians with tenfold more time, more money, more education, more influence, have not done a tithe of the good this girl did. If any might have justly pleaded the excuse: 'Am I my brother's keeper?' it was one who found it hard to keep herself; who, starting each morning to the sound of the factory bell, and hurrying along dark and silent streets, had gone through hours of work ere half the world was awake. . . . And many a night she went forth on her mission of mercy, to seek the lost and raise the fallen, and close with her own gentle hands the wounds of humanity."

Nor did the work of Mary Anne Clough end here. From the foundation laid by her arose the Glásgow Foundry Boys' Society, which, within six years, had a membership of fourteen thousand boys and girls, superintended by a large staff of teachers. This society does everything that can be done for the mental development and social elevation of its members.

The young man or woman who starts out in life with an ideal of success limited to the accumulation of wealth, or the performance of some deed that men will applaud, is to be pitied, for, measured by such a standard, the great majority of people are failures.

"What we truly and earnestly aspire to be," says Mrs. Jameson, "that in some sense we are."

If the aim of a life be right, it cannot in detail be much amiss. It may, indeed, be imperfect, but it cannot be wholly wrong, and it cannot even partially be false. When the aim of a life is right, rules and precepts are merely subordinate; when the aim of a life is otherwise, rules and precepts are utterly worthless.

Happy the boy or girl who has the inestimable advantage of living close to a noble character, a parent, friend, or teacher, who will not only be a worthy model to imitate, but will constantly hold before the growing mind high ideals, will introduce it to the literature that uplifts, inspire it with a passion for excellence. The influence of parents and teachers in guiding youth toward exalted ideas is inestimable.

"I have brought my boy to see if you can do anything with him," said a parent, when the teacher answered his rap at the schoolhouse



door. "Of all stubborn boys I know, he is the worst." The boy was seated and lessons were assigned him. Not long afterward, as the teacher was going to his desk, he put out his hand to lay it kindly on the boy's shoulder, whereupon the little fellow shuddered and shrank away from the touch. "What is the matter?" asked the teacher. "I thought you were going to strike me," replied the pupil. "Why should I strike you?" "Because I am so bad," said the boy. "Who says you are bad?" "Father, mother, and everybody else say so." "You can be just as good as any boy, if you try," said the teacher, kindly. "Can I be a good boy?" asked the little fellow, in surprise; "then I will be a good boy." From that time his life changed. He made rapid progress in his studies, was almost faultless in deportment, and was soon a favorite with all. He became governor of one of our largest states.

The teacher had simply given the boy a new and higher ideal, and had inspired him with the confidence and aspiration necessary to attain it; but how it transformed a whole life! If we could elevate our ideals and increase our confidence, nearly all of us would find that we possess greater powers of attainment than we ever exert.

Elihu Burritt was ridiculed when he expressed among his ignorant and careless companions a determination to obtain an education. How could a poor boy, working nearly all the daylight in a blacksmith's shop, get an education? But this boy with no chance, seemingly with no possibility of attaining his ideal, became one of America's wonders.

Professor Peabody at Harvard once said that the decision to be an educated man was itself one-half an education.

If a poor boy once gets a thirst for an education, gets his ambition "fired up," it will carry him through. He will not only dream of his ideal, but he will work for it.

One's ideal, or life-pattern, is the line which bounds his vision; and, as long as this ideal, or pattern, remains unchanged, the mind and life of the entire man must remain unchanged also. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps speaks, in "The Story of Avis," of one who had "a high ideal in cup cakes," which will remind those who knew her of a woman whose ideal was beautiful "hooked" and braided rugs. She did her housework, and every hour which could be spared was devoted to producing, in all the colors of the rainbow, animals and birds of every conceivable, or, rather, inconceivable kind, on these rug canvases. She had "no time" for reading or for joining her husband or children in their recreations or games, or to keep in touch with any of the great movements of the age. Her life was, according to her ideal, comparatively insignificant, narrow, devoid of the example it should have been to her children, the companionship it should have held for her husband, and the development it should have had for herself.

Some of the most cruel acts done in the world's history have been done by perfectly honest people, who were doing what they really believed to be right. Their ideals were low or mistaken.

Historians tell us that there is scarcely a vice which has not in some age or country been approved by public opinion, and scarcely a virtue which has not been condemned. Suicide has been considered honorable in one age and felony in another. Thieves were rewarded in Sparta.

Cotton Mather, who wrote a book on "Doing Good," which had such an influence upon Dr. Franklin as to change his whole life, rejoiced when he saw seventeen persons hanged in Salem for witchcraft.

The Phœnicians burned their children alive from a sense of duty. Conscience, misdirected, has been the greatest tyrant in the world.

A colonial governor of the Bahamas, about to return to England, offered to procure from the home government any favor the natives desired. The reply was as startling as the request for the head of John the Baptist. "Tell them to tear down the lighthouses; they are ruining the prosperity of the colony." The people were wreckers.

Without high ideals, we are like the eagle whose wings have been clipped. We were meant to soar, and our ideals are the wings on which we mount "toward the vaulted skies." Without them we hover near the earth. We must constantly aspire or our wings will atrophy.

No matter if our ideals are so far above us that we can hardly hope to attain such heights, the exercise of reaching up, the struggle even to approximate them, increases our power, broadens our outlook upon life, and ennobles our character.

From the polyp to the saint, it is said, there is a perpetual striving,—a divine dissatisfaction.

Dr. Collyer says that Darwin's suggestion as to the evolution of the eagle's wings is an instructive one. The desire to ascend was there before the wings, and through countless ages of development the process of formation and adaptation went on, until at length, with mighty pinions, seven feet from tip to tip, the eagle soared aloft toward the sun. Of us it may be said that every well-meant trial and intention is part of a great process; each starts some feather in the eagle's wing.

The noblest character would soon degenerate, if it should lose the love of excellence. This is the mainspring of all great character. This passion for excellence is the voice of God, bidding us up and on, lest we forget our divine origin and degenerate again to barbarism. This principle is the guardian of the human race. It is God's voice in man; it is the still small voice that whispers "right" or "wrong" to every act; it is the gem which the Creator dropped into the dust when he fashioned us in his own image.



Thorwaldsen, being asked whether anything was distressing him, answered, "My genius is decaying." "What do you mean?" said the visitor. "Why, here is my statue of Christ; it is the first of my works I have ever felt satisfied with. Till now, my ideal has always been far beyond what I could execute. But it is no longer so. I shall never have a great ideal again."

We need not be discouraged if we do not reach our ideal, for, as Thorwaldsen realized, when the ideal is reached, growth ceases.

The only thing we need fear, and the thing we must constantly guard against, is the temptation which so often besets young men and women, aye, and older people too, to turn aside from the high ideals which inspired them in childhood and youth, and for gain or pleasure conform to a lower standard than that to which they had vowed in their hearts to live up to.

Minot J. Savage draws a telling picture of the position in which many young men find themselves, on the threshold of business life:—

"I see a young man just entering into business for himself," he says. "Every young man has his dream. If he is well-born, if his instincts and tastes are healthful and true, he dreams noble things. Under the influence of home, of mother and sister, his dream is a dream of light and purity and goodness. He thinks that as he grows older he will earn the praise and love and gratitude of men by faithful service. He thinks he will play a manly part in life. But he goes into practical business, and finds himself surrounded by a multitude of other influences that tend to pull him down. There are forces at play other than those to which he was accustomed in his own home. There are thirty, forty, fifty young men together; and some of them have learned to think it is manly to degrade themselves, to befoul their lips and their bodies, to lead lives of impurity and wrong. Some of them have begun to talk flippantly about succeeding in the world, and to say that, if you are going to succeed, you must follow the ways of the world; that it is all very well to talk about these ideals of purity and truth and human service while you are in the home, but that those are not the ways of the practical life of men. And this young man soon begins to struggle for supremacy; there comes to him an ambition to be looked up to by his 'set.' He learns that the things most prized in this particular circle where he happens to be are not the ones that he learned to admire and love at home, but lower types and tendencies of character; and so the temptation comes to him to sell this ideal, this birthright dream, this vision of something higher and nobler, for present success and power in the midst of his fellows.

"I know young men who are in the midst of this sort of battle to-day, who are perhaps balancing the question whether they shall keep

their dream, and let their fellows sneer, look down upon them and think of them as namby-pamby and unmanly,—whether they shall take this lower mastery over their fellows, and let the dream fade, like the faint light of the morning.”

What is true of young men is also true of young women whom circumstances compel to go out into the business world and struggle on the same plane as their brothers for a living. They are tempted on every hand to break faith with themselves and their ideals; to forget the lessons of childhood, and amid new and unfavorable surroundings to succumb to lower influences. It is often difficult to resist environment and the pernicious example of companions, yet a high-born soul can and will be true to its instincts in spite of poverty, in spite of environment, in spite of low-toned associates, in spite of everything that would drag it from its eminence to the abysmal depths to which low standards lead.

Lucy Larcom, the little factory “doffer,” whose first work in a New England mill was to remove empty bobbins and replace them by full ones, through years of poverty and toil, wove the pattern of a beautiful life. From the drudgery of work to its dignity and beneficence, she raised the mill-girl mind. From outside unloveliness and the prosaic monotony which tend toward sluggishness and indifference, she led the thoughts of her companions to high tablelands of beauty and culture. There they breathed an invigorating atmosphere that gave a new outlook on life. As she grew older, Lucy became the leader of the literary circle of mill-girls. She worked, studied, wrote verses, and won steady promotion in all lines, rising within a comparatively short space from a bobbin “doffer” to bookkeeper. Always on her desk or frame lay an open book, something on mathematics, grammar, or English or German literature, from which statements or sentences could be snatched, to be conned over while her hands attended to their mechanical tasks. Unspoiled by fame, the successful factory worker, teacher, editor, and poet, who wrote that —



“Woman can climb no higher than womanhood,  
Whatever be her title,”—

may well serve as a model of ideal womanhood.

Jean François Millet, with genius of a transcendent order, poor, and with his wife and children often suffering for the common necessities of life, refused to barter his ideal of art for wealth or fame. To-day



any canvas he ever touched with his brush would bring what would have seemed a fortune to the struggling artist.

Under the influence of a high ideal, your aspiration will become inspiration, and you will push your work with a glad enthusiasm. Think you Angelo did not reach nobler results because he carved his own faith in forms of breathing marble, and painted it abroad in the glory of his frescoes? Think you Hugh Miller read the story of the rocks less eagerly and carefully because he felt he was reading the thoughts of God written deep in the strata of the earth? Think you Carey made poorer shoes because, while he stitched and hammered at his cobbler's bench, the love of God made melody in his heart, and great schemes of missionary enterprise took shape in his mind? The true service of God is so broad, so inspiring, so strong and pure in its motives, that by it all life is lifted to a higher plane. No honest work is sordid when done for Him, and you have no force or faculty of hand or heart which will not find most powerful stimulus and freest play in doing His will. As Keble well says:—

“There are in this rude, stunning tide  
Of human care and crime,  
With whom the melodies abide  
Of the everlasting chime;  
Who carry music in their heart  
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,  
Plying their daily task with busier feet,  
Because their secret souls a holier strain repeat.”

We are the architects of our own lives. The architect, guided by the ideal in his mind, draws a plan for the building he is to erect; it may be a poor, one-story cottage, or it may be a palatial mansion; so we, according to our ideals, fashion a life noble or ignoble.

If we try to keep in touch with the purest and the noblest, and then faithfully strive to live up to the best we know, our lives can in nowise be failures.

“Not failure, but low aim, is crime.” We should aim high, remembering that “Who aimeth at the sky, shoots higher much than he that means a tree.”

If we do not reach our ideal, what then? Shall we not keep on climbing, knowing that with every step we reach a higher plane, that more beautiful prospects open to our view?

“There is no life that was ever quite complete,” says a modern preacher and author. “Did anybody ever think that he had *got through*? Did anybody ever accomplish all that he expected to when he was a young man? You remember that trite old story of Newton, how he said at last that it seemed to him as if he were only a child playing on the

shores of an infinite sea of truth and picking up here and there a brighter pebble than other people had found. That is the way all great souls feel. The man who thinks, when he reaches his deathbed, that he has accomplished his life-work, must have had a very poor dream of what that life-work should be. No man worthy of doing anything noble ever reached his ideal. Did any preacher ever preach as good a sermon as he thought some day he might? Did any poet ever sing as grand a song as he had heard sung in his own soul? Did any man ever write a book that equaled that which had lain so long on his heart? Did any man ever finish his work? What does this mean? By as much as I believe that the vision is a glimpse of the face of God, by so much do I believe it is a prophecy of what shall be, even though death appear to stop it. It is the imperious claim in us for the perfect, defying even death. It looks Death in the face, and says: 'Thou art a shadow; and though thou dost cross my path, the light is beyond thee, and believing in the light, I will go through the shadow and attain at last my dream.' In this spirit, then, clinging to the vision, and trying to work it out more and more, day by day, let us trustingly and patiently go on."

EXPLAIN it as we may, a martial strain will urge a man into the front rank of battle sooner than an argument, and a fine anthem excite his devotion more certainly than a logical discourse.

—H. T. TUCKERMAN.

A MAN'S country is not a certain area of mountains, rivers, and woods, but it is a principle.

—G. W. CURTIS.

THERE is no tree, that rears its crest,  
No fern or flower, that cleaves the sod,  
No bird, that sings above its nest.  
But tries to speak the name of God,  
And dies when it has done its best.

—J. G. HOLLAND.

GOD asks, not "To what sect did he belong?"  
But, "Did he do the right, or love the wrong?"

—ORIENTAL POETRY.

OUR mental attitude to-day determines our success to-morrow.

—C. B. NEWCOMB.

AFTER all, the kind of world one carries about in himself is the important thing, and the world outside takes all its grace, color, and value from that.

—J. R. LOWELL.

SO TEACH us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

—PSALM 90.



## THE RESERVE CORPS

"NO TREES bear fruit in autumn unless they blossom in spring."

"SHAPE thyself for use;  
The stone that may fit in the wall  
Is left not in the way."

NO MATTER how long a man lives, he will never get away from his youth.  
THE most important thing a young man ever does, is to get ready.

—C. H. PARKHURST.

PROVIDENCE is on the side of the last reserve.—NAPOLEON.

THE leaves and a shell of soft wood are all that the vegetation of this summer has made, but the solid columnar stem, which lifts that bank of foliage into the air to draw the eye and to cool us with its shade, is the gift and legacy of dead and buried years.

—EMERSON.

THERE is no fault nor folly of my life which does not rise up against me, and take away my joy, and shorten my power of possession of sight, of understanding. And every past effort of my life, every gleam of rightness or good in it, is with me now, to help me in my grasp of this art and its vision.

—RUSKIN.

IN ONE completed man there are the forces of many men. Self-control is self-completion.

—BULWER.

TO LAY a foundation of success is at the bottom of building for success. To train for power is the way to get power. To set apart a reserve, to make sure of a backing strong enough to prove decisive, is essential at the outset if you would win life's battle. Napoleon said of Massena that he was never himself until ruin stared him in the face. Then the sight of the dead and the groans of the dying nerved him to almost superhuman energy, and he marshaled his mighty army of the reserve to the front with a will that sent terror to the hearts of the enemy.

Nature works continually by utilizing reserves. Nothing is ever lost in the material or spiritual world. Our fires to-day give back in heat and light the exact amount absorbed by tree or plant from the sun ages ago.

"How strange it seems," said W. J. Tilley, "that some of the most wonderful and most useful inventions in the world to-day were apparently lying in ambush beside the very pathway where thousands of human feet have trod, and remained, for years, all undiscovered and unknown." They waited but for an eye that could see nature's vast reserves.

Men have groped in physical darkness for ages while walking above untold barrels of petroleum, and have crossed oceans to carry messages which a slender wire would have delivered in a minute. Muscle has been hewing wood and drawing water, while coal and electricity have

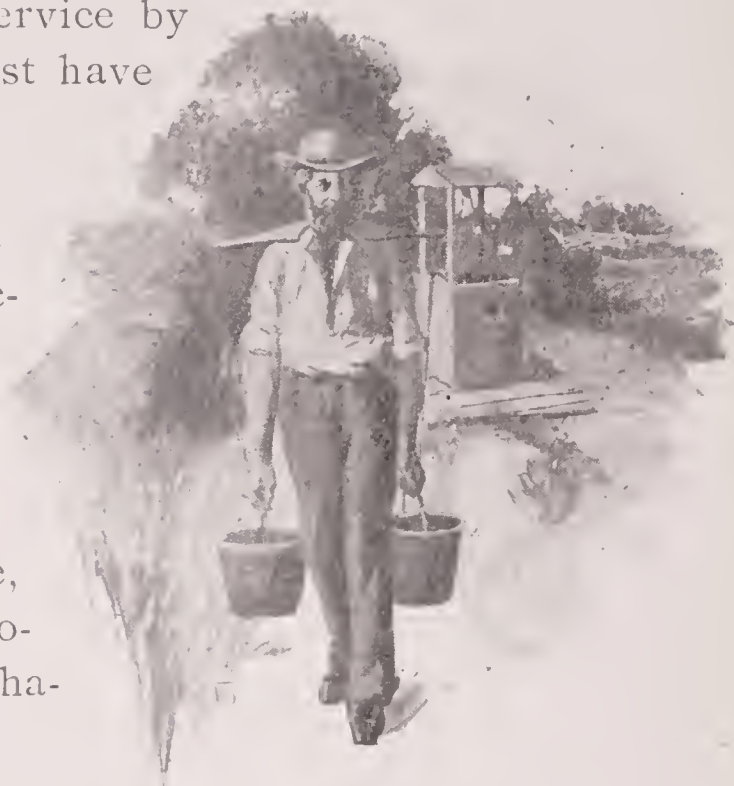
tried in vain to tell us that they were destined to emancipate man from the world's drudgery and allow him to develop his higher powers. It is the dictate of nature to prepare yourself for service by storing up what you do not need to-day, but must have to-morrow.

It is the heavy balance-wheel of an engine that distributes the power equally and insures that steadiness of motion which prevents destructive shocks, overcoming resistance that would stop the piston unaided by the stored-up momentum. It is the knowledge, experience, and character, the mental and moral wealth which you have accumulated during your whole life, that measures your real power and influence to-day; as you will learn, to your satisfaction or chagrin, when you are subjected to any severe trial.

When men want a six-horse-power machine, they make it of nine horse-power, with a reserve of three. "To carry on the business of life you must have surplus power. Be fit for more than the thing you are now doing. Let every one know that you have a reserve within yourself,—that you have more power than you use. If you are not too large for the place you occupy, you are too small for it."

Mirabeau was forty years old before he showed a sign of his vast knowledge and tact, his mighty reserve, he then suddenly became the greatest orator and statesman of his age. His public career lasted but twenty-three months, but in that time he did more work than most great men accomplish in as many years. "Had I not lived with him," said Dumont, "I should never have had any idea of what a man may do in a single day, what business may be transacted in the course of twelve hours. A day for this man was as much as a week or a month for another." "Impossible!" said he jumping from his chair, when his secretary said that something was impossible. "Never name to me again that blockhead of a word."

Yet statesmen whose influence abides during many years, exercise their power largely because it stands for that of a vast multitude behind them. When Grant was in Hamburg, he voiced this thought, when some one spoke of his having saved our country. "I must dissent," he replied. "Could our country be saved or ruined by one man, we should not now have a country; if I had never held command, or if all our generals had fallen, there were ten thousand behind us who would have done our work. What saved the Union was the coming forward of our young men. So long as our young men are animated by this spirit there'll be no fear for the Union." It is the vast reserve corps of patri-





otism and capacity for service, the man ready to take his stand behind the gun, that makes a nation safe in the hour of peril.

Let the ocean stand as your ideal of strength; even when "calm," as men say, it is heaving its waters in resistless might.

I have read that in a certain city a bridge was to be built across a river. To secure a solid foundation, piles were driven in the bed of the river. "One day," says Dr. Vance, "they could make no headway, and on examination, found that they had struck an old, forgotten, unused water main left in the river-bed. But one thing was to be done. The main must come out. Encircling the main with immense cables, they harnessed them to a locomotive, on an improvised track. The engineer opened the throttle, and the engine started forward, only to be thrown back on the track by the cables. More steam was turned on, and the mighty locomotive rushed forward with tremendous power, only to rebound again. It was useless, the engineer said; another effort would derail the engine. Tugboats were brought, and the cables were harnessed to them. Then the tugs did their best. They pulled, and plunged, and churned the river into foam, but the main was unmoved.

" 'We shall have to give it up,' said the workmen.

" 'The location of the bridge will have to be changed,' said the city authorities. But a quiet man came thither one day, and, after looking on awhile, said: 'I can lift it out.' At once the contract was his. He brought two old mud scows, and let them rest just above the stubborn main. The cables were tightly lashed to huge beams laid from one scow to the other. 'What are you going to do?' people asked. 'I have finished,' was the quiet reply. He then climbed upon the bank, and folding his arms, waited for the tide to come in. The scows rocked and tossed. Then there was a mighty upheaval that shook the river from bank to bank; and the tide had the victory."

He indeed is wise who prepares in youth for the incalculable emergencies of manhood by accumulating power with which to meet them:— if he does, he will conquer; if not, he will fail at a critical moment. It is astonishing how many young people, who are extremely anxious to succeed, start in life by throwing away the capital which should bring them a rich future. Each normal human being has, at the beginning of his active career, a definite amount of capital in brain power, in nerve force, in physical endurance, and in character possibilities. These are the most precious legacies which can come to one. To squander this capital, upon which all one's future depends, is a short-sighted policy indeed. What, for instance, can compensate for the loss, or even the waste, of health-capital? We are shocked when a young man dissipates, in riotous living, a fortune left to him; yet at the same time, we may be throwing away capital more precious, by denying ourselves the sleep

which restores and freshens all of our powers, by wasting our time-capital, or by letting golden opportunities slip through our fingers unused,—worse than wasted.

What can be more disastrous than wasting the most precious factor of success,—character,—flinging away the very jewel of the soul, and then expecting to succeed?

Plenty of sleep, healthful recreation, the sweet influence of friends, and opportunity to do some good in the world, add much to the capital essential to the highest success. They help the brain power, the nerve force. They make life pleasant and worth living, and old age rich and beautiful.

“Fill up the cask! fill up the cask! fill up the cask! and then, if you tap it anywhere, you will get a good stream; but, if you put in but little, it will dribble, dribble, dribble, and you must tap, tap, tap, and then you will get but a small stream, after all.”

This was the advice given by Dr. Bellamy to a young clergyman who had asked him how he should set about preparing his sermons. No more excellent advice, none more applicable to young men generally, no matter what their station, profession, or occupation, could be given.

The cause of innumerable failures may be traced to the lack of reserve power. The majority of young men are satisfied with a half or quarter filled cask, which barely suffices to meet the ordinary demands of every day, and which is utterly insufficient for any extraordinary demand. They literally fulfill the scriptural injunction,—“Take no thought for the morrow,”—which was intended to emphasize the lesson of faith and to condemn the foolish habit of worry,—but they forget the parable of the foolish virgins who neglected to fill their lamps and were not prepared to meet the bridegroom. Preparation must come first; and then, indeed, there need be no fretting, “no thought for the morrow.” “If I were twenty, and had but ten years to live,” said a great scholar and writer, “I would spend the first nine years accumulating knowledge and getting ready for the tenth.”

Reserve power is a success-motor. It cannot be stored up in a day, or a week, or a month, or a year. It is no special gift or talent. But every one, not unusually handicapped, can acquire it. It cannot be purchased with dollars and cents, but is acquired only by years of patient, steady acquisition.

T. Starr King said that the great trees of California gave him his first impression of the power of reserve. “It was the thought of the reserve energies that had been compacted into them,” he said, “that stirred me. The mountains had given them their iron and rich stimulants, the hills had given them their soil, the clouds had given their rain



and snow, and a thousand summers and winters had poured forth their treasures about their vast roots."

No young man can hope to do anything above the commonplace, who has not made his life a reservoir of power on which he can constantly draw, which will never fail him in any emergency. It is only the man of great reserve, the man who has converted his knowledge into power, who will make his mark in the world. The very skill which enables a surgeon to save a life, in an hour of supreme crisis, has been purchased by years of preparation, of stern discipline.

Webster's name would never have gone down in history as the intellectual giant of his age had he on each occasion depended upon his natural genius. He was always storing up power for future use. Nothing, however insignificant, was overlooked that might strengthen his reserve.

When he made one of the greatest speeches in history, none of his associates saw any marked opportunity for fame. The debate had dragged heavily for days. Hayne had made a brilliant, and, as he thought, unanswerable speech. Webster had no time to prepare a reply, no time to read history to refresh his memory, to consult records, authorities, or friends. There he stood, alone, at a turning point in history, fully realizing that he must stand or fall on his reserve. How much depended then on what he had stored up during all his previous life! The eyes of a nation were upon him. Would he be equal to the occasion? His friends were anxious, his enemies jubilant over Hayne's apparent victory. But the great giant, conscious of a mighty reserve, rose to the occasion, calm and unruffled as a summer sea. It was one of the grandest spectacles in all our history. Serene, self-confident, reposeful, Webster towered above his fellows, one of the most striking illustrations of mental reserve the world has seen. "I felt," said he, "as if everything I had ever seen, or read, or heard, was floating before me in one grand panorama, and I had little else to do than to reach up and cull a thunderbolt and hurl it at him [Hayne]."

"The preparation for my reply to Hayne," said he, "was made upon the occasion of Mr. Foote's resolution to sell the public lands. Some years before that, a senator from Alabama introduced a resolution into the Senate proposing to cede the public domains to the states in which they were situated. It struck me at that time as being so unfair and improper that I immediately prepared an article to resist it. My argument embraced the whole history of the public lands and the government's action in regard to them. Then there was another question involved in the Hayne debate. It was as to the right and practice of petition. Mr. Calhoun denied the right of petition on the subject of slavery. Calhoun's doctrine seemed to be accepted, and I made preparation to answer

his proposition. It so happened that the debate did not take place. I had my notes tucked away in a pigeonhole, and when Hayne made that attack upon me and upon New England, I was already posted, and only had to take down my notes, and refresh my memory. In other words, if he had tried to make a speech to fit my notes, he would not have hit it better. No man is inspired by the occasion. I never was."

The consciousness of power, of hidden resource, will stamp itself upon your character, will communicate itself to those about you, and inspire confidence in your ability. The measure of your reserve alone will limit your capacity for success.

Many a worthy man has been forced to the wall, simply because he lacked the power, born of confidence and obtained by preparation, that would carry him through a crisis. More than one well-established business house has gone down because there was not sufficient reserve back of it to carry it through a great emergency.

If you would succeed in your calling, look to your reserve. Be sure that you have stored away, in your power-house, the energy, the knowledge, that will be equal to the great occasion when it comes. Reserve gives confidence, that consciousness of power that is more than half of victory.

What would you think of the competency and the ultimate success of a general, who, instead of organizing a sufficient force at the outset, should depend on forming his reserve corps from such men as he might happen to impress when on his march toward a battle-field?

"Occasion," said Garfield, "may be the bugle-call that summons an army to battle; but the blast of a bugle can never make soldiers or win victories."

"It appears to me," said Rear-admiral Hamilton of the British navy, referring to Farragut's prompt order for the fleet to move on in spite of the torpedoes that had just sunk the "Tecumseh" in Mobile Bay, "that a disastrous defeat was converted into victory, in so unexpected a contingency, by the quickness of eye and power of rapid decision Farragut possessed; which saw at a glance the only escape from the dilemma in which the fleet was placed, and which can only be acquired by a thorough, practical knowledge in the management of fleets and for want of which no amount of theoretical knowledge, however desirable in many respects, can make up in the moment of difficulty." The knowledge and skill and character acquired in a lifetime of faithful performance of duty constituted a reserve fund upon which Farragut drew heavily, but not in vain, when his opportunity came.

It will never do to live from hand to mouth upon life's mercy, if you expect ever to get anywhere. Abundant skill, abundant stores of knowledge, must be acquired at the start.



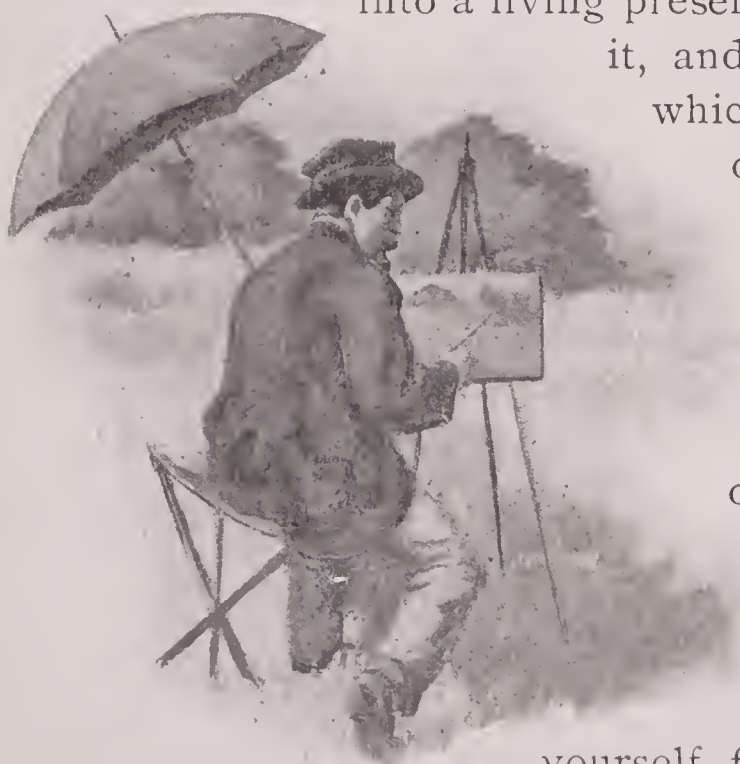
"It is marvelous, Monsieur le Président," said the Paris correspondent of the London "Times," to Thiers, "how you deliver long, improvised speeches about which you have not had time to reflect." "You are not paying me a compliment," replied the president of the French republic; "it is criminal in a statesman to improvise speeches on public affairs. The speeches you call improvised — why, for fifty years I have been rising at five o'clock to prepare them."

The great business of the first part of every successful life is storing power. The true aim of all discipline, the real meaning of the drudgery of the dreary years spent in poring over books, of listening to lectures, of note-taking, of all the dry details of study, is to fill the mental reservoir for future use. It is the accumulation of force which will enable one in future years to bridge over, without exhaustion, a great panic, an unexpected emergency; to save life in some critical surgical operation or epidemic; to meet some exigency; to pass scathless through some great commercial crisis.

The great aim of life should be the acquisition of power, the storing up of a mental and moral reserve.

"We marvel at the skill which enables a great artist to take a little color that lies inert upon his palette and presently to so 'transfigure it into a living presence' that our hearts throb faster only to look upon it, and there come upon the soul all those influences which one feels beneath the shadow of the Jungfrau or the Matterhorn, or amid the awful solitude of Mont Blanc. But back of that apparent ease and skill are the years of struggle and effort and application which have conferred the envied power."

"If I only had a good position, or was sure of finding one when through with my course," we often hear young men say, "I would go to school and prepare myself for it." Foolish youth! Do you expect business men to wait when a position is vacant while you prepare yourself for it? As well might you go hunting without gun or ammunition, and expect deer to stand still for you to return and get your gun, which you would have taken with you if you had been sure you would see any game. Carry your rifle, if you wish to secure game; and qualify yourself, if you desire to succeed in business. Thoroughly competent men have always been in demand, and must be in the future more than in the past. If you want a situation, prepare for it; and then, if one presents itself, you are in a place where you can take it.



## RIGHT ON TIME

"ONE to-day is worth two to-morrows."

THERE is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

—SHAKESPEARE.

PUNCTUALITY is the stern virtue of men of business, and the graceful courtesy of princes.

—BULWER.

KNOW the value of time; snatch, seize, and enjoy every moment of it. Let there be no idleness, no laziness, no procrastination: never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.

—LORD CHESTERFIELD.

"THE man who procrastinates, struggles ever with ruin."

"TIME and tide wait for no man."

"BE WISE! The tide is at its height,  
Which now may waft thee to the wished-for shore."

OF THE "dangerous ends" that wait upon "delays," whole volumes might be written. A brakeman fails to signal an oncoming train; a courier, bearing a reprieve, dallies at the inn, carousing with his boon companions, until the life of the poor fellow, which he held in his hands, is the forfeit paid.

"A delay of two minutes in reaching the Union Station, at Denver, caused the death of H. R. Matthews in the Rio Grande wreck near Salida," says a daily paper. "Had Matthews reached the station but two minutes earlier, he would now be living. He had made arrangements to go to Alamosa Sunday night, on the broad-gauge train, but arrived at the gate of the Union Station just as the broad-gauge train was pulling out of the yard. Seeing that he could not catch the train, he stopped and talked with the gateman, James O'Neil, for a few minutes.

" 'Well, I missed her,' said the genial traveling agent. 'Now I'll have to wait for the narrow-gauge and go around. But it can't be helped.' At noon yesterday the body of the popular traveling agent was brought back, cut, bruised, and cold in death. The delay of two minutes cost him his life."

How slight and trivial the circumstance! Two seemingly insignificant moments,—yet bearing upon their viewless wings a human destiny! Men saw that familiar train pull out of the station as it had done a hundred times before. The engineer was in his cab, as usual; each man was at his post, and all was apparently secure, but Death sat at the throttle and



no eye beheld him. Alas, the pity of it! Two paltry moments, yet holding in their hands the difference between life and death! What a commentary on the value of time! Great generals have realized the importance of being on time. Washington was never late. On one occasion his secretary was five minutes late. Washington told him he would have to get another watch, or he would get another secretary. Being late in business has lost many a position for a boy otherwise deserving. Tardiness is costly. It has lost battles, has dwarfed nations, has foiled undertakings. He who would be successful must be punctual.

Cyrus W. Field said that he considered half of his success in life due to punctuality. He was always at his office at the very minute each morning, and if he made an appointment to talk business to a man, he never failed to keep it.

"I have made thousands upon thousands of dollars by being on hand at the right moment," he said, "and I consider punctuality as strong a point in a business man's favor as — well, it is second only to honesty."

Never break or delay to fulfill a promise to pay a business debt. Money in business is like a chain,—one circle links into the other; your payment may save another's business from downfall, or your delay may drag others into ruin.



A leading firm had long struggled against bankruptcy. It had large sums of money in California, and expected remittances by a certain day. If they arrived, its credit, its honor, and its future prosperity would be preserved. But week after week elapsed without bringing the gold. At last came the fatal day on which the firm had bills maturing to large amounts. No funds arrived and the house failed. The next arrival of the California steamer brought nearly half a million dollars to the insolvents, but it was too late; they were ruined because their agent, in remitting, had been behind time.

When your employer understands that you are faithful in getting to work at the appointed time, he will have more confidence in you, and your chances of promotion will be far better than those of the boy who sneaks in a half hour late, each morning, with some poor excuse for his tardiness.

"Procrastination is the thief of time," we are told. But it steals more than time. It robs us of peace of mind, of happiness, of our possibilities, even. We fondly think we can do, or leave undone; can seize to-day, or postpone till to-morrow, the circumstance which invites and is full of promise. The morrow comes, but it is not the same. The variation is slight, but permanent. "You cannot bathe twice in the same river," said Heraclitus.

"Punctuality is a grace to be practised by every honest man. The loss to the world occasioned by those who are always behindhand is an enormous drain.

"A man has no more right to steal my time than my money. If you feel that common honesty compels you to regard my claim on dollars and cents, why not let common honesty force you to recognize my title to time? If 'time is money,' the fairness of this proposition is enhanced. If you will not rob me of my money, neither should you rob me of my time.

"That which is habitual is always easy. To render an act easy requires that it be habitually performed. When we have repeatedly ignored the swiftly passing moments, and allowed the time of an engagement to pass before we meet it, the habit of tardiness is soon formed, and we find it far easier to be late than to be 'on time.'

"Reversing the action, if one will only be careful to watch the passage of time, and in a series of instances meet engagements punctually, soon a habit of punctuality will be formed, and to be 'on time' will become second nature.

"The boy who at home was allowed lazily to select his own hour for rising and taking his morning meal, will soon find himself responding promptly to the reveille bell in a military school. Even after quick response has become second nature, the cadet can soon sleep through the warning bell if, for a few mornings, he ignores the call to ranks. Thus is easily demonstrated the power of habit in responding promptly to calls made upon us. Fortunate indeed is it for humanity that tardiness can be overcome, and that punctuality can be enthroned in its stead. Since this can be done, it should be done."

The great danger lies in irresolution. This paralyzes effort, and weak effort is a sure guaranty of the non-accomplishment of anything important. We hesitate to-day. All is not just as we would have it. To-morrow will surely bring our object nearer. But to-morrow it is farther away than ever before. Yesterday it was easily within our grasp; now it is virtually within the realm of the impossible. Seneca truly said: "We let go the present, which we have in our power, and look forward to that which depends upon chance,—and so quit a certainty for an uncertainty." Punctuality is a *power*. Let us win that power. This is the busiest of ages. Not a moment can be lost. Friction and annoyance are certain to result if men, women, and children do not systematize their work, and, having a time for every duty, do it in that time.

The successful men in every calling have had a keen sense of the value of time. They have been misers of minutes. Nelson attributed all his success in life to having been a quarter of an hour before his



time. Napoleon studied his watch as closely as he studied the maps of battle-fields. His victories were not won by consummate strategy merely, but by impressing his subordinates with the necessity of punctuality to the minute.

"At the battle of Montebello," said he, "I ordered Kellermann to attack with eight hundred horse, and with these he separated the six thousand Hungarian grenadiers before the very eyes of the Austrian cavalry. This cavalry was half a league off, and required a quarter of an hour to arrive on the field of action; and I have observed that it is always these quarters of an hour that decide the fate of a battle."

"Now, sir," said Napoleon to an officer, in the midst of vast general preparations, "use dispatch. Remember that the world was created in but six days. Ask me for whatever you please, except *time*; that is the only thing which is beyond my power."

At the battle of Rivoli, the day seemed on the point of being decided against him. He saw the critical state of affairs, and instantly formed his resolution. He dispatched a flag to the Austrian headquarters, with proposals for an armistice. Napoleon seized the precious moments, and while amusing the enemy with mock negotiations, rearranged his line of battle, changed his front, and, in a few moments, was ready to renounce the farce of discussion for the stern arbitrament of arms. The splendid victory of Rivoli was the result.

Had all of his generals been as thoroughly imbued with this grand characteristic as himself, Waterloo might have been won. The great battle was raging. For eight hours, column after column had been precipitated on the enemy, posted on the ridge of a hill. The sun was sinking in the west. Reinforcements for the obstinate defenders were already in sight. It was necessary to carry the position with one final charge or all would be lost. A powerful corps had been summoned from across the country. If it came in season all would be well. The great conqueror, confident of its arrival, formed his reserves into an attacking column, and ordered them to charge the enemy. *But Grouchy failed to appear.* The whole world knows the result. The Imperial Guard was beaten back, and Waterloo was lost! Napoleon died a prisoner at St. Helena because one of his marshals was behind time.

In marked contrast to the striking promptness of the First Napoleon, was the opposite trait manifested by the late Prince Napoleon, son of Napoleon Third and the beautiful Eugenie. He had joined the English army, and was one day at the head of a squad, riding on horseback, outside the camp. It was a dangerous situation. One of the company said: "We would better return. If we don't hasten, we may fall into the hands of the enemy." "Oh," said the prince, "let us stay here ten minutes and drink our coffee." Before the ten minutes had passed, the

Zulus came upon them, and in the skirmish the prince lost his life. His mother, when informed of the fact, in her anguish, said: "That was his great mistake from his babyhood. He never wanted to go to bed at night in time, nor to rise in the morning. He was ever pleading for ten minutes more. When too sleepy to speak, he would lift up his little hands, and spread out his ten fingers indicating that he wanted ten minutes more. On this account I sometimes called him 'Mr. Ten Minutes.'"

Louis XIV. once sent a French envoy to the court of Peter the Great. The Frenchman, who was a dandy of the first rose-water, having announced his arrival at the palace, was informed that the czar would receive him at an early hour on the following morning. Unable to take the message seriously, the Frenchman presented himself in full court costume nearly two hours after the appointed time, to learn to his dismay that the czar had left the palace, and to be requested to follow him to the admiralty dockyard whither he had gone. When he arrived at the dockyard, the astonished Frenchman discerned the czar with his coat off and his shirt-sleeves rolled up, working like a common shipwright on the main top-gallant yard-arm of a ship which was in the course of building. After reprimanding the Frenchman for his want of punctuality, the czar insisted upon his climbing the ship's ladder to consult him, and the Frenchman, unaccustomed to the manners and customs of Russian diplomacy, had in a very unexpected manner to risk his life, and more than risk his clothes, in the czar's service. The contrast between the burly emperor in his working garments and the perfumed courtier, "tarred" if not "feathered," sitting on the yard-arm and discussing international politics, was a fitting illustration of the contrast presented by the two empires they represented at the time.

Queen Victoria was the soul of punctuality. She kept her appointments to the minute, and expected her subjects to do the same. If a guest was ever late, he was sentenced to perpetual banishment from the royal presence. No matter what his rank or influence, he never received another invitation to the castle, and therefore the attendants were in the habit of admonishing guests as to the necessity of being dressed in time. They were allowed fully two hours after their arrival, and had no excuse for tardiness.

One of her ladies-in-waiting, having been late twice when the queen was going to drive, found on the third occasion that Victoria stood with her watch in her hand. The lady apologized, fearing she had detained the queen.

"Yes, for quite ten minutes," was the grave reply.

Perceiving that the lady was so abashed that she could not arrange the shawl, which she had put on hurriedly, her queen helped her with



her own hands, saying, "We shall all in time be more perfect, I hope, in our duties."

An artist once solicited permission to paint a portrait of the queen, and the favor was granted. The young man thought his fortune would soon be made by noble patronage. The appointment for the first sitting was made, and the queen was promptly at the place, but the artist was not ready. When he did appear, he was met with a message that her majesty had done her part, but had no more time to waste.

An incident, somewhat similar, in the life of Mrs. Washington, reveals the fact that the foremost lady of our own republican court was possessed of like conscientiousness in this regard. The daughter of Charles Wilson Peale, the famous painter, relates the following:—

"My father had an engagement to paint a miniature of Mrs. Washington, in Philadelphia, the general being then out of town. He was obliged to go to her house, and the appointment for a sitting was arranged at seven o'clock in the morning. My father arrived at the house, and, taking out his watch, he found he was exactly on time. The thought then struck him that possibly it might be early to disturb a lady, and he decided to give ten minutes' grace before knocking at the door. He accordingly walked the pavement, and at the end of ten minutes pulled out his watch and rang the bell. He was ushered into the parlor, and Mrs. Washington, accosting him, drew out her watch and said she had given her orders for the day, had heard her daughter take her lessons on the harpsichord, had read all the morning papers, and, after all this, had been waiting for him ten minutes."

"Childhood is the time for impressing the mind with good principles. The writer of these lines heard, when a child, this statement: 'A promise once given is a bond inviolable,' and through more than a quarter of a century that statement has been ringing in his ears. Parents are under obligation to their children to equip them in all ways possible for success in life. No life can truly be said to succeed when it is chronically off time."

"We naturally come to the conclusion that a person who is careless about time is careless about business, and is not the one to be trusted with the transaction of matters of importance."

During Webster's whole educational career, he was never late,—never out of his place,—never absent from the chapel exercises,—never had an imperfect lesson nor a reprimand, and no mark of disapproval ever stood against his name.

"There is no to-morrow; though before our face the shadow so named stretches, we always fail to overtake it, hasten as we may."

"Our cares are all To-day, our joys are all To-day:

And in one little word, our life, what is it but — To-day?"

Do what you have to do to-day, for to-morrow may be too late. Speak a kind word to-day; put off your unkindness till to-morrow. Bring flowers, sweet flowers, to the living to-day, for the dead of to-morrow will not need them. Bring the help you can to-day, as it may not be needed to-morrow. It is the present time that is life. To-morrow is death. There is a power to-day, which, neglected, becomes a weakness to-morrow. Your friend needs your kindness and care to-day, not to-morrow. If you love any one, let him know it now, and not wait until he is gone and then shed tears over his bier. We need smiles, we need words of cheer, we need words of advice. Give it to-day, to-morrow may never come.

"The regularity with which trains are run on the leading railway lines is remarkable. An express train will stop at station after station exactly on the minute, and from the time-table and watch its location can be determined within a mile. This is a matter of enormous importance to the public. Thousands and millions of people are depending on these trains at countless points in many ways. Business, mails, social affairs, the whole complex web of things is suspended upon these lines. When a train falls behind time, the entire web becomes more or less disarranged and tangled. Hundreds of people are waiting on it, and the loss of time to all its passengers and others depending on it quickly amounts to many months and even years. Thousands of letters are delayed and important business transactions are interfered with or defeated. Freight fails to arrive on time, and financial loss results. The effects of such a delay are not only felt along the main line of the railway, but are also propagated over branch lines and along country roads and through streets of cities and villages, until they ramify through the entire region, and penetrate to every hamlet and house. If the total disarrangements and losses of one case of delay in the running of a train could be summed up, they would appear incredible. Promptness, then, in the running of trains is a vital element in the economy of society, and is rightly considered one of the cardinal virtues in railway management.

"Not less vital is this virtue in other lines of service. The employee that is behind time in arriving at his work inflicts a loss upon his employer, and therefore defrauds him of a part of his due. An average tardiness of five minutes each on the part of a hundred employees might wipe out the whole margin between profit and loss."

Factories, shops, stores, banks,—everything opens and closes on the minute. The higher the state of civilization, the more promptly is everything done. In countries without railroads, as in the Orient, everything is behind time. Everybody is indolent and lazy.

"I will take care to be punctual at five to-morrow morning," said the engineer of New London Bridge, in acceptance of the Duke of Welling-



ton's request that he would meet him at that hour the following morning. "Say a quarter before five," replied the duke, with a quiet smile; "I owe all I have achieved to being ready a quarter of an hour before it was deemed necessary to be so; and I learned that lesson when a boy."

"Meet me at the bridge of Kehl, to-morrow morning at six o'clock," said Napoleon to his general officers, September 25, 1805. At five o'clock, before dawn, in a pouring rain, he was at the rendezvous. Immovable as a statue, he sat in his drenched garments, the soaked rim of his hat flapping upon his shoulders. As it grew light, he contemplated the passage of his troops, while his officers, one by one, took their stations near him. At six o'clock he broke the silence. "Gentlemen," said he, "we have gained a grand march upon our enemies. But where is Vandamme?" he added, as he glanced around the group. "Why is he not here? Is he dead?"

"Sire," said General Chardon, "it is possible that General Vandamme is not yet awake. Last evening we drank several glasses of wine together to the health of your majesty, and perhaps——"

"General!" interrupted Napoleon with severity, "you did well to drink to my health yesterday, but to-day Vandamme does wrong to sleep when he knows that I await him."

"I will send an aid to call him," said Chardon.

"Let Vandamme sleep," said Napoleon; "he will awake, perhaps, himself, and then I will speak to him."

Just then the tardy officer appeared, pale, agitated, and embarrassed.

"General," said Napoleon, glancing sharply at him, "it appears that you have forgotten the order which I have issued."

"Sire," said Vandamme, "this is the first time that I have thus offended. I assure you that I was this morning extremely unwell, because——"

"Because," interrupted Napoleon, "last night you were as tipsy as a German. But, lest that calamity should happen to you a second time, you will go to combat under the flag of the king of Würtemberg, that, if possible, you may give the Germans a lesson upon temperance."

Vandamme, in disgrace, joined the army of the king, but he was deeply chagrined, and determined to retrieve his error. During the campaign his feats of desperate daring became the talk of the army.

"General," said Napoleon, meeting him after the surrender of Ulm by the Austrians, "never forget that I honor brave men. But I do not love those who sleep while I am waiting. Let us say no more about it."

It was a severe lesson, but its mastery made Vandamme a great marshal.

Of the minor causes of failure, perhaps the chief is want of punctuality. A young man was told to present himself before the directors of a certain

company at 12 o'clock. He arrived five minutes after the hour, and was informed by one of the directors that he need not wait, as they would never think of employing a man who was an hour late in keeping his engagements. The young man protested that it was only five minutes after the appointed time. "True," was the reply; "but there are twelve of us, and five times twelve are sixty, and sixty minutes are an hour."

It once happened that a New York business man, who always walked to his office, desired a bootblack to meet him every morning on a certain corner, at a quarter of nine o'clock. Several were tried, who proved to be more or less careless of minutes in keeping this engagement, before one was found who was on hand exactly at the appointed time every day for a month. At the end of that period, the gentleman offered his prompt bootblack a place as office boy at a salary of three dollars per week. The lad accepted this offer, and is now a rising young clerk, with certain success ahead of him if he continues to live up to his reputation for promptness. While he was still a bootblack, he had invested one dollar in a watch which he compared every day with a standard in a jeweler's window, and which he regarded as a most important item of his business equipment.

Merchants and bankers extend credit in proportion to their confidence in their customer's integrity; therefore pay bills promptly, the delay of a day may weaken your credit.

It is the ready man, who is quick to see his opportunity and grasp it with energy, that wins. The first great battle of the Civil War which gave hope to the North was that of Fort Donelson. Grant had environed the Confederate forces, and the gunboats had made one charge and been repulsed. Grant had directed to attempt nothing else until reënforced by other gunboats. The Confederates made an attack upon the lines and broke through. Grant examined the knapsacks of the few prisoners he took, and found only three days' rations in them. "They are demoralized as well as we," said Grant; "whoever attacks first will win, and they will have to be quick about it if they are going to beat me." The world knows the result. Grant saw his opportunity in the depleted knapsacks of the enemy. He seized it with vigor, and the North began to hope.

Great generals have always realized that a few minutes made all the difference between victory and defeat. This was true of Grant. "I propose to move immediately upon your works," was one of his most memorable and characteristic utterances. We see it, too, in Pompey. It was not necessary for him to live, he said, but it was necessary that he should be at a certain point at a certain hour.

When Alexander was asked how he had conquered the world, he replied, "By never delaying." Each of us should adopt the motto which



Ruskin always had before him, inscribed on a massive piece of chalcedony,  
 "TO-DAY!" "To-day is a king in disguise."

"TO-MORROW, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
 Creeps in this pretty pace, from day to day,  
 To the last syllable of recorded time;  
 And all our yesterday's have lighted fools  
 The way to dusty death." —SHAKESPEARE.

"WRITE it on`your heart that *to-day* is the best day of the year."

NEVER leave that till tomorrow which you can do to-day.  
 —FRANKLIN.

DEFER not till tomorrow to be wise:  
 Tomorrow's sun to thee may never rise.  
 —CONGREVE.

BOAST not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring  
 forth. —PROVERBS.

YET fool'd with hope, men favor the deceit,  
 Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay—  
 To-morrow's falser than the former day.

HAPPY the man, and happy he alone,  
 He who can call to-day his own  
 He who, secure within, can say,  
 To-morrow, do thy worst, for I have lived to-day.  
 —DRYDEN.

## THE OMNIPOTENCE OF LOVE

LOVE rules the court, the camp, the grove,  
And men below and saints above ;  
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

—SCOTT.

“LOVE thyself last, the world shall be made better  
By thee, if this brief motto forms thy creed.  
Go follow it in spirit and in letter ;  
This is the true religion that we need.”

FOUR things a man must learn to do  
If he would make his record true :  
To think without confusion clearly,  
To love his fellow-man sincerely,  
To act from honest motives purely,  
To trust in God and heaven securely.

—HENRY VAN DYKE.

TEACH me to feel another's woe,  
To hide the fault I see ;  
That mercy I to others show,  
That mercy show to me.

—POPE.

WHO gives himself with his alms feeds three :  
Himself, his hungry neighbor and me.

—J. R. LOWELL.

GOODNESS and love mold the form into their image, and cause the joy and beauty of love to shine forth from every part of the face. —SWEDENBORG.

LIGHT guides, but love moves. Love is the motor which carries mankind onward. The education of the social nature consists in changing selfish affections into generous affections, blind feelings into intelligent attachments, and the passive emotions of sympathy into the active love of benevolence.

—JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

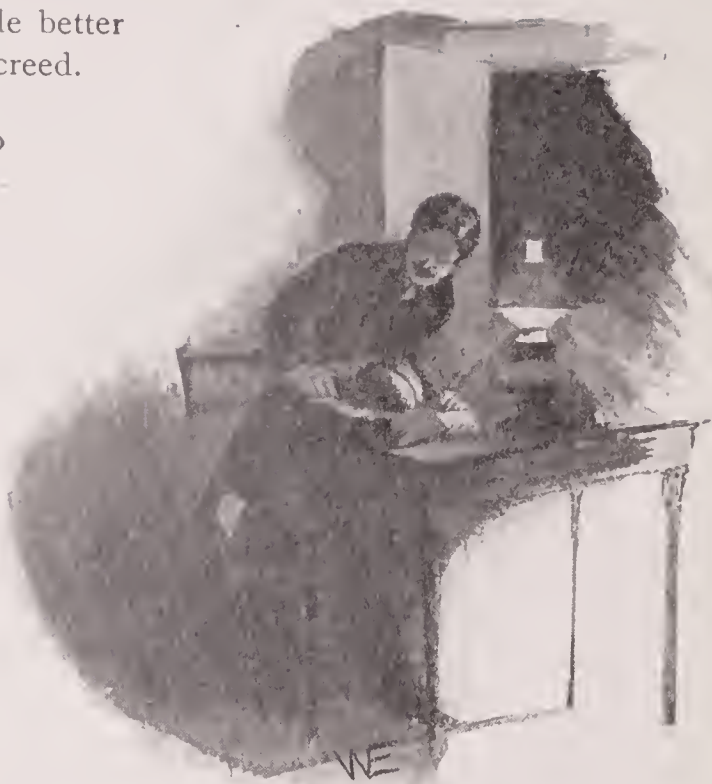
OUR lives, they are well worth the living  
When we lose our small selves in the whole,  
And feel the strong surges of being  
Throb through us, one heart and one soul.  
Eternity bears up each honest endeavor ;  
The life lost for love is a life saved forever.

—LUCY LARCOM.

“**A** NEW commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you that ye also love one another.”

Nineteen hundred years ago, this imperative command of Christ was given to His disciples; and its fulfilment was to be the proof of their discipleship: for He added,—“By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.”

Call it by what name you will,—charity, benevolence, philanthropy, unselfishness, brotherhood of man,—it does not alter the fact that it is





love — of which all these are varying expressions, that accomplishes the greatest work of the world,—the work that raises man to his highest estate, and removes him from kinship with the lower animals.

Science has accomplished marvels, has disclosed to our wondering eyes a new heaven and a new earth, has harnessed the forces of nature in obedience to man's will, has tunneled mountains, diverted the courses of rivers, and annihilated distance, has brought continents, thousands of miles apart, and separated by mighty oceans, into daily communication. But it is love, with its purifying, elevating influence, that has laid its touch on man's heart, and bade him, in the midst of the triumphant march of progress witnessed by the nineteenth century, hold out his hand across the world to the poor, the sick, the sorrowing, the suffering of every race, in every clime; to lift them up to participation in the advantages with which advancing science and the growing intelligence of mankind have blessed the world.

Love has struck the shackles from the hands of the slave, has erected hospitals and asylums for the unfortunate, has established free schools for the education of the poor, so that they may gain that knowledge which will enable them to reach out toward the higher things of life, to ascend in the scale of humanity. It is love that is seeking to educate man beyond the necessity of reform schools and penal institutions. It is slowly, very slowly, but still surely, opening the eyes of the world to the fact that war is homicide; that hatred, malignity, and strife, whether between man and man or between nation and nation, are destructive to progress, and inimical to the best interests of the individual and of the race. Love shows that, even from the low standpoint of material interests, peace between nations is better than war; that a friendly rivalry, in the spirit of good-will, will accomplish more than force in developing mutual good. It is the supreme architect, the great builder, whose structure neither winds nor waves can destroy.

Do you wish to rear a beautiful palace out of the materials God has given to you to build the fabric of your life? Then make Love your architect.

"And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three," wrote St. Paul; "but the greatest of these is love." The perfect character is based upon love,—love to God, and love to one's neighbor. This is the fulfilling of the law, the attainment of the successful life.

"The spectrum of love has seven ingredients," says Henry Drummond, in his analysis of love according to St. Paul; "patience, kindness, generosity, humility, courtesy, unselfishness, sincerity,—these make up the supreme gift, the stature of the perfect man. You will observe that all are in relation to men, in relation to life, in relation to the known to-day and the near to-morrow, and not to the unknown eternity. We hear

much of love to God; Christ spoke much of love to man. We make a great deal of peace with heaven; Christ made much of peace on earth.

“‘The greatest thing a man can do for his heavenly Father,’ it has been said, ‘is to be kind to some of his other children.’ I wonder why it is that we are not all kinder than we are? How much the world needs it. How easily it is done. How instantaneously it acts. How infallibly it is remembered. How superabundantly it pays itself back—for there is no debtor in the world so honorable, so superbly honorable as love. ‘Love never faileth.’ Love is success, love is happiness, love is life. ‘Love,’ I say with Browning, ‘is energy of life.’ . . .

“You will find as you look back upon your life, that the moments that stand out, the moments when you have really lived, are those in which you have done things in the spirit of love. As memory scans the past, above and beyond all the transitory pleasure of life, there leap forward those supreme hours when you have been able to do unnoticed kindnesses to those around you; things too trifling to speak about, but which you feel have entered into your eternal life. I have seen almost all the beautiful things God has made; I have enjoyed almost every pleasure that He has planned for man; and yet, as I look back, I see standing ‘above all the life that has gone four or five short experiences when the love of God reflected itself in some poor imitation, some small act of love of mine; and these seem to be the things which alone of all one’s life abide. Every other good is visionary. But the acts of love which no man knows about, or can ever know about,—they never fail”

Over Lord Shaftesbury’s body in Westminster Abbey are carved those beautiful words,—an epitaph and a biography,—“Love; Service.” Not because of his noble ancestry, his wealth, and high rank among his peers, his intellect and statesman-like gifts, does this man hold an assured place in the hearts of his countrymen; no, what endears him to all ranks is that unselfish love which prompted him to give his life to the service of his fellow-man.

“In the heart of Africa, among the great lakes,” says Drummond, “I have come across black men and women who remembered the only white man they ever saw before,—David Livingstone; and, as you cross his footsteps in that dark continent, men’s faces light up as they speak of the kind doctor who passed there years ago. They could not understand him; but they felt the love that beat in his heart.”

“Did you really intend to brave the terrors of the ocean in so frail a skiff?” asked Napoleon of a young English sailor who had escaped from captivity in the interior of France, reached the coast near Boulogne, and constructed a little boat of the branches and bark of trees, in which he



was about to venture upon the stormy English Channel, hoping to be picked up by some British cruiser.

"If you will but grant me permission," said the youth, "I will embark immediately."

"You must doubtless, then, have some sweetheart to revisit, since you are so desirous to return to your country."

"I wish," said the sailor, "to see my mother. She is aged, poor, and infirm."

"You shall see her!" exclaimed Napoleon, energetically, "and present to her from me this purse of gold. She must be no common mother who can have trained up so affectionate and dutiful a son." Soon afterward, he sent the young man in a French cruiser, under a flag of truce, to a British vessel.

Love is the golden key wherewith all hearts are opened. It is the magic door through which we must pass to success in work and life. Into everything you do you must put this mighty, vivifying force, or you will not succeed on the highest plane. You may go into the slums of a large city, or out into the highways and byways, through a sense of duty, or because you are a church member, and do not wish to appear behind others, or for some other reason, to relieve the necessities of the poor, to instruct the ignorant and lead them to a knowledge of better things; but if you do not love the work, do not love the people you are trying to help, your efforts will be futile. "We love them first," said a member of the Salvation Army in answer to one who had asked as to what their initial step was in endeavoring to reclaim the poor outcasts whom they rescue from the streets. This is the secret of the marvelous growth of the Salvation Army.

Whatever your occupation or profession, wherever your lot be cast, if you bring not love into it, life will be a dreary, hopeless failure. The truly successful teacher, for instance, is not the one who works for salary only, who maintains discipline by fear, and compels her pupils to study because they are afraid of the punishment that will be meted out if they do not. Teaching children cold, mechanical facts about grammar, geography, physiology, and arithmetic, is apt to become a weariness to the teacher and drudgery to the pupils, if love does not form one of the ingredients of the work. To be sure, in the crowded condition of our public schools, there is little chance for a teacher to study her pupils individually, but the one who is anxious for their highest welfare, whose heart is in what she is doing, will try, in a general way, at least, to reach the higher springs of the lives she is so largely helping to mold. Love multiplies power; it is intuitive and has a way of reaching down to the heart of things impossible to the soul not guided by it. The clergyman who would succeed must be controlled by the desire to make men better;

he must love, or he will never uplift them. A truly successful lawyer must not only love the law, but he must love truth and justice more; he must be concerned more for the interest of his client than for his fee or the reputation he hopes to win.

"When I was in the law school at Yale," says Rev. Russell H. Conwell, "there was one poor young fellow there. A ragged boy he was; I loved that boy, though I had but little association with him. But I loved him because he was ragged and poor, and I would not be surprised if he loved me for the same reason. Many years have passed since then. While he was in the law school he was determined to be a judge. That was his fixed purpose. His father was opposed to it, and would not permit him to take from home anything but the clothes he wore. He worked and laid up a few dollars. He worked out of hours to secure his education. As he could not attend all the classes on account of his work, his friends in the college would help him. They would take notes of lectures and read them to him.

"He loved the law. He was fascinated with the idea of being a lawyer. He loved justice, he loved truth. When people saw his determination, they would say, 'He will succeed.' Now he goes his way into one of the highest places of the land. He has won it not because he had any one to help him, but because his love for the work was strong enough to win it."

The spirit which actuated this poor ragged boy,—love of the work, and longing for truth and justice, with an unselfish desire to be a helper in the gathering movement toward community of interests or the brotherhood of man, are the surest means to win success in any career. It matters not whether you elect to be a scientist or a lecturer, a physician or a shipbuilder, a farmer or a mechanic, a teacher or a nurse, in no other spirit can you give to the world the best of which you are capable. If you have no other object than the advancement of your own interests, then will you miss the true joy of life.

"You talk of self as the motive to exertion," says J. G. Whyte Melville; "I tell you it is the abnegation of self which has wrought out all that is noble, all that is good, all that is useful, and nearly all that is ornamental in the world."

What led Florence Nightingale to give up her luxurious home, her loving friends, all that conduces to personal comfort and happiness, to risk health and life on the battle-field and in the cholera-stricken camps of the Crimea? This was in substance the cry that reached her in her sheltered retreat, and that would not let her rest until she brought relief to the sufferers:—

"It is now pouring rain," wrote William Howard Russell from the English camp at the Crimea; "the skies are black as ink; the wind is howl-



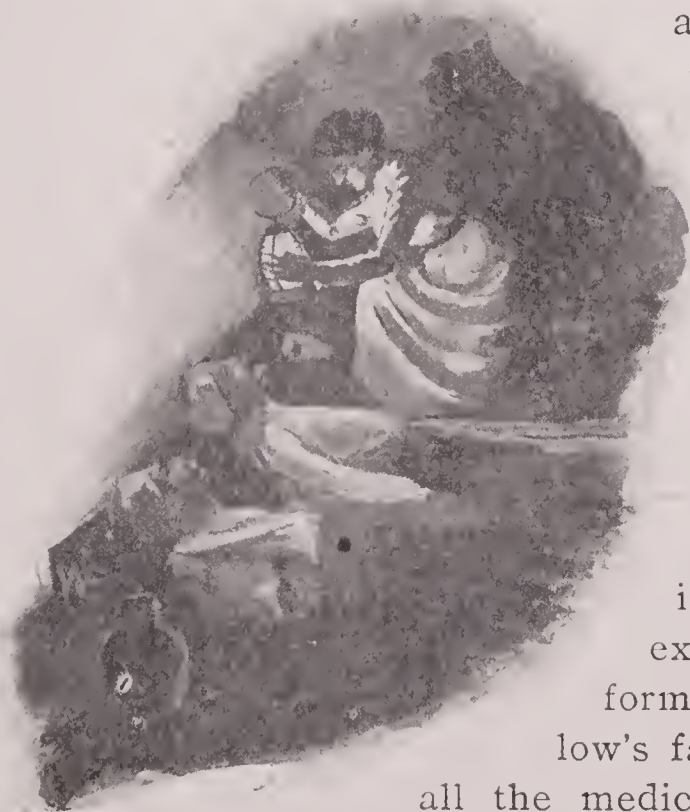
ing over the staggering tents; the trenches are turned into dikes; in the tents the water is sometimes a foot deep; our men have neither warm nor waterproof clothing; they are out for twelve hours at a time in the trenches; they are plunged into the inevitable miseries of a winter campaign,—and not a soul seems to care for their comfort, or even for their lives. These are hard truths, but the people of England must hear them. They must know that the wretched beggar who wanders about the streets of London in the rain leads the life of a prince, compared with the British soldiers who are fighting out here for their country. The commonest accessories of a hospital are wanting; there is not the least attention paid to decency or cleanliness. The fetid air can barely struggle out to taint the atmosphere, save through the chinks in the walls and roofs; and, for all I can observe, these men die without the least effort being made to save them. The sick appear to be tended by the sick, and the dying by the dying.” The winter of 1854 brought snow three feet deep on a level, and many were frozen in their tents. Of an army of forty-five thousand, over eighteen thousand were in the hospitals, with a death rate of sixty per cent in the “Great Barrack.”

With the advent of the “Angel of the Crimea,” all this was changed. Arrangements were at once made for draining the camp; a laundry, an invalid’s kitchen, and a course of entertaining lectures for convalescents were established, while Miss Nightingale and the band of devoted nurses who accompanied her gave their personal attention to the stricken soldiers. Out of chaos issued order, the camp rose from despair to hope, and within the comparatively short space of a year and a half the changed conditions had reduced the death rate to a little over one per cent.

A correspondent of the London “Times,” in an appreciative article on the work accomplished by Miss Nightingale, wrote:—

“Wherever there is disease in its most dangerous form, and the hand of the spoiler most distressingly nigh, there is that incomparable woman sure to be seen; her benignant presence is an influence for good comfort even amid the struggles of expiring nature. She is a ‘ministering angel,’ without any exaggeration, in these hospitals, and, as her slender form glides quietly along each corridor, every poor fellow’s face softens with gratitude at the sight of her. When

all the medical officers have retired for the night, and silence and darkness have settled down upon these miles of prostrate sick, she may be observed, alone, with a little lamp in her hand, making her solitary rounds.”



"She would speak to one and another," a soldier wrote home, "and nod and smile to many more; but she could not do it to all, you know, for we lay there by hundreds; but we could kiss her shadow as it fell, and lay our heads on our pillows again content."

What the vast resources of the British army had failed to do, the tender love and pity of one frail woman had accomplished.

Love is magnanimous, and knows no fear.

At the battle of Fredericksburg, hundreds of Union soldiers lay wounded on the field a whole day and a night; the agonizing cries for water among the wounded were answered only by the roar of the guns. At length a Southern soldier who could not endure these piteous cries any longer begged his general to let him carry water to the suffering. The general told him it would be instant death to appear upon the field, but the cries of the unfortunates drowned the roar of the guns to him, at least, and with a supply of water he rushed out among the wounded and dying on his errand of mercy. Wondering eyes from both armies watched the brave fellow as, heedless of guns, he passed from soldier to soldier, gently raising their heads and placing the cooling cup to their parched lips. The Union soldiers were so deeply impressed by the action of this boy in gray, risking his life for his enemies' sake, that they ceased firing for an hour and a half, as did the Confederates. During this whole time the boy in gray went over the entire battle-field, giving drink to the thirsty, straightening cramped and mangled limbs, putting knapsacks under the heads of sufferers, and spreading coats and blankets over them as tenderly as if they had been his own comrades.

"Before the birth of love," said Socrates, "many fearful things took place through the empire of necessity; but when this god was born all things arose to men."

It is because love is yet in its infancy that so many "fearful things" continue to take place in the world. It is because mankind is still in its childhood, the childhood of fear, of anger, of hatred, of restlessness, of selfishness and egotism, that men are base enough to trade upon the necessities of their brothers, to traffic in human flesh and blood that they may pile up money which they cannot use. Men speak evil, one against another, because they have not yet learned what love is. The law of love is service, but the chief aim of the self-seeker, the avaricious, is to be ministered unto rather than to minister. If the meaning of love were understood, there would be no wars, no hatred, no ill will, no desire to outreach others; all base passions would shrink abashed before this divine power.

"Love is the fulfilling of the law." How else can we interpret this than that love to God and man embraces all the divine commands?



Henry Drummond, in his incomparable lecture, "The Greatest Thing in the World," says in regard to this:—

"If you love, you will unconsciously fulfill the whole law. You can readily see for yourselves how that must be so. Take any of the commandments. 'Thou shalt have no other gods before Me.' If a man love God, you will not require to tell him that. Love is the fulfilling of the law. 'Take not His name in vain.' Would one ever dream of taking His name in vain if he loved Him? 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.' Would he not be glad to have one day in seven to devote more exclusively to the object of his affection? Love would fulfill all these laws regarding God. And so, if one loved Man, you would never think of telling him to honor his father and mother. He could not do anything else. It would be preposterous to tell him not to kill. You could only insult him if you suggested that he should not steal,—for how could he steal from those he loved? It would be superfluous to beg him not to bear false witness against his neighbor. If he loved him, it would be the last thing he would do. You would never dream of urging him not to covet what his neighbors had. He would rather they possessed it than himself. In this way 'love is the fulfilling of the law.' It is the rule for fulfilling all rules, the new commandment for keeping all the old commandments, Christ's one secret of the Christian life."

Love is the constructive force of the universe. Wherever found it is engaged in the work of building up lives, putting joy and beauty into their structure. Shielding the unfortunate, raising up the fallen, bringing new hope to the despairing, new light to dull and leaden lives, ministering to the sick in mind and body, smoothing the way for the tender and the footsore wayfarers on life's rough road, it goes through the world, a ministering spirit,—ministering while it teaches men how to live.

"Working among the poor of London," says Dr. Hillis in "The Investment of Influence," "an English author searched out the life-career of an apple-woman. Her story makes the story of kings and queens contemptible. Events had appointed her to poverty, hunger, cold, and two rooms in a tenement. But there were three orphan boys sleeping in an ash-box, whose lot was harder. She dedicated her heart and life to the little waifs. During two and forty years she mothered and reared some twenty orphans,—gave them home and bed and food; taught them all she knew; helped some to obtain a scant knowledge of the trades; helped others off to Canada and America. The author says she had misshapen features, but that an exquisite smile was on the dead face. It must have been so. She 'had a beautiful soul,' as Emerson said of Longfellow. Poverty disfigured the apple-woman's garret, and want made it wretched; nevertheless, God's most beautiful angels hovered over it.

Her life was a sweet episode in London's history. Social reform has felt her influence. Like a broken vase, the perfume of her being will sweeten literature and society a thousand years after we are gone."

If each of us wrought out our years in love as did this poor apple-woman, the face of the world would be transformed in less than a generation.

In a country cemetery, a simple white stone marks the grave of a little girl, and on the stone are chiseled these words: "A child of whom her playmates said, 'It was easier to be good when she was with us.'" These few words tell the beautiful story of the short life. The child loved. Christ loved. That was the secret of the only perfect life. Love's influence for good is compelling. No matter how low a man may have fallen, it yet has power to raise him. He cannot resist its call even if he would. The soul of Mary Magdalen was moved to repentance by the love of Christ, and the sinner became a saint. Jean Valjean, Victor Hugo's immortal hero, driven to crime and desperation by the wrongs inflicted upon him by society, was won back to manhood through the love of the good Bishop Bienvenue, became wealthy, and devoted his after life to the service of humanity. Laboring in the convict prisons of England, Elizabeth Fry brought renewed hope and courage and long forgotten impulses to good to the lives of many of the unhappy inmates who, perhaps, had never known what love is until this good Samaritan came to minister to them. What Christlike love she had for them is witnessed by her answer to a lady companion, who, noting that she was greeted affectionately as a familiar friend by the occupants of the women's cells in Newgate, inquired of what crimes they had been convicted. "I do not know," replied Mrs. Fry; "I have never asked them that. We all have come short." In our own day, Maud Ballington Booth is winning anew to self-respecting manhood and womanhood, and a place among the ranks of the world's workers, men and women who, but for her, would be driven back by a pharisaical society to those very crimes for which the state undertook to punish them.

"I think it is Mr. Tennyson," says Rev. Russell H. Conwell, "who writes of a case (which he did not put in poetry, however) of the great transfiguring power of love. He said that there was a woman in some portion of England, very beautiful, belonging to the titled class. She had a reception one night. The parties who were invited came with their diamonds in their evening attire. They all came to pay their vows to her as a social queen. She was admired by all. Her very form was that of pride; her eyes were expressive of force and will and the determination to have her own way. Tennyson said, 'Do you think that that woman can ever choose to stand on the street corner, choose to do it in a ragged dress, elect to stand there and wait about the front of a public house? Do you believe



she would stand there by a tavern, dressed in rags?' I should have said that it was utterly impossible.

"But love came in. She loved a man and he loved her. After their union, he fell into drink and went on downward. Her friends tried to persuade her to leave him, but she would follow him and help him, try to reform him, labor for him. They at length took two rooms. She was obliged to pawn her goods, yet she clung to the poor beggar until, one night, there she stood,—there in rags, waiting for this drunken man to come forth from the saloon, that she might help him to their humble home of two rooms. There was this queen of beauty, a ragged beggar on the street corner; made so by love. Her love was strong enough to do even that."

This instance of the self-abnegation of the purely personal love is typical of the self-forgetfulness of the larger, all-embracing love which is not prompted by ties of blood or personal relation.

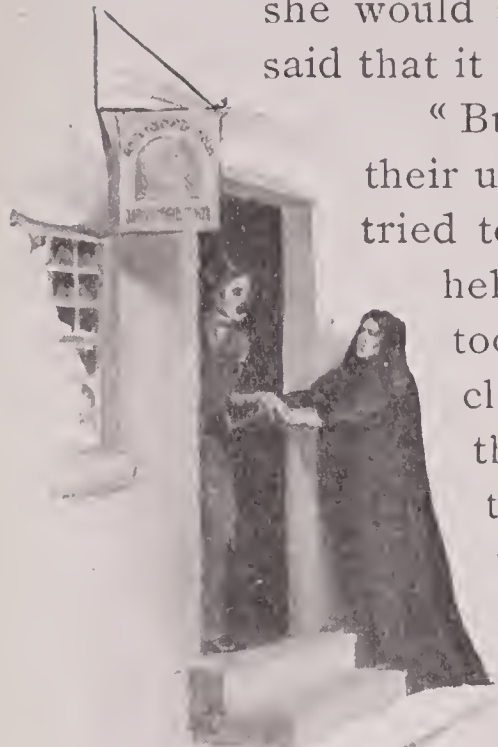
A poor woman, knowing that Oliver Goldsmith had studied medicine, and hearing of his great humanity, solicited him in a letter to send her something for her husband, who had lost his appetite and was reduced to a most melancholy state. The good-natured poet waited on her without delay, and, after some discourse with his patient, found that he was sinking more from the effects of poverty than from sickness.

The doctor told the pair they should hear from him in an hour, when he would send them some pills which he believed would prove efficacious. He immediately went home and put ten guineas into a chip box, with the following label: "These must be used as necessities require. Be patient, and of good heart."

Poor and needy as he was, Goldsmith literally fulfilled the divine precept: "Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away." He would sometimes give away part of his only suit of clothes. On one occasion he gave away the covering from his bed and got under the tick to keep from freezing.

Some of the noblest philanthropies of modern times have had their origin in the love of the poor for the poor.

"Fifty years ago," says a recent writer, "a young curate in Brittany had a charitable idea. He himself had no money to further it, for his salary was only eighty dollars a year, and his only friends were the wretched. His idea was so simple as to be almost ridiculous; it was that the poor should help the poor. The enthusiastic curate appealed to three women to help him. Two of these were seamstresses and the other worked out as a servant. These four people agreed to pool their wages and begin the new enterprise."



"So, in a poverty-stricken street in St. Servan, the order of the Little Sisters of the Poor was organized, and in a wretched attic the first pensioners, two old women, were tenderly cared for. Jeanne Jugan, the servant girl, was the first alms-gatherer of the society.

"Inspired by a poor curate, undertaken by the lowliest of people, beginning in a single attic room in a rude tenement, one of the most remarkable of the religious and philanthropic movements of modern times was born. Christ had no humbler origin. To-day the order has two hundred and fifty houses on the Continent of Europe, and it gives food and shelter to more than thirty-three thousand aged and poor people daily.

"The Little Sister with her basket or her cart is a familiar sight in large cities across the water, and the Abbé Le Pailleur has lived to see his noble dream extended beyond his prophetic vision.

"About two years ago a dressmaker,—why forget her name?—Annie McDonald, died in New York, and left her whole property, amounting to two hundred dollars, as a legacy to start a home for crippled children. Almost every other variety of charity had been attended to, but the crippled child, of whom there are so many in the rushing city, had been overlooked.

"To the dressmaker came the thought of this new charity for this old form of helplessness, and she left her fortune of two hundred dollars for this purpose, with the trustfulness of one who was bequeathing twenty thousand. Thus the Daisy Fields Home came into existence.

"Back of the famous Palisades, not far from the Hudson River, in the middle of a broad field which is as white in summer with daisies as it is in winter with snow, stands the little hospital which fills a place that no other hospital has made any attempt to fill. There crippled children are taken, and from there they are not sent away. They are permanently sheltered until they are either cured or are amply able to support themselves without pain."

But for the poor, lame teacher, Sophie Wright, New Orleans would have no free evening school for men and boys. When only sixteen years old, Miss Wright, who has been self-supporting since the age of twelve, saw the crying need of educational opportunities for the men and boys of New Orleans, who are occupied during the day. Failing in her attempt to get the public schools of the city to receive these unfortunates in the evening, she threw open her own doors to them; and, after teaching all day for a livelihood she taught, for love's sake, at night.

She called for volunteer teachers to help her in this work, and her call met with response. Her school has grown until there are now over one thousand men and boys in attendance. Fathers and sons, men fifty years of age and tender little lads, sit side by side in the same class. The



one requirement for admission is the positive statement that the applicant is too poor to pay a cent, and wants to learn and to improve himself. Many men and boys come barefoot. As far as she can, the teacher buys them shoes, also books. Through the generosity of kind friends, she has been enabled to enlarge the scope of her enterprise, year by year, until her schedule of classes includes painting, drawing, clay-modeling, music, and full courses in bookkeeping and other clerical occupations.

Every one is familiar with the story of the German-English philanthropist, George Müller, who, in the early half of the nineteenth century, opened the famous Orphan House at Ashley Downs, England. He had no money to start the enterprise, but his love for the poor, homeless orphans inspired a boundless faith that God would prosper the undertaking. This great institution, the product of one man's love and faith, which has educated and provided for so many thousand waifs, is supported entirely by voluntary contributions.

Those royal souls who gave no less a gift than themselves realized the truth of O. B. Frothingham's words: "Begin with a generous heart. Think how you can serve others. Then shall you find resources to grow. Your own portion shall not be left desolate. Strength shall be shed through you. Do the utmost with what you have and it shall go far enough."

"Write your name with kindness, love, and mercy, on the hearts of those with whom you associate, and you will never be forgotten." A Shaftesbury, a Cooper, a Peabody, or a Müller, needs no bronze or marble monument to commemorate his name. The memory of our philanthropists is graven on the hearts of the nations. Their works form their most enduring monuments, and their names, handed down from generation to generation, will be emblazoned forever on the roll of the world's benefactors.

"Ye shall know them by their fruits." A life filled with the fruit of kindly deeds is the only one that will find favor with God.

A holy hermit, as the legend runs, who had lived for sixty years in a cave of the Thebard, fasting, praying, and performing severe penances, spending his whole life in trying to make himself of some account with God, that he might be sure of a seat in paradise, asked Him to show him some saint greater than himself, in order that he might pattern after him to still greater heights of holiness. The same night an angel came to him and said: "If thou wouldst excel all others in virtue and sanctity, strive to imitate a certain minstrel who goes begging and singing from door to door." The hermit, much chagrined, sought the minstrel and asked him how he had managed to make himself so acceptable to God. The minstrel hung down his head and replied: "Do not mock me, holy father. I have performed no good works, and I am not worthy

to pray. I only go from door to door to amuse people with my viol and my flute." The hermit insisted that he must have done some good deeds. The minstrel replied: "Nay, I know of nothing good that I have done." "But how hast thou become a beggar? Hast thou spent thy substance in riotous living?" "Nay, not so," replied the minstrel. "I met a poor woman running hither and thither, distracted, because her husband and children had been sold into slavery to pay a debt. I took her home and protected her from certain sons of Belial, for she was very beautiful. I gave her all I possessed to redeem her family, and returned her to her husband and children. Is there any man who would not have done the same?" The hermit shed tears, and said that in all his life he had not done so much as the poor minstrel.

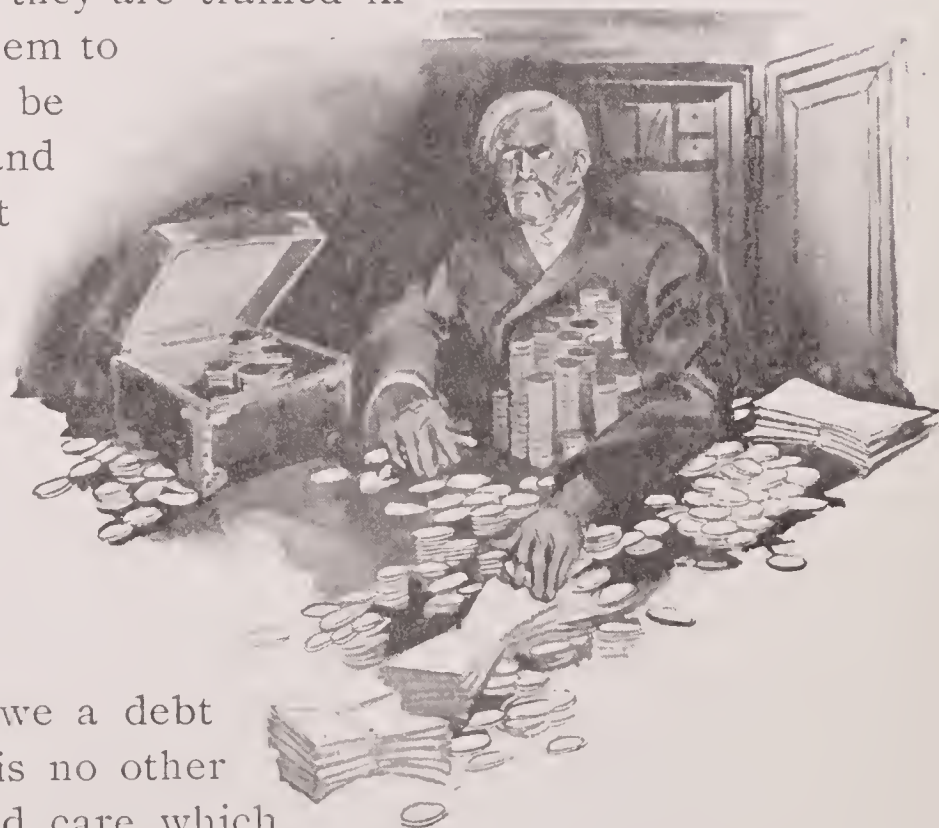
"I have come to see life," says W. D. Howells, "not as the chase of a forever impossible personal happiness, but as a greed for endeavor toward the happiness of the whole human family. There is no other success." This is but the interpretation of Christ's words: "He that findeth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." The self-absorbed man or woman, the one who has never felt the thrill of human sympathy, the uplift of soul that follows a kind act, has missed the supremest joy that can come to mortal. George W. Childs, who used his honorably acquired wealth as a fund intrusted to him to be administered for the benefit of others, said: "If asked what, as the result of my experience, is the greatest pleasure in life, I should reply: 'Doing good to others.'" On another occasion he said: "I believe that children should be educated to give away their little all; to share their possessions with their friends; if they are trained in this spirit, it will always be easy for them to be generous; if they are not, it will be more natural for them to be mean, and meanness can grow upon a man until it saps his soul."

The following epitaph was placed upon the tomb of Edward the Good:—

"What we gave, we have;  
What we spent, we had;  
What we left, we lost."

It contains much food for thought.

"Human beings," says Ruskin, "owe a debt of love to one another, because there is no other method of paying the debt of love and care which all of us owe to Providence." So it was that a queen of song, in remembering this debt, forgot past grievances and literally fulfilled the





injunction, "Love thy enemies." The story is thus told by T. De Witt Talmage in "The Pathway of Life":—

"When Madame Sontag began her musical career, she was hissed off the stage at Vienna by the friends of her rival, Amelia Steininger, who had begun to decline through her dissipation. Years passed on and one day Madame Sontag in her glory was riding through Berlin, when she saw a child leading a blind woman, and she said, 'Come here, my child. Who is that you are leading by the hand?' The child replied, 'That's my mother: that's Amelia Steininger. She used to be a great singer, but she lost her voice, and she cried so much about it that she lost her eyesight.' 'Give my love to her,' said Madame Sontag, 'and tell her an old acquaintance will call on her this afternoon.' The next week in Berlin, Madame Sontag sang before a vast audience gathered at a benefit for that blind woman. She took a skilled oculist to see her,—but in vain he tried to give eyesight to the blind woman. Until the day of Amelia Steininger's death, Madame Sontag took care of her, and her daughter after her. That was what the queen of song did for her enemy."

If you have no other gifts, you can be lavish with kind words and acts. These cost nothing, and, besides giving pleasure to others, enrich and beautify your character as nothing else can.

A pretty story is told of a little girl who had only three pennies with which to buy a Christmas present for her grandmother, who lived miles away. As she sadly pondered on how little this money would buy, a sudden thought came to her, and with one penny she bought a sheet of paper and an envelope, and with the other two a stamp, to carry a letter in which she said, "I have no gift to send you, dear grandma, but I love you, love you, love you, and here are a hundred kisses for you." It is reported that, among the many remembrances which that grandmother received, this childish letter was the only one which she cried over, and locked up with her dead baby's curl of hair and one or two other priceless things.

To Artabazus, a courtier, Cyrus gave a cup of gold, but to Chrysanthus, his favorite, he gave only a kiss. Thereupon the courtier said: "Sire, the cup you gave me was not so good gold as the kiss you gave Chrysanthus." It is love that the human heart hungers for in every age, and in every station. Kind words and sympathy often do more good than material gifts.

"What can we do for you?" asked church visitors of a poor old woman whom they found on a pallet of straw in an attic. They thought she would say "bread," "fuel," "covering," for she lacked all of these. "What do you want?" "People," she said; "send some one to talk to me. I am lonely."

It was his tender sympathy for them that made Dr. Aronson so beloved by the poor of New York. Inheriting a small property from his father, he early determined that his life should be spent in service for others. At his own expense he opened a hospital for consumptives in the poorest part of the city, and gave himself, without reserve, to relieve the sufferings of dwellers in the crowded tenement districts. "He was a man," said a friend, "who took peculiar pleasure in seeing other people happy. He often declared that, if he had ten million dollars, he would spend his life in driving around the tenement districts, relieving the poor." The heart of the man is best shown in his own words. "I like to discover," he said, "a case where a hard landlord is pushing a poor tenant to the wall. Then it is my delight to come in at the last moment, raise my hand, and call a halt, with a check for the amount owed by the tenant. Then real happiness is seen in the face of the one relieved. A man's life is short, at best! It would be an easy matter to make the world happy, and oneself, too, if each person would but contribute all that he possibly could to the relief of suffering."

One night, when Dr. Aronson was dressed to attend his brother's wedding, word was brought to him of a poor sufferer who would surely die if not operated upon within two hours. Without a moment's hesitation, the good doctor threw off his dress-suit, clothed himself in suitable apparel, and hurried to the bedside of the patient, whose life he saved almost at the expense of his own. A few days after the successful operation he was stricken with blood poisoning.

"Then," says a journalist, "a wonderful and beautiful sight was seen. Hundreds came daily to inquire for the good physician. Scores of people knelt together in the open air around his doorstep, and prayed aloud for his recovery. The man was greatly beloved because he had greatly loved and grandly given."

Almsgiving, so-called charity, without love, is shadow without substance. It fails of its object, and hurts both giver and receiver. "And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor," says St. Paul, "and though I give my body to be burned, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing."

Love is regal in its kindness and courtesy. "It *cannot* behave itself unseemly. You can put the most untutored persons into the highest society, and, if they have a reservoir of love in their hearts, they will not behave unseemly. They simply cannot do it. Carlyle said of Robert Burns that there was no truer gentleman in Europe than the plowman-poet. It was because he loved everything,—the mouse and the daisy, and all the things great and small that God has made. So, with this simple passport, he could mingle with any society, and enter courts and palaces from his little cottage on the banks of the Ayr."



There is a story in the "Youth's Companion" of a young girl, beautiful, gay, full of spirit and vigor, who was married and had four children. In course of time the husband died penniless, and the mother made the most heroic efforts to educate the children. She taught school, painted, sewed, and succeeded in sending the boys to college and the girls to a boarding-school. The story concludes: "When they came home, pretty, refined girls, and strong young men, abreast with all the new ideas and tastes of their times, she was a worn-out, commonplace old woman. They had their own pursuits and companions. She lingered among them for two or three years, and then died, of some sudden failure in the brain. The shock woke them to a consciousness of the truth. They hung over her, as she lay unconscious, in an agony of grief. The elder son, as he held her in his arms, cried: 'You have been a good mother to us!' Her face colored again, her eyes kindled into a smile, and she whispered: 'You never said so before, John.' Then the light died out and she was gone."

Show your love in word and deed while there is time.

"Send your flowers to the living,  
Do not keep them for the grave;  
They may comfort some poor mourner,  
They may strengthen, help, and save."

One of the fundamental ingredients of love is that divine charity that "thinketh no evil," that constantly looks for the good instead of the bad, that hides the faults of others and makes known their virtues. Some one has said that the habit of thinking and saying the best that is true of all our acquaintances would change our attitude toward the world. This should be the natural thing for us to do, if we really believe that God is our Father and man is our brother.

"FOR life with all it yields of joy or woe,  
And hope and fear,  
Is just our chance o' the prize of learning love."

HOWE'ER it be, it seems to me  
'Tis only noble to be good;  
Kind hearts are more than coronets,  
And simple faith than Norman blood.

— TENNYSON.

SOME there are  
By their good deeds exalted, lofty minds,  
And meditative authors of delight  
And happiness, which to the end of time  
Will live and spread and flourish.

— WORDSWORTH.

CHARACTER is more than intellect. A great soul will be strong to live, as well as to think. Goodness outshines genius as the sun makes the electric light cast a shadow.

— EMERSON.

## FRIENDSHIP AND COMPANIONSHIP

I AM a part of all that I have met. —TENNYSON.

WE TAKE the color of the society we keep, as the tree-frogs do that of the leaf on which they light, or as Alpine birds change with winter or summer. The east wind strips the spring blossoms; the warm south wind opens them into clouds of pink. Ask Shame and Guilt, and they will tell you they were made what they are by Example and Intercourse; and, on the other hand, Honor and Usefulness commonly hasten to own that they owe everything, humanly speaking, to some one they have copied.

—GEIKIE.

AS, O'ER the glacier's frozen sheet,  
Breathes soft the Alpine rose;  
So, through life's desert, springing sweet,  
The Flower of Friendship grows.

—HOLMES.

FRIENDSHIP is a word the very sight of which in print makes the heart warm.

—AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

THE only way to have a friend is to be one. —EMERSON.

TRUE happiness consists not in the multitude of friends, but in the worth and choice.

—BEN JONSON.

FRIENDSHIP cheers like a sunbeam, charms like a good story, inspires like a brave leader, binds like a golden chain, and guides like a heavenly vision.

—N. D. HILLIS.

THE friends thou hast and their adoption tried,  
Grapple to thy soul with hoops of steel.

—SHAKESPEARE.

WHATEVER one may learn from books, whatever from his occupation, whatever from observation, it is most probable that he absorbs more of that which may properly be called culture, wisdom or unwisdom, morality or immorality, refinement or vulgarity, chastity or unchastity, from his habitual associates, than in any other way, or in all other ways put together. There are, of course, exceptions to this, as to every other rule, but they are exceedingly few.

We are, for the most part, mirrors, and can reflect but what we have seen,—the ugly and the beautiful in life. We are but whispering galleries, which give back only the echoes of what we have heard. I have read of a girl whose wonderful grace and purity of character charmed every one who knew her. One day a friend touched the spring of a little gold locket which she always wore on her neck, but which she would let no one see, and in it were these words: "Whom not having seen, I love." It held a picture of Christ.



John B. Gough said, "I would give my right hand if I could forget that which I have learned in evil society; if I could tear from my remembrance the scenes which I have witnessed, the transactions that have taken place before me."

We are walking phonographs, and register with a fearful accuracy everything we see, touch, feel, think, experience. "Men become false," says Charles Kingsley, "if they live with liars; cynics if they live with scorners, mean if they live with the covetous, affected if they live with the affected, and actually catch the expression of each other's faces."

Every youth should choose a high ideal in the person of some one to whom he can look up, and whose character he would like to resemble. This constant struggle to attain the character of our ideal is a wonderful uplift to the mind. It sustains and strengthens it.

The immediate cause of the ruin of John Howard's son was the servant of his father. The young man was led into the lowest places of vice, where he contracted diseases that were treated with the most powerful medicines, which planted the seeds of insanity. He was past remedy before his father realized that he had gone astray. His life in college was one of riot and debauchery.

The evil companion who is suave and subtle, who belittles goodness in epigrams, and besmears and mocks at soul-whiteness in brilliant quotations, witty *bons mots*, is the most dangerous of all; because, like the rattlesnake, he is apt to fascinate his victim, and thus bring him into surer captivity.

Soldiers dread a masked battery. A concealed enemy is doubly dangerous; bravery is no match for treachery. Life is full of masked batteries. They are not all planted on the green and leafy borders of streams and woods; they do not all bristle with cannon and belch forth smoke and shot when uncautiously approached. Yet are they as deceptive and deadly as if filled with armed men and munitions of war.

False friends, immoral companions, tempters to evil, are like masked batteries, only they are more dangerous because of their nearness and their seductive power. No matter how intimate your supposed friend may be, the discovery of a purpose to deprave your mind, to corrupt your morals, proves him false to you, and you would be safer under a battery of Parrott guns than under his influence. There are open batteries, too; beware of the ten-gun batteries open to every eye, which no army was ever adroit enough to turn, or strong enough to silence.

We hear, in these days, a great deal about vibrations, and have come to recognize the fact that something really passes from every sentient



thing which affects, for good or ill, for pleasure or pain, or perhaps indifferently, every one who comes within the atmosphere of that being. In a certain livery stable is posted a notice that no one shall speak angrily or roughly within hearing of the horses, as they are sure to be injuriously affected thereby. The angry vibrations make them restless and nervous.

We sometimes hear it said that one person "casts a spell" over another; and this is literally true. The name of the spell, or vibrations, is usually known as "influence," and it is as often cast unconsciously as consciously. This makes it dangerous to linger within the atmosphere of many people who are indifferent to one, or even unacquainted with him. Many have marveled at the condensed bitterness and biting hatred of people and things expressed in Max Nordau's "Degeneration," but the cause of this bitterness and hatred is not far to seek. Nordau was a German Jew, the child of a despised and persecuted race, in Budapest, a place which had no toleration for Germans, especially German Jews. His father, formerly a Prussian rabbi, eked out a mere existence by teaching Jewish children. Hatred, indignation, restlessness, dissatisfaction, flowed around the child, the lad, the man, in one unceasing tide, and "Degeneration" was the result.

"Be not deceived," said Paul, "evil communications corrupt good manners." Do not think you can keep company with coarse fellows and not grow coarse yourself. Do not think that you can associate habitually with the impure, and at the same time preserve your own purity. Lavater said: "He who comes from the kitchen smells of its smoke; he who adheres to a sect has something of its cant; the college air pursues the student, and dry inhumanity, him who herds with literary pedants."

There are many who would shrink with horror from becoming vulgar and profane and licentious, who would passionately recoil from the thought of committing a deed of dishonesty or shame, who yet thoughtlessly allow themselves to enter into fellowship with those whose influence is evil; and, in a little time, imperceptibly, their fine sense of honor is blunted, their purity is tainted, their good impulses are weakened and overborne, and in a few years they become capable of unanticipated grossness, or even crime.

Two molecules of matter unite to form a new substance, and they then can do what neither could have done alone. So each of two men often develops in the other what was never apparent before in either. The thought of each alone was a single element, but on coming in contact with another thought, a new compound is formed which neither ever dreamed of before. One lights for the other the fire which neither could have ignited alone. A flint and steel could never make a fire while kept apart, but the friction of contact brings out the spark which other-



wise would have slept forever. One mind evokes from another sparks which would be impossible to it singly.

How often we see one who, after conversing a long time with some prominent personage of influence and power, seems entirely changed in his manner; permeated and magnetized with the great personality. We are never quite the same after associating with any one for a considerable length of time. When with the great, we are easily great; we partake of their grandeur, and for the time we can do what was impossible for us before. We not only see ourselves in others as we never can in any other way; they seem to supplement us, and to spur us on to grander exertion, if their characters are lofty and true, or to weaken, undermine and demoralize us, if their characters are bad. "We grow like those with whom we daily blend." How often the president or a professor of a college will so impress himself upon the students, so ingraft himself into their nature, so permeate them with his individuality, that they will unconsciously take on his manner, his mode of speech, his intonations of voice. Nothing is more common than for students to take on the character of their teacher and the peculiarities of the school or institution. It is not difficult to distinguish a Harvard from a Dartmouth, Brown, or Amherst, student. There is a certain individuality in the institution and its associations; and the college, the town in which it is situated, and the surrounding country, are ingrained into the very fiber of the students, as the rocks, the hills, mountains, and rugged climate of the Old Granite State were ingrained into the very fiber of Webster, or the sunshine and genial climate of the Sunny South were ingrained into Calhoun.

"That young woman's letters and conversation remind one strongly of Mrs. Whitney," remarked one of a girl with whom she had several times talked. The reason, to one who knew the facts, was evident. The young woman was a great admirer and constant reader of Mrs. Whitney's books; and, without at all consciously imitating that author in tone or sentiment, she had become, so to speak, so atmospherized by her thought and feeling that her own life was colored and her own principles and feelings were tintured by them, as a goblet of water will become tintured by a few drops of crimson ink. How often it is remarked that certain husbands and wives, in look, manner, conversation and ideas, strangely resemble each other.

Muck, especially from a cypress swamp, will modify shades of flowers. White roses, for instance, may be beautifully variegated. Graft a Maréchal Niel rose upon a black thorn, and, instead of a light canary yellow color, you may get pinkish yellow.

Professor Agassiz proved the power of the flounder to change its color. Placed on blackish tiles, flounders turned mud color; moved

thence to sand tiles, in a few minutes their leaden skins paled to dull yellowish white; transferred to mimic seaweeds, in five minutes they assumed a greenish hue. There are innumerable human flounders,—men and women who take their moral color from their surroundings.

Tame pigeons adorned with an infinite variety of markings, if let loose on an uninhabited island, become changed in time into the same color,—a dark, slaty blue.

“Come to my level if you would be my friend,” the bad man always says in his manner, if not in his words.

“Chemists tell us that one grain of iodine imparts color to seven thousand times its weight of water. So wide is the circle of influence wielded by one evil example.”

“Whether the pitcher strike the stone, or the stone strike the pitcher,” says a Spanish proverb, “woe be to the pitcher.”

“A watchmaker said that a gentleman had put into his hands an exquisite watch that went irregularly. It was as perfect a piece of work as was ever made. He took it to pieces and put it together again twenty times. No defect was to be discovered; and yet the watch did not keep time. At last it struck him that, possibly, the balance-wheel might have been near a magnet; on applying a needle to it, he found his suspicions true; there was all the mischief. The steel works in the other parts of the watch had a perpetual influence on its motions; and, with a new wheel, the watch went as well as possible. If the soundest mind be magnetized by vicious associations, it must act irregularly.”

“Be courteous to all,” said Washington, “but intimate with few, and let those few be well tried before you give them your confidence.”

“Make companions of few,” said a wise father to his son, “be intimate with one, deal justly with all, speak evil of none.”

McConaughy once asked a friend, who had been a surgeon in the army, why it was that some of our young men came back so much improved, while others, from whom we looked for better things, returned good for nothing. He replied that it all depended upon “tent-mates.” Where these were evil and degraded, the tendency was all downward, and it took great strength of character and purpose to withstand it. But let even a rough soldier boy have his lot cast among men who keep home-fires bright in their hearts, who gather at evening to sing over the home songs and hymns they sang with the children at twilight, and he will find himself lifted to a higher plane.

It is a truth for which to be grateful, that the good is as easily and as deeply absorbed as the bad; that evil companionship does no more for one’s downpulling than good companionship does for his upbuilding. Millions of noble men and women date the beginning of their nobility from the time they first knew certain people. Every one who came into



even transient companionship with Phillips Brooks, went away with something more of worth in his character. "I scarcely ever meet President Andrews," said a student of Brown University, "but I am better for being in his atmosphere." Charles James Fox declared that if he were to put all the information he had learned from books, all which he had gained from science, and all which a knowledge of the world and its affairs had taught him, into one scale, and the improvement which he had derived from Edmund Burke's instruction and conversation into the other, he should be at a loss to decide to which to give the preference.

"All biographers tell us," says N. D. Hillis, "that each epoch in a hero's life was ushered in by a new friend. When Schiller met Goethe, every latent talent awakened. The poet's friendship caused the youth to grow by leaps and bounds. Once, returning home after a brief visit to Goethe's house, one exclaimed: 'I am amazed by the progress Schiller can make within a single fortnight!'" Perhaps this explains why the great

seem to come in groups. Thrust an Emerson into any

Concord, and his pungent presence will penetrate the entire region. Soon all who come within the radius of his life respond to his presence, as flowers and trees respond with boughs brilliant and fragrant to the sunshine when spring replaces the icy winter. After a little time, each Emerson stands girt about with Hawthornes, Whittiers, Holmeses, and Lowells

The greatness of each Milton lingers in his friends, Cromwell and Hampden, as the sun lingers in the clouds after the day is done."

"There are some men and women in whose company we are always at our best," said Dr. Drummond. "While with them, we cannot think mean thoughts, or speak ungenerous words. Their presence elevates and inspires us. All our best nature is drawn out by the intercourse, and we find music in our souls that was never there before."

"No man," said a soldier of his time, "ever entered Mr. Pitt's closet who did not feel himself a braver man when he came out."

All men are known by their companions. The friends of the late John Sterling were accustomed to say of him, that it was impossible to come into contact with his noble nature and not be in some measure ennobled and lifted up into a higher region of aim and object. Haydn was inspired to become a musician by listening to Händel; Gomez, a painter, by watching Murillo; it was the genius of Reynolds that inspired the pencil of Northcote. So, from the example or encouragement of a fit companion, our minds may receive the impulse which will carry them forward in the straight path that leads to happiness and honor.



Bishop Hamilton, of Salisbury, bears the following testimony to the influence for good which Mr. Gladstone, when a schoolfellow at Eton, exercised upon him. "I was a thoroughly idle boy, but I was saved from worse things by getting to know Gladstone." At Oxford, we are told, the effect of his example was so strong that men who followed him there ten years later declare that "undergraduates drank less in the 'forties because Gladstone had been so courageously abstemious in the 'thirties."

An Oriental poem conveys, in a fascinating manner, this idea of mental and spiritual absorption:—

"A fragrant piece of earth salutes  
Each passenger, and perfume shoots,  
Unlike the common earth or sod,  
Around through all the air abroad.  
A pilgrim once did near it rest,  
And took it up and thus addressed:  
'Art thou a lump of musk? or art  
A ball of spice, this smell t' impart  
To all who chance to travel by  
The spot where thou, like earth, dost lie?'  
Humbly the clod replied: 'I must  
Confess that I am only dust,  
But once a rose within me grew;  
Its rootlets shot, its flowerets blew;  
And all the rose's sweetness rolled  
Throughout the texture of my mold;  
And so it is that I impart  
Perfume to thee, whoe'er thou art.'"

Nothing is truer than that "a man," in morals, manners, character, "is known by the company he keeps."

"Destiny," says N. D. Hillis, "is determined by friendship. Fortune is made or marred when the youth selects his companions. Friendship has ever been the master-passion ruling the forum, the court, the camp. The power of love is God-breathed, and life has nothing else like love for majesty and beauty. Civilization itself is more of the heart than of the mind. As an eagle cannot rise with one wing, so the soul ascends, borne up equally by reason and affection. Plato found the measure of greatness in a man's capacity for exalted friendship. All the great ones of history stand forth as unique in some master passion as in their intellectual supremacy. Witness David and Jonathan, with love surpassing the love of woman. Witness Socrates and his group of immortal friends. Witness Dante and his deathless love for Beatrice. Witness Tennyson and his refrain for Arthur Hallam. Witness the disciples and Christ, with 'love as strong as death.'"



"But," the reader may say, "can and should one choose his friend or companion, as he does his gloves or his collar? That seems like a cold-blooded proceeding. Besides, one cannot always control his loves or his likes. They control him, as a general thing."

When you come to reason the matter out, is it not strange that one who would refuse to wear a glove which pinched or a collar which choked him, even though he knew the glove or collar would soon wear out and leave no lasting effect, would consider it cold-blooded to take care and pains in the selection of a companion whose pinching might mean life-long spiritual or bodily demoralization, whose choking might stifle and paralyze the best and noblest manhood or womanhood one possesses? If one whose influence is felt to be bad has gained, in any measure, control over you, firmly and once for all shake him off. It is your only salvation. This may not be easy, and cannot be pleasant; but it can be done, and must be done if your own high selfhood is to be maintained. It is never wise, if it is not positively wrong, even when one wholly respects, admires, and loves a friend, to lose one's individuality in him, to become his shadow or his echo. A life which is to serve best its owner, and mankind in general, must be a sharply individualized life. Every strand must stand out well-defined and unmistakable, if the pattern of universal life is to be complete. Nor does one, in a pungent, satisfactory sense, preserve his friend's esteem and affection by that which Emerson calls "a mush of concession." Every one likes a person with a mind of his own, one who can act on his own authority. This does not mean that one should be dogmatic, argumentative, or stubborn, which is worse and more disagreeable than a habit of constant concession, but you can respect your friend's opinion while differing from it, can gently and politely demur, or can often yield your point or will with no loss of individuality. No one can see enough of another's life to behold it from all that other's view-points, or so completely realize that other's desires, demands, needs, or circumstances, as to direct wisely his thoughts or his acts. Never try to subordinate the hue of your own life to the color of your friend's, but let the shades of the two so harmonize with and complement each other that the worth and beauty of each shall be enhanced. Give of your best and receive of his; try to supply that which he lacks, and expect to receive from him that which you need, and thus, still sharply individualized, you shall, as do the orange and the blue rays, become more lovely as two than you could be as one.

But there is, utterly aside from the unholy glamour and unhealthy fascination which some minds hold, for a time, at least, over other minds, friendship which is to him who enjoys it "like a well of water springing up into everlasting life." Literally it is everlasting life, for

the influence and outcome of such friendship must go on indefinitely through time and eternity.

"We meet—at least those who are true to their instincts meet—a succession of persons through life all of whom have some particular errand to us," writes Margaret Fuller. "There is an outer circle of people whose existence we perceive, but with whom we stand in no real relation. They tell us the news, they act on us in the offices of society, they show us kindness or aversion, but their influence does not penetrate, and we are nothing to them or they to us, except as a part of the world's furniture. Another circle within this is composed of those who are near and dear to us. We know them and of what kind they are. They are not to us mere facts, but intelligible thoughts of the Divine Mind. We like to see how they are unfolded, we like to meet them, and part from them, we like their action upon us, and the pause that succeeds and enables us to appreciate its quality. Often we leave them on our path and return no more, but we bear them in our memory, tales which have been told, and whose meaning has been left. But yet a nearer group there is, of beings born under the same star, and bound with us in a common destiny. They are not mere acquaintances, mere friends; but, when we meet them, are sharers of our very existence. There is no separation, for the same thought is given at the same moment to both. Indeed, it is born of the meeting, and would not otherwise have been called into existence at all. These not only know themselves more,—but are more for having met us, and regions of their being, which would else have lain sealed in cold obstruction, burst into leaf and bloom and song."

Let him who has found a friend that is to him "not a mere fact but an intelligible thought of the Divine Mind," be most careful of his treasure, for real friendship, like most other rare and precious things, is fragile and delicate, and can be easily injured, and that often beyond repair. "A friend is one with whom I can be sincere," declared Emerson, "but sincerity should never be translated to mean brutal frankness, or remarks which, though they may be true, will hurt or sting, or lower one's self-respect."

"Oh, I can say anything to her and she won't get mad. As long as it's I saying it, it's all right. She thinks the world of me," said a young woman of a dear friend. The friend did not "get mad" at the other's thoughtless and selfish speeches, but those speeches, often repeated, destroyed the aroma which must ever be one of the charms of true friendship, and the two girls drifted irrevocably apart, much to the grief of the too outspoken one.

Friendship is a good deal like china. It is very durable and very beautiful as long as it is quite whole; but break it, and all the cement in



the world will never quite repair the damage. You may stick the pieces together so that, at a distance, it looks nearly as well as ever; but it won't hold hot water. It is always ready to deceive you, if you trust it; and it is, on the whole, a very worthless thing, fit only to be put empty on a shelf and to be forgotten there. The finer and more delicate it is, the more utter the ruin. A mere acquaintance, which needs only a little good humor to keep it up, may be coarsely puttied like an old yellow basin in the store-closet; but tenderness, and trust, and sweet exchange of confidence can no more be yours, when angry words and thoughts have broken them, than can those delicate porcelain teacups which were shivered to pieces be restored to their original excellence. The slightest crack will spoil the true ring, and you would better search for a new friend than try to mend an old one.

"Friendship is natural selection, sustained by perpetual motion," says Herbert Everett. "It is not the sudden and spasmodic feeling of friendliness which moves one monarch to visit a brother monarch and indulge in honeyed but empty protestations of eternal friendship. It does not find expression in the cold, formal kiss with which two women greet each other. It is a vital feeling; it lives; it throbs with sympathy; it is unaffected, spontaneous.

"Any one may wander indefinitely about the world, meeting and conversing with great numbers of people, only to be passed by without a regret or flash of attraction; then one day without premonition, one or more individualities cross one's own, mutual selection takes place, the feeling of home in each other's society follows, and a friend is made.

"But making friends is an easy matter compared with keeping friends. Perpetual motion must now be considered as the secret of enduring friendship. Jack and Jill meet and find, to their exquisite pleasure, that the same currents of air warm their lives, that they have hitched their wagon to the same star, or, in usual parlance, that they are congenial. They move apace for a time, then separate.

"After an interval, they meet again, eagerly expecting to take up the friendship exactly where it left off, leaving out of their calculations altogether, the natural consequences of motion. Each has moved on, one, perhaps, faster than the other. When the long anticipated meeting takes place, the friends feel as if a cold fog hangs between them. Their minds are open to mutual criticism, choking out, as do the weeds in a flower-bed, that rare blossom of friendship which, endureth all things if sufficiently hardy to outlive the weeds.

"Uncritical friendship alone can endure. Mature men and women cannot reform each other at every meeting; their business is to take each other at the individual best, allowing for differences of opinions and creed, according to the individual experience.

"True friendship selects surely and grows slowly, but is ever on the move. If it does not go forward, it will go backward. It is more difficult to forgive a friend than an enemy, because of what we expect from the former. It is natural for an enemy to slay us; unnatural for a friend, hence the magnitude of his offending in our eyes, unless our feeling for him be founded on a rock of lenient endurance.

"It would seem, upon occasions, that friends were given us as lessons in patience and broad charity. We have been taught to forgive our enemies; full as much do we need to learn indulgence in friendship. This does not apply to mushroom friendships,—the growth of a day, dying at the first approach of night,—but to the three or four close attachments in each life, which cast a warm glow through the years and keep one's ideal of humanity on an encouraging level."

Perhaps there is no greater foe to friendship than undue and unwarranted familiarity. It is almost impossible to continue our admiration for and devotion to one who treats us as if neither of us had any reserves; who constantly appropriates our clothing, our stationery, our money, as if they were his own, who enters our rooms uninvited at unseasonable hours, interrupts other people's calls, visits, or conversation, slaps us on the back, nudges us, calls us pet or slangy names in public, and tears down every barrier between us. Cowper well says:—

"The man that hails you Tom or Jack,  
And proves, by thumping on your back,  
His sense of your great merit,  
Is such a friend that one had need  
Be very much his friend indeed  
To pardon or to bear it."

We are, of course, glad for our friend to have aught of ours that will add to his comfort or pleasure, and we love to hear in proper places the sweet name which voices affection; but self-respect and a knowledge of the fitness of things cannot be blind to the fact that for one to invade our private rights ruthlessly and rudely is an injustice and vulgarity which lowers one's friend and exasperates oneself.

Another thing before which friendship is almost sure, sooner or later to weaken or give way entirely, is constant exaction. It is as irritating to a person of spirit or sensibility as always jerking the reins is to a spirited horse, and is bound to work mischief, either in making a friend callous, under such treatment, or in alienating him altogether.

"The less you exact of your friends, the more they will give you," writes Helen Watterson Mocdy of "The First Tragedy in a Girl's Life,"





in the "Ladies' Home Journal." "For yourself give as richly and as nobly as you want to,—of your love and your confidence and your loyalty. Live up to your highest ideal of what a friend should be (and the higher you make that ideal, the finer woman you will be, and the more friends will flock to you), but never exact of your friends that they shall give you more than they choose easily to give. If some one you love disappoints you, and as many, many more will do in days to come, do not hold up your ideal of what they should be and do, as a mirror in which to count their imperfections. Let it pass, if you can, with a little smile that may be sad, but need not be at all satirical. Never be jealous of a friend, if you want to keep one. If anybody you are fond of forms other friendships, or seems to be engrossed with other friends, do not let it make you unhappy, and, above all, never offer comment upon her all too evident neglect of her old friends for her new ones."

A writer in "Harper's Bazar" speaks wisely on a subject which receives far too slight attention, the small obligations of friendship; for surely one who enters into anything so sacred and important as a real friendship thereby imposes upon himself many and serious obligations. The greater ones of loyalty, sincerity, and attention in large ways, are far more apt to be fulfilled than are those of which this writer speaks. She says:—

"I wonder if the majority of people realize the full necessity of meeting obligations to friends. Those of us who gladly break our costly boxes, giving our all in some supreme moment of adoration, may be great sinners when we meet the small demands of friendship. Do we comprehend the need of the steady purpose to show the one for whom we have a real regard that she is not forgotten?"

"Perhaps the greatest danger in neglect is related to those who are far away, beyond the reach of our voice or sight of our eyes. A little lapse, if they were close at hand, might be explained and the shadow that flitted above the relationship be dispelled by a look of love; but distance bars out these signs, and so, for the friend who must depend upon the letter for communication, there needs to be a careful purpose and a steady loyalty to fulfill the obligations of correspondence. It happens often that one of the two friends is more happily situated and more favorably conditioned with respect to general social life than the other. It is sometimes the case, too, that the one with the greater social opportunities finds herself pressed by numerous duties and, naturally, she seeks excuse for little neglects in this fact.

"Let this one, however, try to realize the situation of the one at the other end of the line who waits and trusts, but who, at length, as the weeks pass, finds her heart sick through hope deferred. It is not necessary that full sheets with recrossed pages should be sent. A few lines

penned frequently might hold the reassuring message. The letter would cost little to the writer, and would save the aroma of the friendship.

"But, we say, if love is worthy its name, it will trust on and always. Yes, it will; but does there not come a time when the weakening effects of neglect force away the barriers that love has built against the tide of loss? There comes an hour when self-respect, too, clamors for its rights, and insists that the one-sided relationship is essentially lost. Ah, the blessed aroma of friendship! This is what sweetens life, giving to the weary heart new strength, offering inspiration, helping almost to create power in service. To some of us, the friend is lost when this is scattered."

One point in love or friendship, or, for the matter of that, in any other connection where two or more are associated together, should never be overlooked. It may, before one thinks seriously about it, seem a "hard saying" to declare that, however fond one may be of another, he should in thought, in action, in every attitude, and, if necessary, in calm, deliberate, convincing speech—for speech on this subject is often uttered in a hysterical, unmeaning way—declare to himself and make known to others his ability to stand quite alone. This attitude, when it is genuine,—and it is, of course, useless unless it is genuine,—strengthens and cements rather than weakens or disintegrates affection or friendship. The clinging-vine order of friend or associate may be charming for a little while; the friend who dissolves in tears, and wilts and pines and is "hurt" at every slightest neglect or conscious or unconscious inattention, may be looked upon favorably, or, at least, leniently, for a season; but it will not be long before such a weight becomes too heavy to be borne with equanimity, if at all, and the connection, if not broken, is only tolerated. One wants a companion to be alert, eager, comprehending, able to move and feel and enjoy with him, not a dead weight to hamper and hinder and discourage. It is human nature to appreciate and enjoy better anything or any one of which or of whom one does not feel sure. While one so plainly shows himself so utterly dependent for happiness on another, that other, by a habit of mind, which we all unconsciously seem to have acquired, does not feel an impulse to take any special pains to keep that which came so easily, and apparently is not to be shaken off. What a difference the independent attitude makes to the "party of the second part," if one may be allowed a legal phrase. To him it is the difference between the free man and the slave, the man who stands upright and the man who is bowed down by heavy weights. To be free in spirit is to be free all over,—brain, body, everything.

Can such a state of things be where real love or affection is? Assuredly it can. The writer has in mind two people passionately devoted to their friends, and each to one friend in particular; but these friends,



and the two particular friends as well, understand that, while these women are loving, sweet, stanch, true, loyal, and most appreciative of love and affection, each can stand absolutely alone, guardian of her own happiness, dependent upon none. The consequence is that each is loved without pause or stint by her especial friend, and troops of friends and admirers flock about both.

This ability to stand alone and be happy does not, of course, preclude the necessity between real friends of the utmost courtesy, kindness, tenderness, and thoughtfulness. Nothing can rightly be called friendship where these things are not mutually expressed. It simply means two free souls loving because they may love and choose to love, rather than one soul loving and the other half-loving, half-tolerating, from a sense of strained tenderness, and because of the demand of the other.

"I have called you friends," said the Master to his disciples. This was His tenderest tribute of affection to them. In these words He put His seal upon the holy, beautiful relation which has done more to enhance, to glorify, and to sweeten and ennoble life than all other influences put together.

O FRIENDSHIP! thou divinest alchemist, that man should ever profane thee!

—DOUGLAS JERROLD.

WHO knows the joys of friendship?—

The trust, security, and mutual tenderness?—

The double joys, where each is glad for both?—

Friendship our only wealth, our last retreat and strength,

Secure against ill fortune and the world.

—ROWE.

FRIENDSHIP has a power

To soothe affliction in her darkest hour.

—H. KIRKE WHITE.

HOPE not to find

A friend, but what has found a friend in thee;

All like the purchase, few the price will pay;

And this makes friends such miracles below.

—YOUNG.











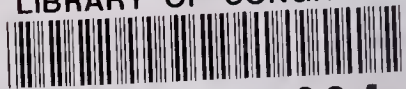








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